RESIDENT ROOSEVELT'S FOREIGN POLICY by HERBERT HOOVER

Liberty

APR. 15,
1939

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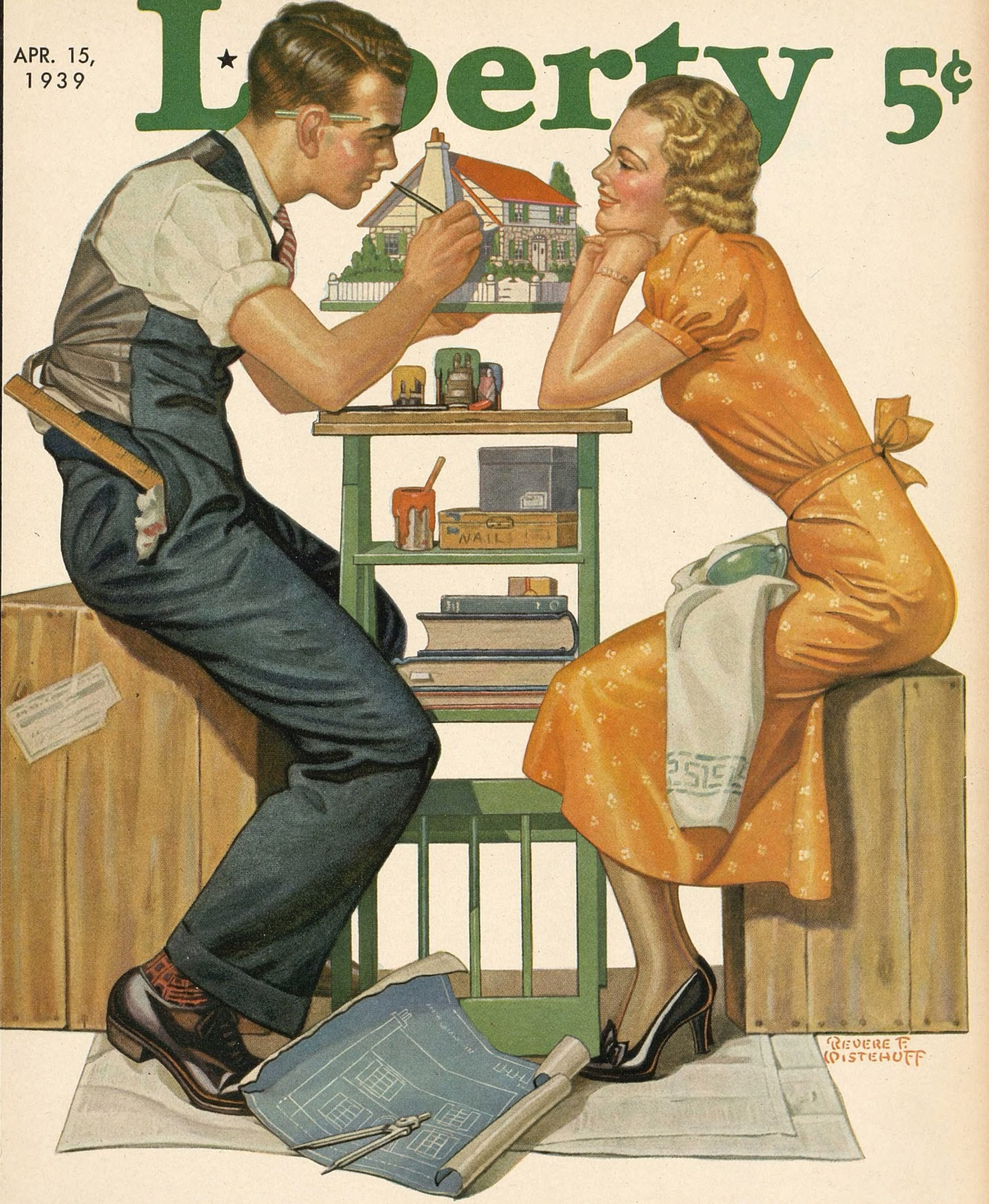
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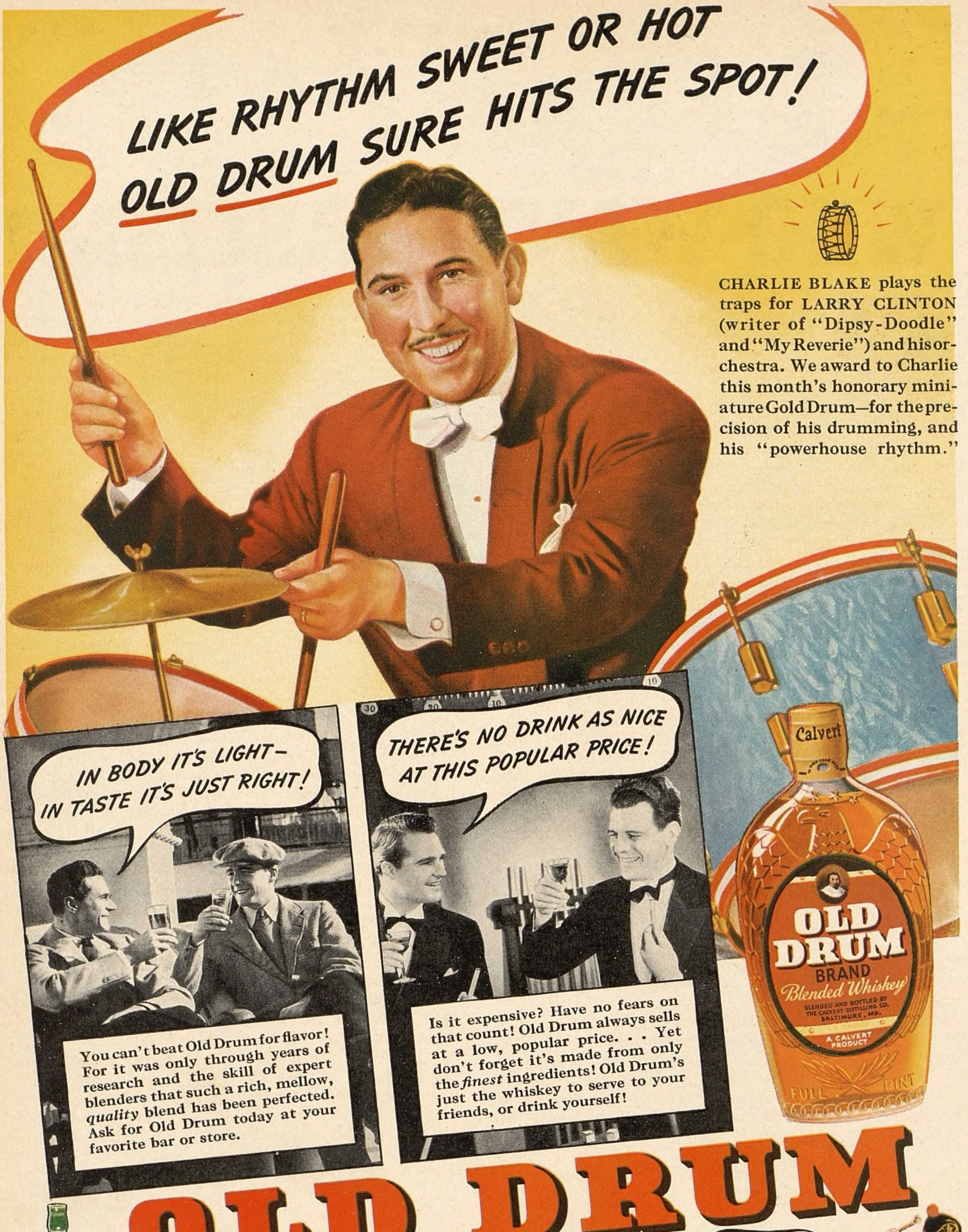
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OLD DRUM SURE HITS THE SPOT!
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APRIL 15, 1939

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VOL. 16, NO. 15

BERNARR MACFADDEN
PUBLISHER

FULTON OURSLER
EDITOR IN CHIEF

HEYWORTH CAMPBELL
ART EDITOR

WHO WANTS FASCISM?

BERNARR MACFADDEN

Mussolini tells us in a recent article in Liberty that President Roosevelt is already a dictator . . . that laws have been passed by Congress in accordance with his instructions. And we will admit that the emergency legislation, created by orders of the President to meet various situations brought about through the first depression, *did* give him extraordinary powers.

Various Washington officials have caustically condemned Fascism, the system now being adhered to by Germany and Italy.

Now, what is Fascism? It is the control of business by the government. Over in Russia we have what we would call commissars, who control every form of business, and the only difference between Russia with Communism, and Germany and Italy with Fascism, is community ownership.

Nobody owns anything in Russia. Property of all kinds belongs to a community. In Germany and Italy their citizens can own property, but in these two countries they have rigid control of all business . . . that represents Fascism, pure and simple.

And any one with an atom of intelligence who has carefully watched the activities of the various Washington officials realizes, with a clearness that matches the noonday sun, that what Washington wants is to control business—Fascism.

That was evident in the NRA. It is quite plain in the Child Labor Bill that the administration has been making herculean efforts to pass. It is evident in the Wage and Hour Bill, and there are rumors to the effect that legislation is being planned that will require the appointment of commissioners who will have absolute control of various corporations in this country.

And do the business men of this country want this control which is Fascism as followed by Germany and Italy?

There may be a few nitwits among our business men, but the great majority are not so foolish as to desire the government control that comes with Fascism.

It would destroy individual initiative. Never again would we develop the great business geniuses that have made us the world's greatest commercial power.

Fascism would spell ruin to business to the same extent as it has to our railroads. Nearly all our railroads have gone into bankruptcy under government control, and we can well realize what will happen to our great business enterprises under the management of governmentally appointed politicians.

This country has grown great in the commercial world because of individual freedom. Prizes in the form of wealth reaching into millions have been offered to commercial geniuses. Young men have burned the midnight oil, worked night and day . . . striven and struggled at times with superhuman energy to attain these rich rewards; and those who believe that our marvelous growth and prosperity will continue after turning over to governmental supervision all the colossal values that have been created by the genius of past years are the victims of a wild dream.

Personal liberty is a priceless treasure, and God forbid that we should ever lose it. Slavery in any field of endeavor dopes the mind . . . becomes an enthralling force that emasculates the creative instinct.

If we had adopted a system of this kind in years gone by, the high standard of living that we boast about so freely would never have been acquired.

We do not want Fascism in this country, or any other kind of ism, except the great and glorious Americanism which was created by the divine wisdom of our great pioneers.

If we throw these governmental principles aside . . . hamstring the business men and ultimately enslave labor, which is the automatic result of business control . . . we will be trading our birthright for regimentation . . . freedom for bondage . . . liberty for the lockstep of the prison yard.

May the Almighty help our people to consider these problems intelligently. Let us hope that we can see our way out in such glaring " headlines " that they will seem like letters of fire in the sky a mile high.

To hell with Fascism and every kind of an ism that shackles a free people. We don't want them, and every spirited American will endorse these sentiments with a series of hurrahs that should resound from Maine to California.

Bernarr Macfadden

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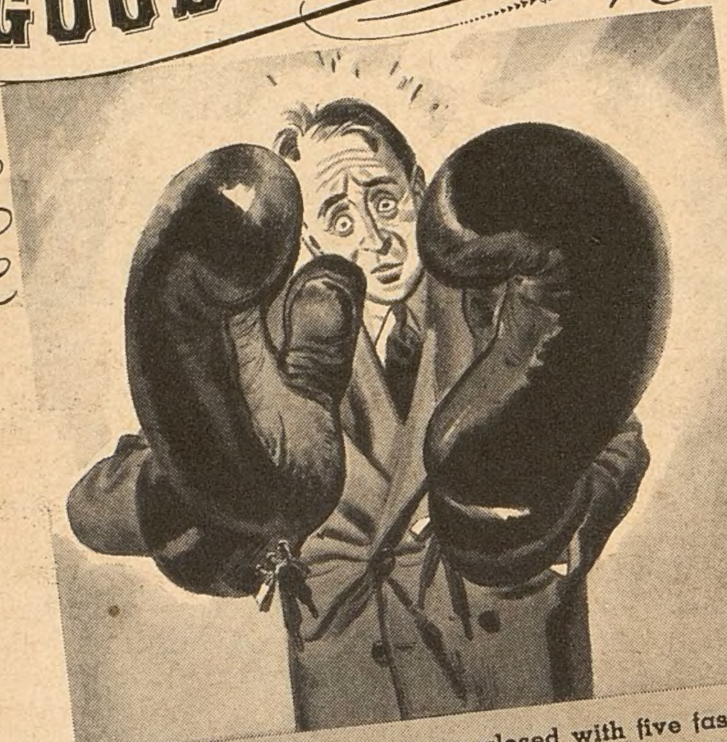
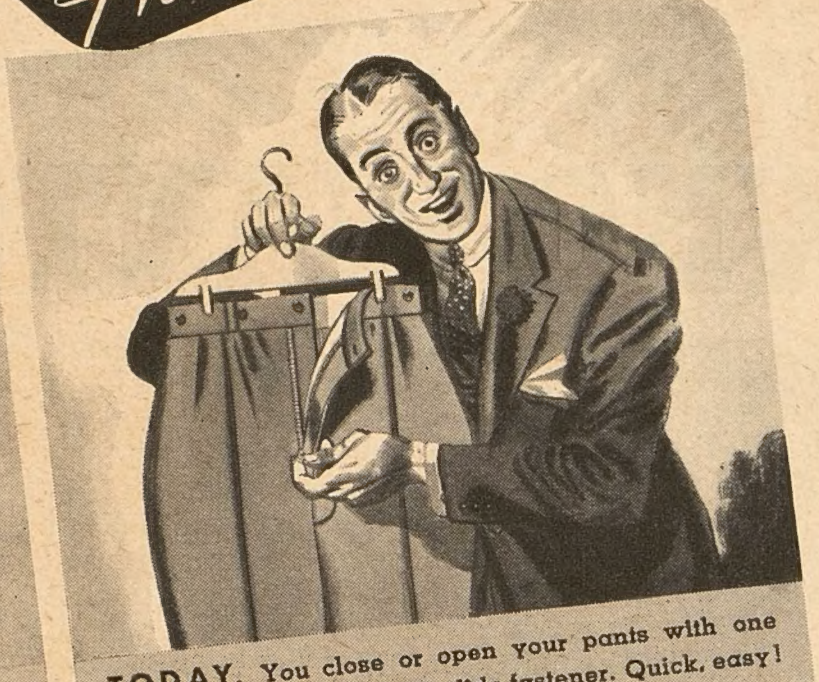
GOOD RIDDANCE

Hail!



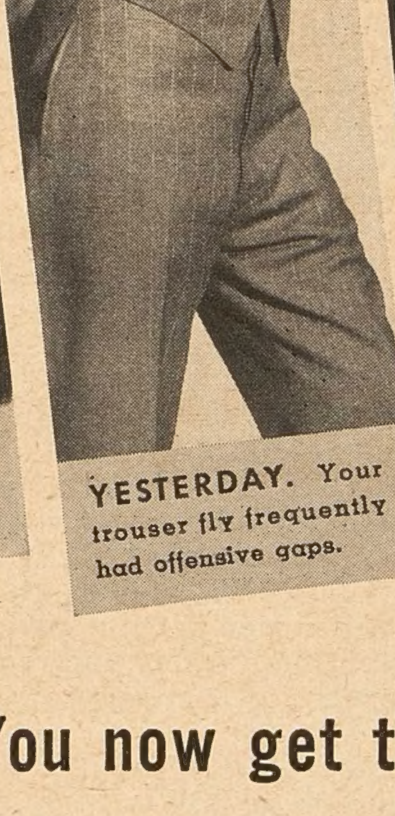
YESTERDAY. Pants were closed with five fastenings. It was like dressing with boxing gloves on!



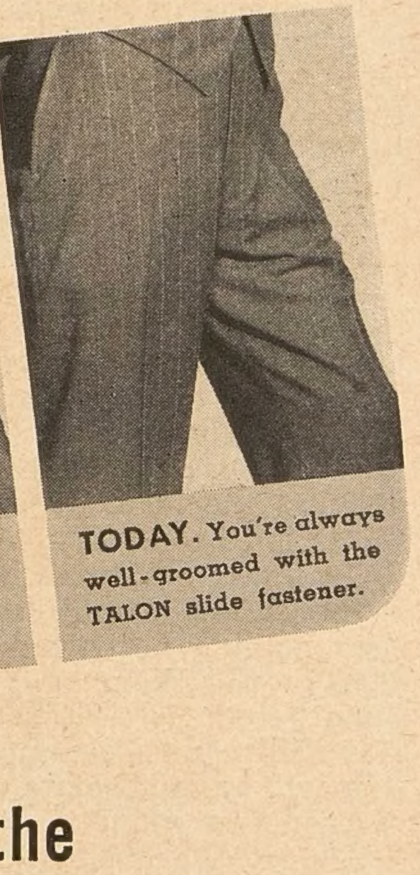
TODAY. You close or open your pants with one pull on the modern TALON slide fastener. Quick, easy!

YESTERDAY. You were often embarrassed by trousers that came open by accident.

TODAY. With the TALON slide fastener you always *know* your trousers are properly closed.



YESTERDAY. Your trouser fly frequently had offensive gaps.



TODAY. You're always well-groomed with the TALON slide fastener.

SPRING NEWS! You now get the TALON slide fastener in most of the better-made new suits

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

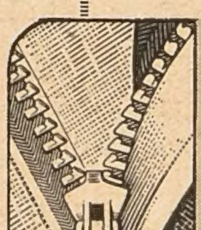
WHY CONTINUE with the disadvantages of the old-style fastenings?

Today you can have the ease, security and durability of the Talon slide fastener in every suit you buy.

This spring, when you order a new suit, get one that's *really* new, *really* up-to-date. Make sure it has the modern Talon fastener in the trousers!

TALON TROUSER FASTENER ★ MADE BY TALON, Inc.
Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.
MEADVILLE, PA.

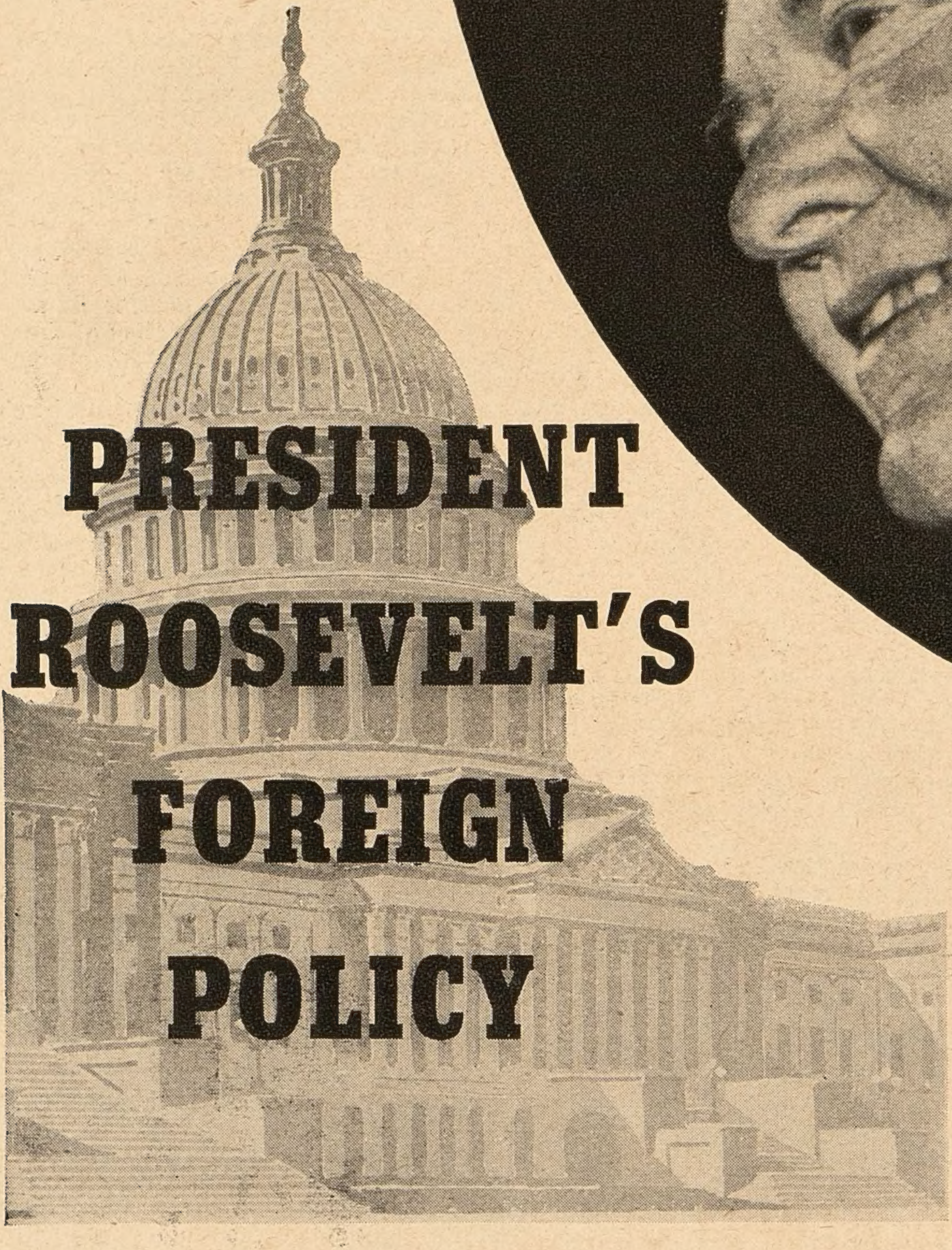
IT PAYS TO "TAKE A SECOND LOOK" WHEN YOU BUY SUITS OR SLACKS



Be sure the name
"TALON"
Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.
is on the slide fastener

Because of the popularity of the Talon slide fastener—a few unreliable imitations have appeared on the market. We mention this fact in a sincere effort to protect you... Always "take a second look" at the fastener for the name "TALON." Then you will *know* you have the slide fastener proved practical in daily use for many years.

BY HERBERT HOOVER



PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT'S FOREIGN POLICY

Are we headed for war or peace? . . . Forthrightly, a former Chief Executive speaks to his countrymen

READING TIME ● 20 MINUTES 10 SECONDS

THERE is no subject more difficult to discuss rightly than foreign policies. They compound our affections and dislikes as well as our interests and ideals. Few of us will agree upon the weights we attach to every argument or fact. The indignation of every one of us at the ravishing of Czechoslovakia adds difficulty to sober discussion. But we simply must have conclusions on national policy. That cannot be side-stepped.

The United States cannot pursue a policy of isolation in the world. We have too many dangers, too many interests, and we have enormous responsibilities. The Monroe Doctrine, with its requirements on our part to defend South America against any Old-World invasions, is in itself a negation of any policy of isolation. That area of our international relations was settled for us many years ago, and we have confirmed it repeatedly.

The other large immediate question is our attitudes toward the area of Europe, Asia, and Africa. There are two widely divergent directions which we can take in respect to them at the present time. Neither is isolation. But their destiny is as far apart as the two poles. The one makes for peace in the world, the other envisages force or war.

The first of these is to hold to broad neutrality and thereby exert the moral influence of the United States to lessen the causes of controversy and war in Europe and Asia. That method proceeds through peace treaties; through diplomatic effort; through encouragement to meet at the council table; through arbitration; through promotion of international law; through the establishment of such agreements as the Kellogg Pact, the Hague Tribunal, a properly reorganized Court of International Justice; through promotion of land disarmament, limitation of navies, and through control of aircraft and submarine misuse; through dignified protest at persecutions; through moral refusal to recognize gains of wrongdoing; through mobilization of world public opinion against transgressors. And especially through economic co-operation can world strains be reduced. All these are the constructive processes of peace. They build for peace and good will. They may not always succeed, or hold for long at a time; but while they do hold they prevent war and they uphold the standards of international conduct.

The second direction that we could take is to depart from neutrality in the controversies between other nations and to exert the physical force of the United States on one side of a conflict. That method proceeds through declarations of support, through alliances which shift the balances of power in the Old World, or through threats, or through economic pressures, such as punitive tariffs, or through economic sanctions, or through military force, and finally through war. None of these are processes of peace.

All in this category of actions are provocative actions. They have hitherto always cracked up in war itself. They make also for division of the world by hate and friction. They solve nothing. They render any service through the first category almost impossible.

It is my belief that the first category of relations represents the long view and the realistic view; that the second category represents the short view and the emotional view. For if civilization is to be preserved and to prosper, it will be through the first category of international relations, not by wars and threats of wars.

The League of Nations was a heroic attempt to build peace by associating all nations, whether democracies, kingdoms, or dictatorships. Its purpose was to replace the theory of balances of power and military alliances which had invariably plunged the world into war. It was wrecked on several rocks. The first was the prompt building of balances of power and military alliances by certain nations—ideas utterly antagonistic to the whole concept of the League. The second was that it attempted to combine these two categories of international relations; that is, force and the processes of making peace. There were other reasons for failure, but these two are pertinent to the situation today. The League also proved to have great values where it exerted itself in making peace and not attempting force.

DURING the whole history of our country, except that period of three years between entering into the Great War and up to our rejection of the League of Nations, our policies have been of the first category in our relations to European and Asiatic nations.

Beginning a period of fourteen months ago, Mr. Roosevelt has shown a certain sequence of steps in the development of a change in these traditional American policies in respect to Europe and Asia. The full extent of the President's proposed change in policies has not been made public. His private statements to the General Staff and to the Senate Military Affairs Committee are naturally not officially available. He has given some public indication of them in his proposal " to quarantine dictators "; his message to Congress proposing that America should determine who are aggressors against other nations in Europe and Asia and apply to them methods stronger-than-words and short-of-war; and the reported statement to the Senate Military Committee that the American frontiers were some place in Europe. The expressions of Ambassador Bullitt certainly warrant the European democracies in the belief that they may look to the United States for some sort of aid. These expressions are vague enough but at least indicate a radical departure from the categories of peaceful processes into the categories of force.

The Baltimore Sun sums it up as " the prospect of revolutionary change in the role played by the United States on the world stage." Any such change in policies should be frankly submitted to and confirmed by the American people.

The time to debate a momentous change which involves peace and war is before we enter the paths of force. After we have traveled that path for a while debate is silenced as moral treason.

I have seen too much of international life and friction not to know that the world changes and that the scene shifts, and that other policies may be necessary. But our job is to examine the situation with which we are faced now. And this is an appraisal of the outlook now and the policies which should be pursued by America.

Before we examine the reasons for adopting one course or the other, let me clear some underbrush as to some conclusions that we generally agree upon.

1. We all agree that we must have adequate defense to hold the Western Hemisphere against military attack from overseas in any combination. Whatever our Army and Navy say is necessary for this purpose we will make any sacrifice to provide. We have no quarrel with proper defense programs for this purpose.

2. Most of us intensely dislike every color of Nazism, Fascism, Socialism, and Communism. They are the negation of every ideal that we hold. They are the suppression of all liberty. In Germany the persecution of the Jews, the attitudes toward the Christian faiths; in Russia the wholesale executions, the destruction of Hebrew as well as Christian worship, the ruthless starvation of millions of peasants when resources were available to save them—all of them outrage our every sense of justice. While we stand it in the name of free speech, we resent the Bund, the Communist and Socialist parties in the United States taking advantage of our liberties of free speech and free assembly to preach doctrines which would destroy these very liberties.

It is not with any approval of these un-American activities that we reserve the question as to whether America should send her sons to Europe to die in a war against these ideologies, or that we should enter into measures that may lead to that end.

3. There is no objection or any legal prohibition against England or France buying airplanes or munitions in the United States. What we are concerned with are what changes in our foreign relations have surrounded these otherwise purely commercial transactions.

Those who advocate that we should depart from neutrality and join nations in Europe and Asia with processes of force base it on one or all of three different grounds:

First: They claim that we have an obligation and a duty to maintain liberty throughout the world.

Second: They insist specifically that if the democracies of England and France are attacked we must come to their support, not only to maintain liberty but in fear that were they overcome we would be the next victim.

Third: They insist that if we throw or threaten to throw our weight now with France and England, they will not be attacked at all.

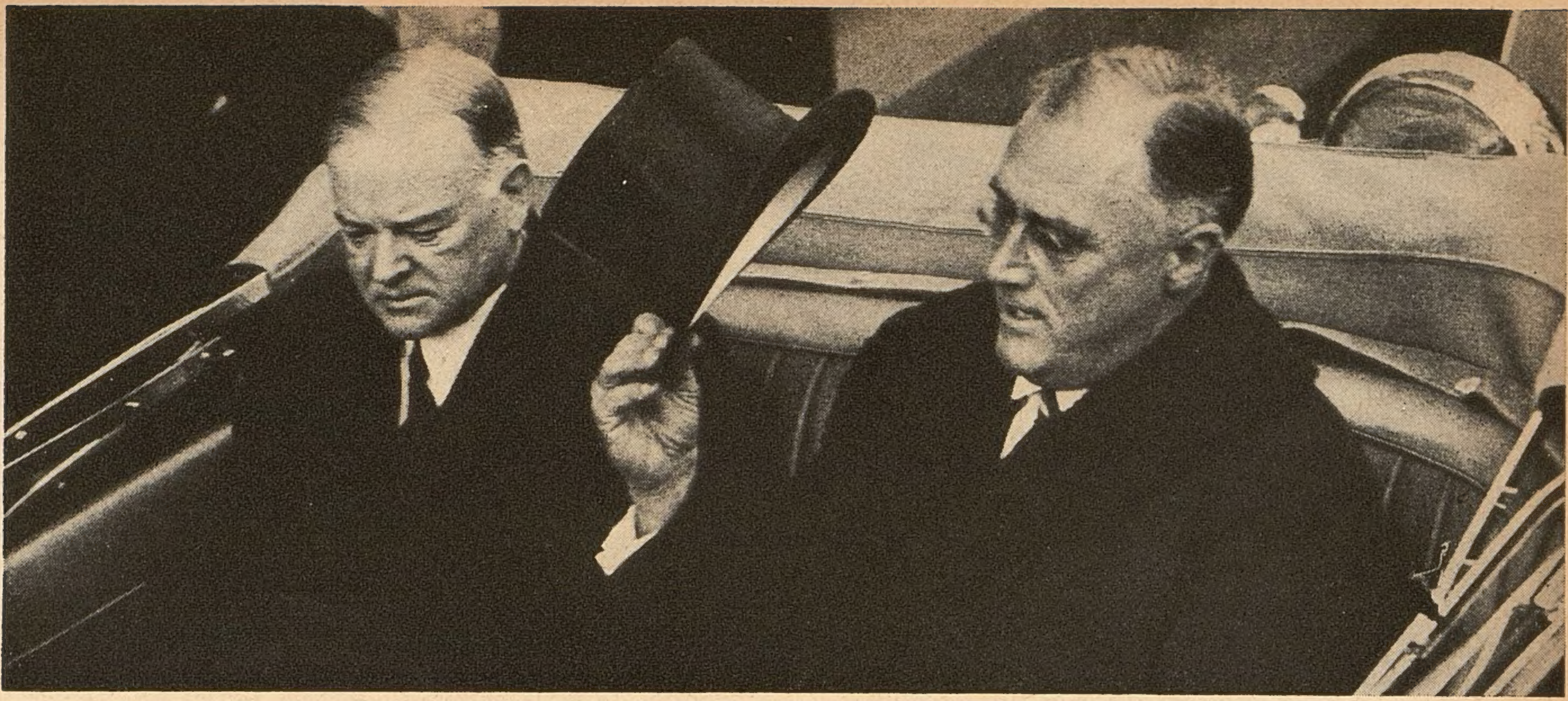
The problem is not so simple or the conclusions so certain as this description would assume. At this moment most of the proponents of these policies deny that they want us to go to war. Maybe not, but they want us to act warlike, and we need to look down this alley to see where it ends. Propaganda is built up that way. As it goes along some time we may get to the stage where our emotions will be forced by the cry that we are quitters and cowards or have let down those who have relied upon our vague expressions.

Most of us are sympathetic with these countries, but a vast and resolute majority of us are against being drawn into war.

BEFORE we start on these departures from the processes of peace into the path of force there are several major questions to consider.

1. The basic premise of many of these assertions about the situation in Europe is open to question.

The American people are deluged with propaganda and unreliable reports. Despite all contrary appearances the forces pressing to war which would necessarily involve the Western European democracies are at the date of this writing not as strong as the forces pressing to avoid war. No one is so foolish as to say that there is not an immensity of combustible materials in Europe. But the universal knowledge of them and the experience of the last war make men far more cautious than they were in the year 1914.



President Herbert Hoover with his successor in office on the day of President Roosevelt's first inauguration.

Furthermore, most competent observers agree that Germany and Italy have no present notion of making military attack upon the British and French.

Moreover, England and France can, in the belief of competent observers, amply defend themselves against attack. No one can deny that the superiority in land fortifications of the French and British make them impregnable from any land force that can be brought to bear against them. They have three times the naval strength of the dictators. They have the industrial resources, the men and the money to either buy or to build superior air fleets if they wish to organize themselves for these purposes. Their populations, their empires, and their natural resources give them ample man power and far greater reserves of manufacturing capacity and of war materials.

The relative positions of England and France to their possible opponents are far stronger today than they were in 1914.

No competent observer believes that the dictatorships, singly or in combination, could successfully attack the Western Hemisphere even if they were inclined to try it, which they are not. And this applies both before and after the next European war, if any. They would be far weaker after the next war than today, no matter what the outcome.

ALTOGETHER, while the situation in Europe requires watching as to its effects upon us, yet those who are promoting American entanglements in Europe are ringing the alarm bells of American dangers entirely too hard.

2. From an American point of view, the reason we would enter into these paths of force is purely ideological. We want no economic advantages. We have no territorial expansion. There need be no fear that we cannot defeat any attempt of foreign dictatorships in encroachment upon the Western Hemisphere. The appeal is solely on the grounds of saving liberty, either abroad or at home. Thus it becomes an appeal to idealism pure and simple. While England and France are countries of stanch idealism for liberty, they are naturally long established imperialistic democracies, controlling millions of subject races. Germany and Italy are imperialistic states also seeking possessions for trade and raw materials. Italy obviously never received the territorial possessions promised her by England and France under the treaty of 1915 by which she entered the Great War. England and France, on the other hand, do not wish to surrender any of their possessions. In other words, there is here a conflict between "haves" and "have-nots."

Without taking any position on the right or wrong of these controversies, we can at least conclude that their differences are not wholly ones of idealism for liberty alone.

3. Particularly is the case of Italy a good example of where right and wrong are beyond our determination. Americans should be slow to deny the justice of her claims under the war treaties. We were not a party to them, but we do become a party to this controversy if we line up to support France against Italy. As a matter of fact, the equitable settlement of that controversy would contribute more to the world's peace than any other step that could be taken this day. In any event, it all emphasizes that it is not liberty alone which is at stake.

4. These exponents of vague use of force in association with European democracies would be much more logical, much more frank and open, and in fact much more effective in their purpose, if they would straightforwardly advocate a formal military alliance right away. That would need have the approval of Congress, and our people could have something to say about it. Their purpose is, either ignorantly or in fact, to get us so involved that we would have to join in war if it came. If we had a frank and open military alliance we would possibly have something to say about controversies in Europe which might lead us into war. We have no such voice under these vague proposals.

A test that these exponents of abandonment of processes of peace for processes of force might apply to their own thinking is just this:

Are they prepared to openly advocate military alliance with European democracies?

5. Those who propose even a vague alliance of force with England and France should inform the American people how they are going to avoid marrying the alliance of France with Communist Russia. France is committed lock, stock, and barrel to Communist Russia. They should also explain fully why the United States should assume, for instance, that Italy is our enemy. For twenty years Russia has tried to undermine our government; Italy has done no such thing. Italy has been a firm friend of the United States ever since our country was born. Moreover, they should explain how far the United States will go to guarantee the possessions and policies of England and France in respect to their subjective people in every part of the world. That is what it would mean. It is not necessary to go into the merits or demerits of these important phases to at least indicate the labyrinth of commitment we may be venturing into.

6. Another question enters into this problem, and that is, how long these destructive ideologies, especially the most aggressive ones in Germany and Russia, can last. It is my belief that they have reached their high point.

The common people in both Germany and Italy are equally as terrified at being drawn into war as are the people of other countries. Their economic systems are showing signs of degenerating weakness. Having enjoyed liberal institutions, the vast majority of their people have constant desire and hope for return of greater liberty. Public opinion is making itself felt despite the restraints.

Communism in Russia is rapidly disclosing itself as a purely gangster government. And the gangsters are quarreling.

Patience on the part of the democracies might well see a considerable part of these dangers decrease from these internal pressures.

7. It is proposed that we take upon ourselves the job of determining and aiding to stop aggressors in the world. The theory and practice of stopping aggression is a difficult and costly role. That was to be one of the functions of the League of Nations. But the League was supposed to combine the intelligence of all nations outside the controversy and to make judgment. The League split repeatedly upon the facts of who was the aggressor. It seems a difficult role for America to undertake alone, and for many reasons. One of them is that warlike acts are the result of long antecedent history of mixed rights and wrongs. Another of our difficulties would be that we are composed of all nationalities, some of whom will be clamoring for their fatherlands on both sides of every single case that comes up. It would add sadly to the divisions of an already divided people. We would also become, even more than today, the battleground of every foreign propaganda on earth.

MOREOVER, the whole theory of stopping aggression is in fact an attempt to maintain the *status quo* in national boundaries all over the world. We need only to look back even one hundred years of history to see how many fights we could get into. In fact, we have been aggressive in our time. Otherwise parts of the Rocky Mountains and California would belong to Mexico today.

We will be told that the job of determining the aggressor is easy because we know today who the world's aggressors are. And we are told we can stop them with more-than-words and less-than-war. There is no other nation in the world who would believe that this can be done and keep from provoking war for long. It is certain that the highly realistic democracies in Europe will make no such declarations of national policy.

But over it all is something more important. We cannot become the world's policeman unless we are prepared to sacrifice millions of American lives—and probably some day see all the world against us. In time they would envisage us as the world's greatest bully, not as the world's greatest idealist.

8. We ought, in coming to conclusions, to recollect our own experience with the Great War. We went into that war for many reasons, including direct war upon American citizens and ships. Above all, we hoped and believed that we were going to "make the world safe for democracy." It was to be a "war to end war." No one will deny that we failed in these latter hopes. The violence of the peace treaties and the destruction of war created these brutal dictatorships. Many students of European affairs, including those of our former allies, hold that political action by some of our former allies in Europe greatly contributed to the death of the peace-loving democracies, such as Germany, which sprang up after the war. Whether this be true or not, it must be obvious that America has not the power to impose a course of action upon the nations of Europe which would end war for the future or would make the world safe for democracy. All European history is a treadmill of readjusting boundaries among mixed populations. It is a treadmill of war for power and mastery. It is certain that we engage ourselves in these age-old controversies the moment we throw our might into European balances of power.

9. We should also examine the question of where we will be after even another world war to save democracy. We should consider what would likely happen to us if we become engaged in another such war, whether we win or lose. I recently stated:

"Our first purpose is to maintain liberty in America. If civilization based on liberty fails in the United States, it is gone from the earth. We must safeguard that, not only in our own interest but in the interest of the world.

"Personal liberty and free economic life are not built for modern war. A great war today is a mobilization of the whole people. That means democracy must temporarily surrender to dictatorship, no matter what one may call it, in order that we may bend our full energies to war.

"It means that our country must be mobilized into practically a Fascist state. It would be so organized. It went some distance in the last great war, although we did not use that term at the time. It would have gone much farther if the war had extended longer.

"I speak of this not from hearsay but as one who participated in the economic organization of the Great War. I saw the rise of opposition to demobilization of the interests which benefited, and I have seen the attempts to restore these measures ever since.

"Today the lowered vitality of free enterprise, the necessity to subordinate or repudiate our enormous peacetime national debt to make way for finance of a new war, together with the ideas of economic power which impregnate our government, all drive to the improbability of after-war demobilization of centralized power.

"If it were that or the loss of our national independence it would not be too great a price. But let us at least recognize that a war to save liberty would probably destroy liberty. In my view, another great war will make dictatorship universal.

"Even if we escaped this result, yet the sacrifice of our sons and the moral and economic destruction are a bitter prospect to contemplate. Surely we learned this from the last war."

These are but a part of the reasons which can be advanced for our keeping neutral on European controversies.

In conclusion, the question of our foreign relationships rises far above partisanship. And those citizens who hold views on either side should not be charged with politics, pacifism, or militarism. We are discussing the sacrifice of life of millions of our sons and we are discussing the lives of women and children. We are discussing the future of our republic and the future of liberty.

What have not been stated yet are sound reasons which at the present time warrant us from departure from our traditional policies. One thing is certain: This nation should be taken into full confidence as to what Washington is doing and proposing. And we will then debate it further.

BEYOND all this is an even greater question: What can the United States do within the processes of peace in contribution to peace today?

The world has many staggering problems. One is reduction of the armament which is impoverishing people everywhere and which builds only toward disaster. Another is to secure immunity of women and children from hideous attack by blockade and from the air. The witness of that might indeed enrage us into war. Another is to secure relief of millions from religious and racial persecution. That persecution, most dreadfully directed against the Jews, results not only in their sufferings but it brutalizes the people of any country where this cry is raised. Another problem is to end the present economic war and secure economic progress for the world. Economic suffering drives nations to exploitation of others and to war.

Is not contribution to solution of these and many other problems a larger purpose for America in the field of foreign relations? There are great things we could do to bring peace and tolerance and prosperity to the world—to add to humanity and to lessen brutality. But that is possible only if we hold to our neutrality. And that question must be settled before we can begin upon constructive processes of peace.

THE END

HOLLYWOOD TREATED ME *LIKE A LEPER*

BY ELAINE BARRYMORE

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 35 SECONDS

Now it can be told—A famous but "mangled" lady speaks out at last

HOLLYWOOD was heavily laden with antagonism when I arrived there two years ago. I was made to feel like a leper most of the time.

The change in attitude was very gradual. Expressed in a strange way. At various times when I was introduced to people, they said, "Why, you are so much nicer than we expected you to be!"

What did they expect me to be like? "The gal who chased Barrymore all over the country," as they labeled me?

That label is unfair. It is time the true story was told. I tried to tell it through all the headline hullabaloo, but no one would listen. The newspapers sent out the most garbled, sensational stories . . . they mangled me at every turn!

First, I've wanted for a long time to clear up the basis for all the antagonism. Namely, that I came between a husband and wife, broke up the Barrymore family.

John and Dolores had drawn up divorce papers before I ever knew him.

I was nineteen when I met John—a hard-working student in journalism in Hunter College, in New York City. I didn't go to his hospital room because I was a schoolgirl madly infatuated with the great actor, but because I wanted to get an interview for my school paper. His subsequent interest in me was completely unexpected.

We had a great deal in common in the beginning. My few minutes' interview lasted two and a half hours and he asked if I would come again and see him. I did, and I made another visit with my mother by special invitation and had dinner with him at the hospital.

The day he left on a yachting trip to Miami, I had seven telegrams and telephone calls from John. His original plan was to take a five-weeks cruise. He cut it short. Came back in two weeks to see me sooner. . . .

About that time, in New York, John became surrounded by people attempting to get a hold on him in a business and financial way. They had precipitated a quarrel between us and had got him out of town. Of course they made up all those mad stories which were completely unfair and which he later realized were untrue. I was going to ruin his career. Either Dolores or I—I never quite knew which—was to have him thrown into jail. The best thing for John to do was to go back to California while the going was good!

When I realized that these people surrounding John were interested only in their own financial benefit, I decided, naïvely, that the best thing to do was to get to him and explain the whole situation. It didn't occur to me that I was likely to be recognized on that fateful plane trip to reach John.

Came the dawn—and headlines. . . . I couldn't get to see John at all. They had completely surrounded him. So I went back to New York.

Finally I got him on the telephone when his train stopped at Gallup, New Mexico. He called out to me over the wires, "Darling, where are you? Why aren't we together? How soon can you get here?"

This was at a time when the papers were headlining the news that I was chasing him all over the country and he wouldn't see me!

It was the worst period of my life. I think now it was worth it. But at the moment I certainly wished I never had heard of John Barrymore!

IT was the same on the Coast. As soon as I got there, I was aware of Hollywood's antagonism. However, from the glimpses I had of certain phases of Hollywood life, I was just as glad not to be a part of it. John had never been a particularly social person out there. He was working early and late and wasn't completely aware of what was being done to me. His attitude was—"Who are they in Hollywood to approve, or disapprove, of any one?"

John has done me the honor of saying that I am entirely responsible for his regenerated interest in his work. If so, here is the reason:

John for some time had lacked interest in the work he was doing, in the roles he was getting. But I had such a keen interest in acting that I think my enthusiasm for it sort of interested him in it all over again.

Becoming Mrs. Barrymore did not destroy my ambition to go on with my acting career. Instead, it only served to heighten it, inasmuch as I dreamed of our working together in the theater.

My ambition, my dream, may be realized before this is published. We'll probably be playing on Broadway in Our Dear Children, in which John is cast as my father. . . . I read the play, got him interested in it. Now he has plans for other plays we are going to do together.

We'll come back to Hollywood in the interim—for pictures. Hollywood is home now . . . not the Tower Road place. John put that on the market. It is too huge. I am not an ostentatious person. I prefer living in a house that is a home. John's Tower Road place was an estate.

We have bought a small place in Bel-Air—very charming and nice and secluded. When we leave the studio at night, I feel we are leaving behind the sham and show of flashlights. We get "away from it all" completely.

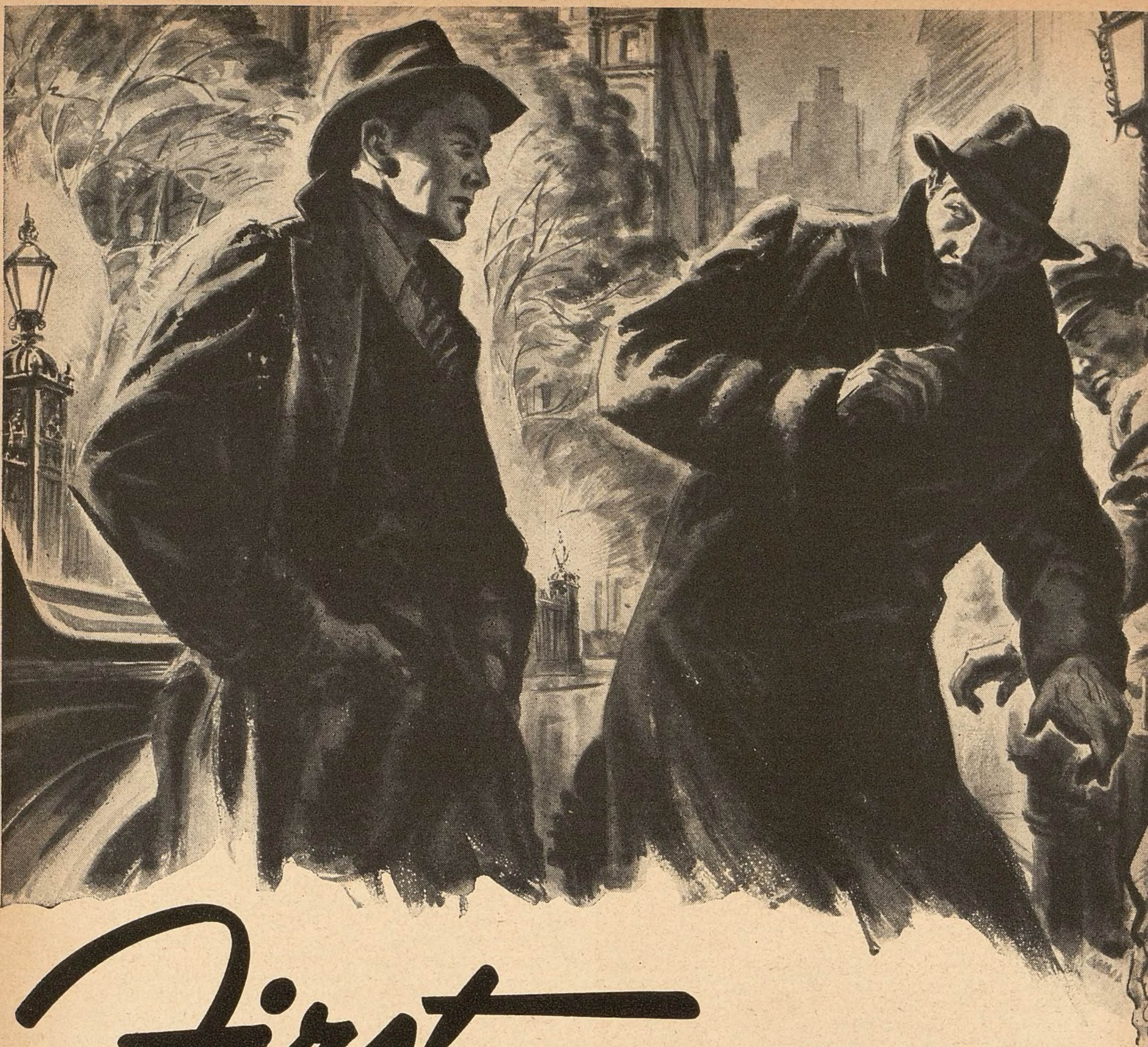
We have a grand time together. We read aloud, we play parchesi, we go over scripts. John tries something new out on me, and I on him. He gives me the full benefit of his talent and experience.

He is marvelous at giving and taking. . . . A lot has been said about John's temperament, and a lot of it has been exaggerated. While he is a person of a quick temper, he never holds a grudge. If we do have an argument, it is over fast and as quickly forgotten.

Hollywood's prediction that John and I would be divorced as quickly as we married has *not* come true. And we don't believe it ever will.

We love and understand each other. We are companions and friends. How many married couples in Hollywood can say that and mean it, I wonder?

THE END



"I'd like a word with you, Mr. Farrell. Will you step inside the house with us for a moment?"

First LOVE

A breath-taking beauty, and the thrill of a mad adventure! Here's a flaming tale of romance and frightened hearts

BY

LLEWELLYN HUGHES

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY LUHRS

READING TIME ● 25 MINUTES 16 SECONDS

IN TWO PARTS—PART ONE

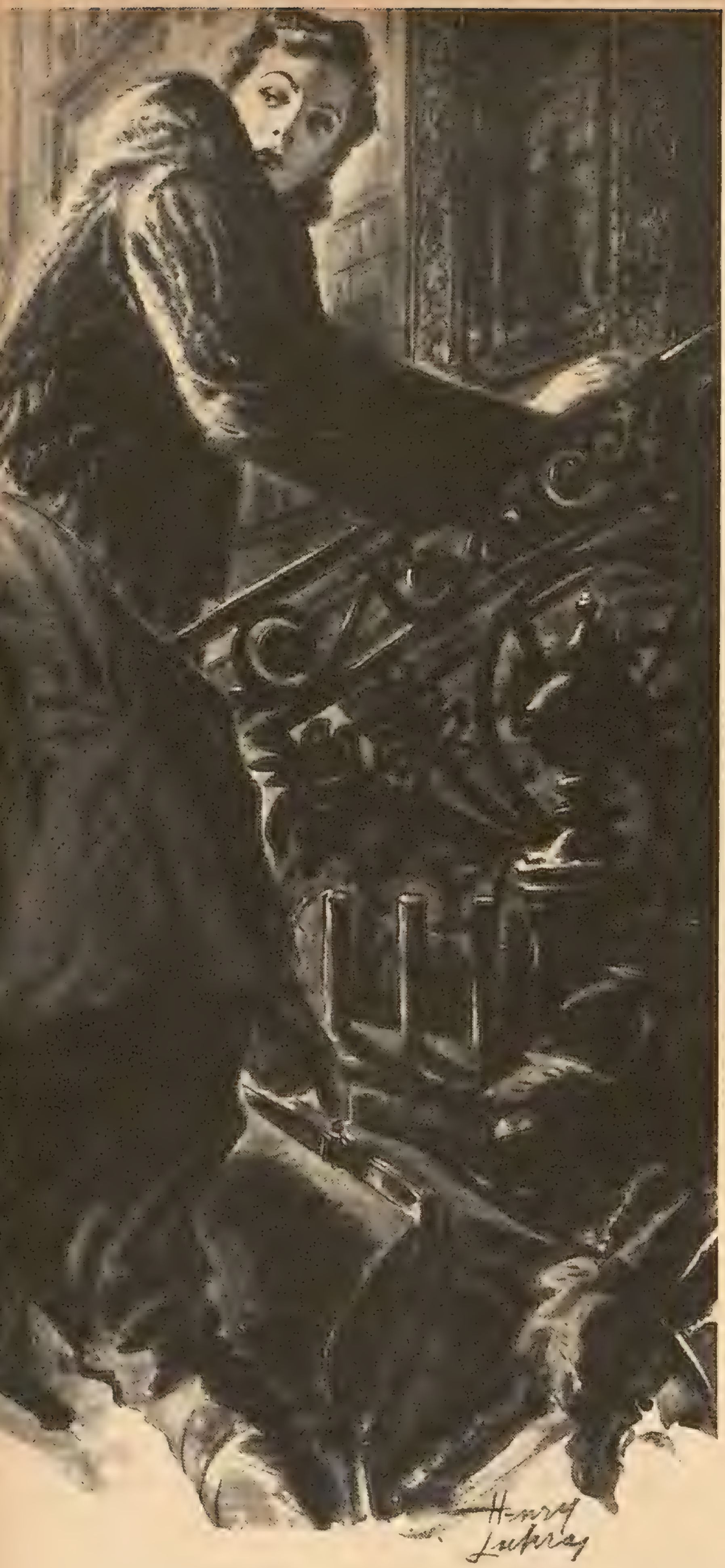
AT 12.10 A. M. a tall young man came down the platform and through the gates into the spaciousness of the Grand Central concourse. He had a handsome face. In his blue eyes was a secret sorrow, struggle or heartbreak, but no surrender in his chin and the indomitable line of his smiling lips. In a hand that would have taxed the capacity of a boxing glove he carried a battered suitcase. He could have done with a shoeshine and, on close inspection, with a shave. His tweed suit needed pressing.

With long strides he made for the nearest telephone booth, dropped a nickel in the slot, and dialed.

"Like to speak to Mr. Winfield Hollis."

"I don't expect Mr. Hollis in before 2 or 3 A. M., sir. If you'd care to leave your name—"

"Blake Farrell. Tell Mr. Hollis if he doesn't possess the luxury of two beds one of us will have to sleep on the



floor tonight. And it won't be me. I'll call later."

He hung up and swore. A nickel wasted. If Mr. Hollis ran true to form he wouldn't get in before daylight. An awkward situation for Mr. Farrell.

There was that malevolent sofa, in his brother-in-law's apartment, which on a previous occasion had collapsed under him. But he was indebted to Jack for more favors than he could ever repay, and it was too much to barge in on them at this hour, disturbing Elsie and the kids. No, that was out.

A lunch counter magnetized him, and he spent his last twenty cents for a cup of coffee and a sandwich. He then walked downtown to the apartment building where Hollis lived. Inquiries at the desk found him still gadding. Blake left his suitcase in the lobby, and deliberately set his steps in the direction of Gramercy Park, several blocks east and south. Not far removed from the Players Club he lolled against the iron fence and reviewed the circumstances that deposited him there.

Five years' grind on the Chicago Ledger without getting anywhere in particular! Sanderson, the city editor, a procrastinating old dodo!

"What about that promised by-line?"

"Ask me again the first of the year."

Blake had walked out, crammed his clothes into a bag, and bought a ticket to New York; the impulse landing him at his destination with twenty-five cents in his jeans—a job and a week's salary remaining in Chicago.

That, however, had not guided him to Gramercy Park. What had done that was a newspaper photograph. The Ledger had given its readers a close-up of a famous movie star coming out from the Players.

It was not the Hollywood actor that had riveted Blake's attention. It was the face of a woman in the mob crowding the sidewalk. She was hatless. That surely meant that she lived in the vicinity, had undoubtedly left a near-by house or apartment building in the hope of getting a glimpse of the much publicized screen idol.

Blake had studied that arresting face for hours under a microscope. He was not definitely sure, but intuition made up for blurred photography. Her lovely face was engraved in his heart and brain, and he would have recognized her as far as sight permitted.

Here, then, almost across the street, she had stood, with other people, four weeks ago. Had that newspaper photograph really brought him to New York? Yes, and no.

He was fed up with Chicago anyway, had lived there all his life, twenty-seven years, for what? A protracted headache. No, there was Sparky Wilson! And he visualized her perpetual good humor and the irresistible smile that wrinkled up her small freckled nose. Cute and sensible. A good pal. He'd send her a telegram when he got around to it.

HIS attention was drawn to a private car that had passed him two or three times and now drew up at the curb. A man got out and came toward him. He wore a light overcoat, straw hat, and spats.

"Well, young chap—up against it?" The accent was British.

Blake grinned in enjoyment of the situation. "It looks like I am."

The man studied him carefully and at length. "How would you like to earn ten dollars?"

"Short of murder, I'm open to propositions."

"Go around the corner and stop where you see a stone tablet set into the walk. Wait there till you see a man approach the house opposite you. Can't mistake him. Six feet tall. Thin crooked nose. Black sideburns. Tell him: 'He's gone to Montreal.' That's all you have to say and do."

"When will I see this guy?"

"Wait for him." The stranger, in a hurry to return to his car, offered a bill.

"Wait how long?"

"He's sure to be there before 3 A. M. It ought to be worth ten dollars to you if you're broke."

"A tablet in the sidewalk?"

"Yes."

"'He's gone to Montreal.'"

"Just that."

"Hand me the ten-spot."

At 2.45 Blake decided to wait five more minutes, then quit. He was sleepy, seeing and hearing with senses only half awake.

A limousine glided by, man and woman in the back seat, uniformed chauffeur at the wheel. Both he and the male passenger regarded Blake with something more than passing interest. The car turned the corner, disappeared. In a short while it came again, evidently having gone around the square, and once more Blake was carefully inspected. In that instant he saw the man's profile more clearly. Black sideburns! Nose slightly bent to one side!

The car stopped, and Blake immediately crossed the street. The chauffeur left the wheel and opened the door. A girl got out. She wore a mink coat. And suddenly Blake Farrell's heart was reverberating like a pounded drum.

Sandra! He had been right about the newspaper photograph!

She stood still, stared at him.

"Blake! Of all places!" There wasn't an atom of warmth in the greeting. "What on earth are you doing here?"

What? He had forgotten.

Behind her stood a tall man in his thirties. He wore a dark ulster, and under his pulled-down hat his cadaverous face was a dead white. There was something about him that told of artistry—and iniquity.

"Paul," she said nervously, "this is an old friend of mine. Mr. Farrell—Mr. Chernov."

Blake couldn't remove his gaze from her. The same red-gold hair and melting lips! The bloom of her was gone and there were slight depressions in her cheeks. But this, her clothes, the gleam of sapphires against an olive throat gave her a breath-taking beauty.

Chernov was moving toward the door of the private residence before him when Blake spoke to him—spoke absently, raggedly, his mouth dry:

"He's gone to Montreal."

At once the man's attitude was that of some one trying to steel himself before a suddenly drawn revolver. In a spasmodic questioning his black eyes went to Sandra. She too was similarly alarmed, her cheeks losing every vestige of color.

Blake saw that he should explain. He did.

Chernov was subjecting him to a penetrating scrutiny. "I'd like a word with you, Mr. Farrell. Will you step inside the house with us for a moment?"

Blake glanced at Sandra, and thought he got a signal from her—an almost imperceptible shake of her head—but he wasn't sure.

"It must be six years since I last saw you, Blake."

The tone of her voice was so casual it was difficult to reply to her.

"About that, I guess."

"He lived next door to us in Chicago," she informed Chernov. "Before mother and I came here."

"Interesting," he commented. "How long have you been in New York, Mr. Farrell?"

"Not long."

"Down on your luck a little?" The Russian—Blake put him down as of that nationality—continued to study him. "Perhaps," he was saying, "I may be of service—if by any chance you are looking for work. What sort of work do you do?"

"Reporter—on a newspaper."

The man's face twitched a little. Again his eyes communicated with Sandra before he opened the house door with a key. A turned-on light revealed a red-carpeted hall indicating an elaborately furnished home. Sandra, followed by the chauffeur with a valise, disappeared. Blake was guided to a library, its windows sealed with rich dark-blue drapes.

STILL in his ulster, Chernov sat in a leather armchair. The light came from a small desk lamp, its shade imparting a green tinge to Slavic cheekbones.

"Now, Mr. Farrell," he said between suddenly thinned lips, "tell me exactly how you came by that message."

The whole man had undergone a subtle change. Beneath his calm exterior he seemed poised ready to spring. Blake looked into eyes hostile as those of a puma.

"What time was the message given you?"

"Around one o'clock."

"Describe the man."

Blake did so, tempted to end the catechism with a curt word. He waited, however, submitted in the hope of hearing something about Sandra. Eventually it came:

"How long have you and my"—there was a slight pause—"wife known one another?"

"Since we were youngsters."

"And you haven't seen her for—let me see, I think you said six years?"

"That's it."

Jet eyes narrowed. "What especially interests me, Mr. Farrell, is your meeting her again in just this way. Rather a strange coincidence, one might say."

"Very," Blake agreed.

The door opened softly and the chauffeur stood there. In what way he had been summoned was magical, for Chernov hadn't moved a finger.

"See if you can get Thurston on the line." The chauffeur nodded and withdrew. "The person," Chernov smiled, "who answers to your description, Mr. Farrell."

The growing mystery of it mollified Blake's resentment. He deliberately studied the Russian in turn. Long thin fingers. An artist? Sinister. Paul Chernov. The name was unfamiliar.

The chauffeur reappeared. There was no answer to the telephone call, he reported. Precipitantly Chernov got up from his chair.

"Excuse me a moment, Mr. Farrell. I trust I won't have to detain you much longer."

Blake's temper got out of control. "Detain be damned!"

"Detain is the word." Ricelike teeth showed in a grin. "In fact, your freedom rests in delicate hands. I'll send her in here to see you."

THERE was no time to investigate his surroundings. A moment or so, and Sandra was in the room. This sudden intimacy, this being alone in a strange house with her after lack of the veriest knowledge of her all these years, subjugated him completely.

"Blake, you once said you could never lie to me."

"We both made a lot of foolish promises in those days."

Her lashes fell, hiding the blue-green eyes. "No matter how much I may have hurt you, I can't believe—looking back—that you would ever wish me harm."

"Harm?"

"Are you telling the truth about that message tonight?"

The inquiry wrenched his mind back to it. "What makes you doubt it?"

"You were lolling outside the park, as you say?"

"I was."

"You're not representing a newspaper?"

His eyes widened. "No. Not at present."

"It was quite by accident that we met?"

"It was."

"And you know nothing more about things other than what you have told us?"

He took the questioning away from her: "Do you mind telling me what all this means?"

Instead of replying, she said slowly: "I believe in you, Blake. I'm going to ask him to let you go." She went out, closing the door behind her.

It was inconceivable that having once meant so much to her, as she had told him a thousand times, she could look at him, speak to him, almost as though he were a stranger. Something, he knew, was infernally wrong here. The situation challenged his newspaper-trained mind, but he couldn't concentrate on it. Enough to know he no longer meant a thing to her, and, despite it, the wretched knowledge that she still affected every fiber of his being. Blake desperately wanted to knock down all opposition and blast his way out of the place.

She had been twelve when first he saw her. Lovely even then, and conscious of it. Curls of reddish gold dancing in the sunlight. Long graceful legs. She and her mother had taken the cottage next door. Woodlawn. Over the garden fence blue-green eyes had studied him raptly for a protracted interval.

His heart had instantly flown to her, and since that moment Sandra Neilson had never wholly been out of his thoughts. His first, his only love! He had lain awake nights, planning his future. He'd be a railway president, a captain of industry, make a stack of money miles high.

"Sandra, I'm making you a gift. A special roadster with your initials on the door." There it was outside her house, brand-new, shiny.

"That means you love me."

"Oh, Sandra—sometimes I think I'll die—I love you so."

"Me too."

The roadster had vanished. His total wealth was three cents. Forlornly, behind his bedroom window, he was watching her skip rope in the garden. "Sandra, when we grow up—"

"Why, we'll get married, of course. If you look at another girl I'll scratch her eyes out."

Much later something like this did occur between them, minus the roadster, and not much more than three cents in his pocket.

"You'll wait for me, Sandra—wait till I make good?"

"All my life. Oh, Blake, I'm so happy!"

By this time his father had died, and to help his mother he thought of quitting high school and getting a job. Jack, his brother-in-law, considered this unwise and sent part of his pay regularly from New York. Blake therefore kept up his studies, and in the evenings was an usher in a movie theater. Sandra was modeling at Field's.

"You should have seen me in that sable wrap today."

LLEWELLYN HUGHES

is a Liberty favorite. Born in Wales. For two years he was a surveyor in the Canadian Northwest, then did his bit in the World War. Returning to New York, he settled down to another kind of war—writing fiction for a living. It took him to Hollywood, and then back to us.

Her rapture over clothes disturbed him. He thought desperately in terms of money, hoping some day to buy her everything she desired. Graduating, he began a long and arduous search for employment. He had grown to twenty-two, she to ripening beauty and, toward the end, into a strange restlessness.

"Sandra, I've got a job! On the Ledger. Reporter." He was telling her he had a million dollars! "Sandra, what say? Let's start our life together now."

There were tears in her lovely eyes. "Whenever I'm with you, Blake, it's as though I were in the mountains somewhere. The air is blowing sweetly through the pines. The roar of the city can't be heard. Everything is quiet and clean and peaceful."

The air blowing sweetly through the pines!

He had never forgotten it because of the lightning that cut that figurative scene to pieces. The very next day she and her mother were gone, and the words in a farewell letter blurred and vanished as he tried to read them.

". . . Maybe I'll never again find the happiness I've had with you, but I want other things as well. Mother wanted them, too. She was beautiful. She did just what we proposed to do, and the parade passed her by. Please try to understand, Blake, and forgive me. . . ."

He had never been the same. That letter blew him asunder, and with it everything he had believed in. As an antidote he tried liquor. This increased his bitterness, his brooding, lost him his job. A girl on the newspaper, Enid Wilson, helped to steady him and by her sparkle brought him the blessed relief of laughter. Slowly he got a new hold on himself, won back his job, settled down to work.

Five, not six years ago, that was.

Bringing him back to the present moment, Blake watched the door handle turn, and again he was alone in the room with her. The strain had gone from her lips, and her lovely face was more composed.

"Paul," she said, "asks me to excuse him. He apologizes for doubting you."

"Kind of him indeed."

"You are free to go, on condition that you—" She halted, her hands suddenly agitated. "I know all this puzzles you, Blake—and I can't—I'm unable to explain. Five years isn't long, but much can happen to a person in that time. It has—to me."

Five years. She had it right this time. Curbing his retaliation, he was surprised to see tears on her lashes.

"When I left Chicago, it wasn't my own doing. I was influenced by mother. I wanted to return." She was speaking so quietly that he could barely hear her. "Once I almost sent you a telegram saying I was coming by train. Then, suddenly," she said wearily, "it didn't seem to matter any more."

She had wanted to return! The revelation brought him merely the dregs of a bygone affection, for he saw that whatever she had surrendered to was irrevocable. Nor had it brought her any happiness. The eyes, the trembling of lower lip, told him that. She had the furs, the jewels, and quite clearly she had paid for them, was still paying for them.

"Anyway," he managed lamely, "it's what you wanted, Sandra, what you set out to achieve." He was trying to speak with bitterness. "This—this is a lot better than a two-room apartment," he laughed. "That's all I had to offer you." He laughed again. "Lord! I couldn't afford to buy you that negligee you're wearing."

She wasn't listening to him; she was saying something in a whisper: "I'd give up everything to go back to where I was . . . I'd leave here this minute . . . if I could."

"You mean—divorce him?"

"That wouldn't be necessary."

"He's—not—your—husband?"

"No."

The faintly uttered word bludgeoned him, produced within him a black despair in that his love for her had first been trampled underfoot and now—

"I'm sorry," she whispered.

"Sorry?" His voice had become unrecognizable. He swallowed, all his former misery crushing him down again. "I—I never wanted to stand in your way, Sandra. I loved you that much. Always I wished the best for you. If a better man came along—" He couldn't go on. "But—but this—" he ended heavily.

"Blake—"

"Well, that's how things work out—sometimes—I guess." He lifted drooped shoulders. "Stand away from that door and I'll be on my way."

"Blake—"

"That's all," he begged her hoarsely.

"I don't want you to hate me, Blake. The memory of you is all I have."

"The memory of—" The words choked him. "Open that door."

"You've got to promise me something before you go." She was trembling now, her plea frantic. "Promise me not to say one word—"

"Promise not to—" He cleared his throat. "I want to forget it if I can."

"No, you don't understand. Promise me not to breathe a word about anything you've seen and heard tonight. Please," she entreated him, "I beg of you. You're in danger and—and I don't want anything to happen to you."

The import of her fears meant nothing to him. He was looking at her, he hoped, for the last time.

"Don't hate me, Blake. I've dreaded our meeting again in such a way as this. And tonight—delivering that message. Out of millions," she gulped, "it had to be you!"

The coincidence and mystery of it he brushed aside. In the grip of a stinging disenchantment, he wrenched the door open and left the room.

Down the darkened hall he had difficulty with the front latch. It was her fingers that unlocked it for him, the touch of them waxen against his own. Blake went down the steps, walked blindly away. He had not the remotest idea where he was until, in the faint light of dawn, he found himself near the East River.

And now some vague and awakening instinct told him that he was being followed. Turning his head, he saw two men, some distance behind him, entering an apartment building. Later he looked back again. Two men—the same two men?—dodged down an adjoining street.

The sharp *cheeps* of sparrows filled the morn. A near-by alarm clock sounded. Garbage cans were being thrown around. In a lunch wagon Blake gave an order, ate without knowing. He taxied to Hollis' apartment, where he picked up his suitcase, and walked to the nearest hotel. He slept until noon, dressed, and went to the Twenty-eighth Precinct.

"Like to speak with Detective Sergeant Maclaren if he's around."

"You'll find him in his office. Three doors to the left."

"Thanks."

He knocked and went in. His brother-in-law was talking on the telephone. A man in plain clothes was with him, one leg straddling the corner of the desk. Jack waved a huge paw in the air, his friendly smile in evidence as he closed his call.

"Look who's here!" he grinned. "Frank," he said to the other man, "this is Elsie's kid brother, Blake Farrell." He completed the introduction. "Detective Mayo." The two shook hands. "What's brought you to New York, Blake?"

"Taking over Winchell's job."

Jack eyed him. "So the Ledger finally got wise to you?"

"I told Sanderson he was paying me too much money."

"When did you arrive?"

"Last night."

"Why didn't you come up to the apartment? Elsie could have made up that couch for you."

"It was pretty late, Jack. I took a room at the Hotel Hudson."

"A news reporter with money. That's a Winchell item right there."

Detective Mayo—he was a stocky man with iron-gray hair—went to the door. "Back later," he said.

"How's Elsie—and the kids?" asked Blake.

"Swell. Son wants to be a fireman, and Janey," he laughed, "is going to be a circus performer. We have a load of fun with them."

Blake said absently: "I envy you."

"Why don't you get busy, then? Forget that redhead you were crazy about—whatever her name was. What's wrong with that little blonde on the Ledger?"

It was the reference to Sandra, not Sparky Wilson, that brought a rush of blood to his face, and Blake spoke without knowing it. "She's not interested in me."

"No?" Jack reached into a drawer. "Read this."

It was a telegram addressed to Detective Sergeant Maclaren, New York Police Force.

DECAMPED ONE BLAKE FARRELL LATE OF THIS CITY BELIEVED MOPING AGAIN IN NEW YORK FORWARD ADDRESS OTHERWISE MUST GIVE UP JOB AND SEARCH FOR HIM MYSELF SPARKY WILSON CHICAGO LEDGER

Blake crumpled the telegram in his pocket. "Work is all I'm thinking about now," he said.

"Got it? Or looking for it?"

"Looking. I'll make a tour of the offices. Maybe Winfield Hollis can fix me up on the Journal. I guess you don't know him."

"All right, Blake, m'lad. You go ahead, and tonight I'll take you up to see Tillson of the Star. He's a good friend of mine, and I've promised him a story—if I ever break this case. I'll phone Elsie to expect you for dinner."

Blake knew that his sister would have her hands full with the children. "I promised Hollis I'd have dinner with him. I'll see Elsie later this evening."

"Then suppose I meet you outside the Hotel Hudson around eight thirty? We can get the subway at the corner."

"It's a date. Swell to see you again, Jack."

He had not much luck at the newspaper offices he visited, and none at all in his attempted investigation of Paul Chernov. No mention of his name in the telephone book nor city directory. Hollis had gone to Albany for the day. Blake grabbed a meal, and was waiting for Jack outside the hotel shortly before eight thirty.

A THICKENING mist had in it the content of fine rain. Two men crossed the street. They were alike as to stature and both had expressionless dead-pan faces. For some reason Blake suddenly thought of the two men who had followed him last night.

"You're Blake Farrell, aren't you? Chicago Ledger?"

"What's that to do with you?"

An overcoat was pulled back, displaying a badge. "We're from Washington, Mr. Farrell. Like a word with you. Where can we talk?"

"Right here's good enough for me."

One did the questioning. He had a curious indentation along the side of his neck as though a bullet had plowed a path there. The other stood close beside him.

"You were outside Gramercy Park last night."

Blake stiffened slightly.

"A stranger came up to you. Light overcoat, straw hat, pearl-gray spats."

"Yes?"

"What did he have to say, Mr. Farrell?"

The inquiry, put forth from lips that barely moved, set Blake's brain alight with caution. "Asked me for a match."

"And gave you ten dollars to deliver a message."

"Gave me what?"

"You waited until a limousine stopped outside a certain house. A girl and a man got out of the car."

"What are you trying to do? Kid me?"

"You went into the house with them. What happened in there, Mr. Farrell?"

Blake forced a laugh. "Go on, you tell me. Maybe all this happened in my sleep."

Without another word both men left him and walked away. They were not—he was sure of it—federal men.

A grip on his arm startled him. Detective Sergeant Maclaren's face was strained, his eyes severe. "Blake, what did those men want with you?"

Again something warned him to be on his guard. "They were strangers here—didn't know their way around."

Jack shook him a little. "Don't hand me that stuff. I've been watching from a taxi. What did they say?"

NOT wanting him to know anything about Sandra, to whom it would lead if he told the truth, Blake said: "Why, what's the trouble, Jack?"

"You never saw them before?"

"Certainly not."

Detective Sergeant Maclaren couldn't seem to credit this. "Well," he said, "that's queer. For a moment, owing to the way you were acting, I thought you'd got yourself mixed up with that gang. I'm about ready to pick those two mugs up. I've been waiting—hoping they'd lead me to the brains back of the organization. Two men and a woman. Blackmail and extortion. They've fleeced half a million dollars out of people too scared to talk."

Blake had turned ice-cold. There was only one answer to that. The woman was Sandra! She had warned him not to speak—and for good reason. Blackmail and extortion. Sandra! That girl for whom his heart was beating even now, despite everything he knew about her. Well, why not come out with it? Here, Blake saw at once, was the opportunity to repay all Jack's kindnesses.

Sandra! But for her, Chernov would not have let him go. He probably owed his life to her. A few words and he could send her to prison. Blake winced at the thought of it. From the beginning, like some Lorelei, she had lured him on to injury, mental torture. She was doing so now, pitting him against a man who had ever had his best interests at heart.

"The Chief," Jack confided as they walked to the subway, "has been bearing down on me of late. I've been on this case some time. Special job. It's the same in my profession as in any other. Hard to get a job these days, and just as hard to hold it. Promotion doesn't go with failure. Younger men come along. By the way," he remembered, "you'll be glad to know that Tillson thinks he can fix you up on the Star."

That was like Jack Maclaren. In the midst of his own worries, consideration always for the other fellow. Feeling craven, Blake couldn't even bring himself to thank him.

Nor was he able to keep up his end of the conversation all the way to Brooklyn. There was a futility, a singular premonition of disaster, to the whole evening. When they reached there, it was only to find that Tillson had been unexpectedly called from home. The long subway ride had been made to no avail.

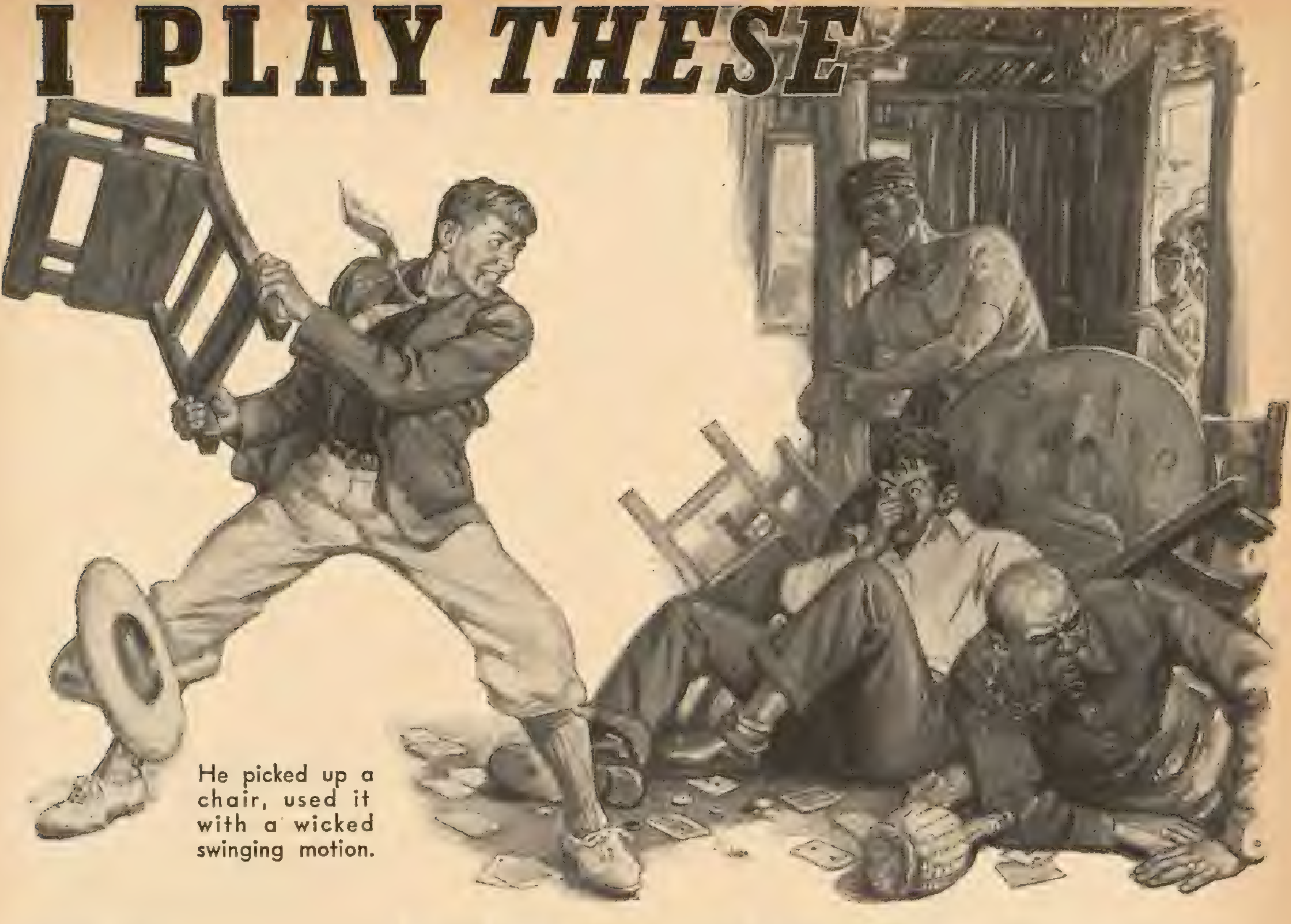
"Phone me in the morning," Jack said in parting. "Tillson is sure to get in touch with me about you."

Blake called before nine o'clock, and it was his sister who answered.

"Jack," she sobbed poignantly, "was shot down by two men last night—as he—as he was entering the apartment building . . ."

Can it be that Sandra is criminally connected with the two thugs that shot Jack Maclaren? Whose is the next move in this strange nightmarish drama? Will Blake unriddle the mystery that comes to a great climax and end in next week's Liberty? Be sure you don't miss that issue!

I PLAY THESE



He picked up a chair, used it with a wicked swinging motion.

A gay love story—and Emerald Annie in Liberty's pages again!

BY ACHMED ABDULLAH

READING TIME
22 MINUTES 5 SECONDS

PERHAPS it all began with the tail end of a two-handed stud-poker session; with Skookum Charlie, the Siwash half-breed who cooked — so he said — for Luther Johnson's cattle outfit, throwing down his cards and exclaiming:

"The way you fill them inside straights is plain murder!"

"Consolation round?" suggested the other. "Double the ante?"

"Don't strain your eyes lookin' for suckers! I'm bust—an' next pay day's a long stretch off."

"I trust you till then."

"Don't have to." Skookum Charlie smiled. He groped in his coat, pulled out a crumpled thumb-stained piece of paper. "Here you are. Paid in full—an' then some."

"Say"—suspiciously—"what is it?"

"The Yankee Doodle Glory. You gave her to me for that pinto last month when I wasn't watchin'. Now you're gettin' her back. Turn about's fair play, Bill."

The latter, who was horse wrangler for Luther Johnson, shrugged his shoulders. He reached out a rope-burned hand and pocketed the title certificate.

"Stung!" he said—and laughed.

For the Yankee Doodle Glory was a standing joke in the mining annals of the Northwest. It had been sold and resold to optimistic financiers from Boston, New York, Minneapolis, and London; had been abandoned and picked up again; had been knocked down at public auction in Spokane, amid loud guffaws, for three dollars and forty cents.

Men out yonder, between the Idaho Panhandle and the Kootenay, spoke of "passing the Yankee Doodle Glory" as men in other places speak of "passing the buck." And now for the second time Bill was the owner; and he speculated who, friend or stranger, would be the next victim; and he thought hopefully of one of Britain's younger sons who, around the first of the month, could usually be located drinking up his remittance at Pickhandle Burke's saloon, the other side of the Spokane railroad tracks; and—oh, yes—perhaps it all began right here.

Perhaps, though, it began a good many years later and a good many hundreds of miles to the south and east, in Colón, on the Isthmus of Panama, when Joe Cumming was getting ready to leave his stateroom aboard the Santa Margarita. . . .

HE was sartorially perfect as to white linen plus fours of an audacious hip-flaring cut, light-brown golf stockings with turned-down tops of Royal Stuart tartan, norfolk of tan gabardine, and silver-gray Stetson cocked over the left ear. But he had no baggage, having sold it, after some spirited haggling, to his cabin steward for seventy-eight dollars; these same seventy-eight being the sum total of his resources—unless one takes three facts into consideration: The fact that he was young and strong and inclined to look at the sunny side. The fact that early in life he had discovered that in a quarrel the other man is, as a rule, quite as scared as you, and that, therefore, it is a sound idea to get in the first blow. And the fact that once in a while he split a pair of aces and drew to a flush—*and* got away with it; or—with no difference in the results—knew how to make believe he had.

He started toward the gangplank; hurried, as he

ILLUSTRATED BY MONTE CREWS

caught sight of a young girl who had already reached the customs shed—a very pretty young girl with a tawny whisper to her hair, and her little brown felt hat piratically worn, and her forehead broad and white and boyish, and her Irish-blue eyes very frank and very brave.

"Hey!" he called out. "Eileen!"

"Oh," she sighed—"you?"

He fell into step beside her. "Lunch with me?"

"Can't. Rehearsal. All afternoon. Miss Hopkins sent me a wireless. She's coming to the pier to meet me."

"What about dinner?"

"I'll grab a bite in the dressing room. *I*"—she paused slightly—"am working for my living."

"Meet you after the show." He ignored the innuendo.

"I'll be too tired."

"Can't be helped. There's an important question I'll have to ask you—though I can ask you right now."

"And I can give you the answer right now. It's no."

"Again?"

"Again and again and again—until . . ."

"Don't you love me?"

"I'm whacky about you, Joe."

"Then why won't you marry me? I'll reform."

"Seeing is believing."

"How much do you have to see?"

"A nice fat roll. And a good job."

"Mercenary little wretch!"

"Neither mercenary nor wretch. But—I've been given to understand by some of our best people—a sweet kid."

"Sweetest I know."

They had come to the broad thoroughfare that flanked the docks, yellow and orange and purple in the rays of the tropical sun. An open automobile was drawing up, and a woman stepped out, amazingly red-haired, with emeralds glittering on her fingers, around her neck and wrists. She approached Eileen.

"Miss O'Neill?"

"That's me."

"Recognized you from the photo your agent sent—not that it does you justice."

"Thanks. And you are . . .?"

"None but!"

They smiled at each other. There was immediate mutual liking.

Joe said:

"I don't like to be left out in the cold. Won't you introduce me, Eileen?"

"Oh"—with rather ill grace—"Miss Hopkins—Mr. Cumming."

Joe bowed.

"Pleased to meet you, Miss Hopkins."

"Call me Emerald Annie. Everybody does in this neck o' the woods." She turned to go. "Drop in at my place tonight. Elegant show. First drink on me."

"Second, third, and fourth on yours truly."

"That's the way I like to hear people talk."

Emerald Annie entered the car. Eileen followed; said over her shoulder:

"Don't forget what I told you, Joe!"

HE walked up the street, smiling reminiscently as he thought of his father's words, seven months earlier, when the latter turned over to him the small fortune which his mother, dead these many years, had bequeathed to him:

"Four thousand, three hundred dollars. You're twenty-one and your own boss. I can't stop you from making a darn fool o' yourself."

"I guess that's what *your* dad said when you left Ohio. It used to be 'Go West, young man, go West!' and now it's 'Go East, young man, go . . .'"

"You're going East to blow in your pile. I went West to make it."

"Maybe I'll come home with a wad."

"And maybe you'll come home without your shirt—and riding the rods. And serve you right."

"Friends, though—aren't we?"

"Sure. You're my only son." They smiled—they loved each other dearly—and the older man went on: "Going to New York. At loose ends. And a good job waiting for you in my office, and I promised you a new roadster if . . ." He interrupted himself. "Doggone if I can get what you're after."

Joe Cumming might have said—only the terms were not in his vocabulary—that he was bored with the rut and groove of his existence; that he wanted to experience a little of that terrible, glorious thing called life. And life—to *be* life—*must* always be away from home.

And so, a week later, under the night and the moon and the stars, stood New York and looked at him and winked. . . .

AND there he met the girl.

Downtown he met her, at one of those casual parties where somebody—he had forgotten who—had taken him along. No café society. A small crowded apartment—everybody calling everybody else by their Christian names—not enough chairs—people sitting on the floor, laughing, arguing, making love, juggling cocktails—and, after a while, Joe finding himself next to a girl. A girl with a tawny whisper to her hair, her full lips coral, her Irish-blue eyes so frank and brave.

He talked to her of this and that and the other thing. He liked her—lots; and was disappointed when, suddenly, she jumped up and announced that she had to go.

"My turn starts at midnight. I'm a singer over at the Elysian, on Fifty-third."

"May I take you there?"

"Come on. . . ."

NEARLY daily, during the following weeks, he saw her. And then, one Sunday afternoon in her little apartment, he took her into his arms. He loved her; and he asked in a whisper did she love him the least little bit?

"I do, Joe, with all my heart."

But when he spoke of marriage, she shook her head.

"Nothing doing, Joe."

"Why—we love each other!"

"Love isn't everything. Not in marriage. Marriage," she was terribly in earnest, "isn't all tenderness and kisses. If you want to be happy, you have to think of a roof over your head, clothes, food—things that cost money."

"I've got money."

"You soon won't have a dime, the rate you're spending. Listen! Remember what you told me about your father? A pioneer who made his own way. Why don't you?"

"Not so easy these days. Unemployment."

"Your father offered you a job."

"Yeah! In his stuffy office, selling real estate."

"What's wrong with *that* picture?"

"Oh—you don't understand."

"You bet I understand!"

She thought of her own father, that lovable, irresponsible Irish gentleman who had squandered his all, had left her and her mother without a cent. The latter, who had not survived her husband more than twelve months, had been a sick woman; and Eileen, still in her teens, had had to go to work. Cash girl in a department store. Then an amateur radio night, when she had sung in a quavery frightened little voice. Since then she had steadily risen in her new profession; and only yesterday the agent had told her that there was a good spot for her in Colón, on the Isthmus of Panama, in Emerald Annie's famous cabaret.

Oh, yes—she had worked hard. Had made her own way.

And now for Joe to sit there like a bump on a log and say . . .

"You bet I understand!" she repeated. "Trouble with you is that all you're thinking of is a good time."

"You got me wrong, kid. If ever I get the breaks . . ."

"Anything for a laugh—eh? . . . I'll marry you as soon as you come through. Not before."

"No confidence in me?"

Her temper rose with his. "That's it exactly."

So they quarreled; made up the next day; quarreled, again and again, each time he asked her to be his wife. Yet deep down in his heart he knew that she was right; knew that he was drifting aimlessly, wasting his money. Indeed his funds were getting low. Didn't even play poker. Poker, to him, wasn't precisely fun.

Sure she was right; and he resented that she was.

Why, all she'd have to do was marry him—then he'd settle down, prove the stuff he was made of. . . .

One evening, in a rage, he flung out of her room and went on a drunk. It lasted several days, during which he made no attempt to see her, neither wrote nor called up.

At first she was hurt. Then she became angry.

Was that how he felt about it? Very well.

Her agent telephoned her. He had had another cable from Emerald Annie—Eileen would have to make up her mind. A ship was leaving on the following Thursday.

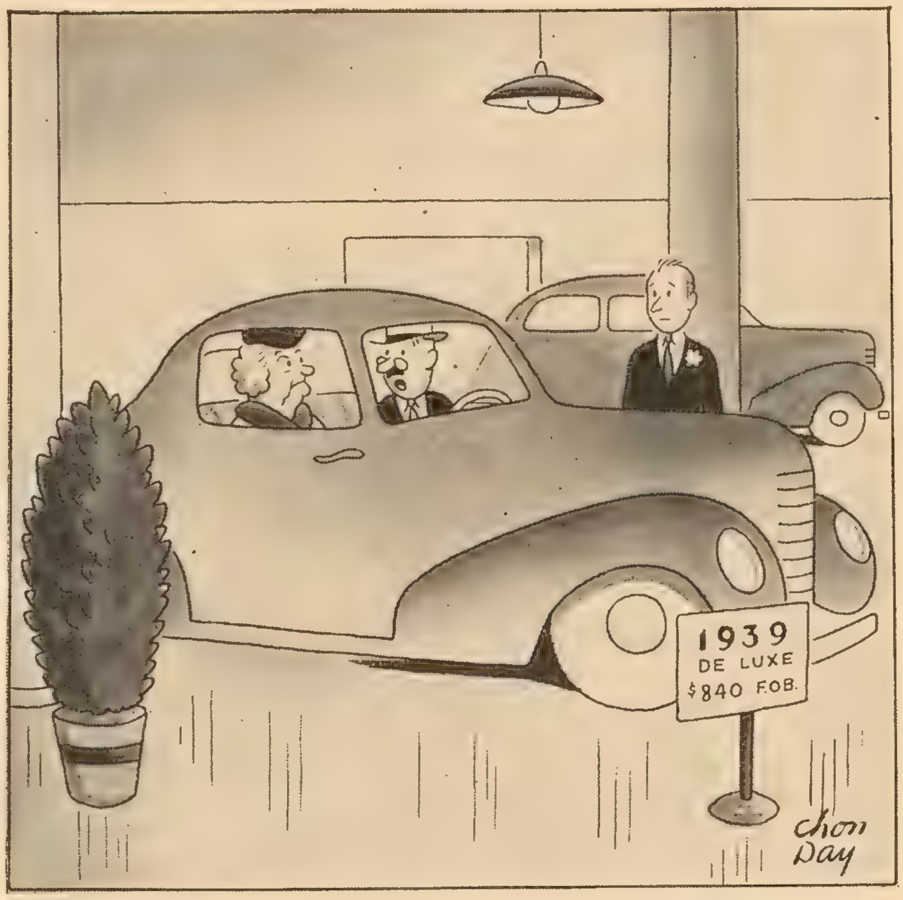
ON that same Thursday, early in the morning, Joe woke up with a splitting headache, a bad taste in his mouth, and most of his money gone.

He took a cold shower; breakfasted on ten grains of aspirin; looked into the mirror and received a shock.

"The end of festive Joe!" he said. "The turning over of a new leaf is indicated. I'll tell the kid."

He dialed her number. A strange voice answered. Mrs. McCarthy, the superintendent's wife. Cleaning up the apartment. Where was Miss O'Neill? Off to Panama—yes—that's it. Sailing at noon on the Santa Margarita. . . . Say, have *you* got a whisky cough! . . .

He packed his suitcases. He hurried to the pier. The ship was leaving in twenty minutes. There was one stateroom left. Three hundred and seventeen dollars. And Joe had three hundred and thirty-five. And now, eleven days later — for there had been a few drinks to buy and tips to be handed out—he had nothing but the seventy-eight which the steward had given him for his baggage. But he was young and optimistic. Too, hungry. So presently, when he had reached Bottle Alley and the Tobago, a place half first-class saloon and half second-class restaurant, he decided that he could do with a bite of lunch.



"But, mama, don't you think you could get used to driving from the front seat?"

He pushed open the swinging doors. From the back room came familiar sounds—the feathery riffling of cards, the click of chips, a raucous voice:

"I play these, boys."

Joe kept on into the back room.

Three men were there, playing poker. They were—had Joe known—the usual driftwood of the seven seas. One was a Liverpool mate wanted for manslaughter in Lima and for barratry in Rio de Janeiro. The second was a Sicilian who did a thriving trade in pitiful living wares between Marseilles and Buenos Aires. The third was a German ex-skipper who had piled and lost his heavily insured freighter on a reef no Admiralty chart had ever heard of.

For a few minutes Joe watched the game. Then he asked:

"May I sit in?"

They looked up. They saw the plus fours, the norfolk, the Stetson, the round ingenuous features.

"We've been waiting for you," the Liverpool mate replied; and, in a whisper, to his friends: "He's my meat. I seen him first."

"How many chips?" queried the German.

"Seventy-eight bucks' worth." Joe emptied his wallet on the table. "Maybe I won't need any more."

"Maybe," observed the mate, "Hitler's father was a rabbi."

"I," commented the Sicilian, "love the innocence of the very young." He pushed the deck over to Joe. "Your deal, my little one."

Joe dealt. He studied his hand, drew one card, demanded: "Does a full house beat a flush?"—and immediately afterward, the others showing no further interest, raked in a neat pot on a pair of threes.

He won steadily. And it would be an injustice to say that it was luck. Joe had the poker genius to an amazing degree.

He centered his attacks on the German's rapidly diminishing pile. Suddenly the latter jumped up, roaring:

"*Gott im Himmel! Raus!* We don't want you here!"

"O. K. by me." Joe rose. "I hate to stay where nobody loves me. Cash my chips"—he counted them—"a hundred and thirty-seven, including my profits—and I'll toddle along."

The three winked at each other.

"Cash your chips?" laughed the German.

"Cash your chips?" chimed in the Sicilian.

"Cash your chips in a pig's snout!" rudely remarked the man from Liverpool. He waved a huge fist. "Beat it while the beating is good!"

"Going to welsh?"

"Call it what you blamed well please!"

The Englishman reached for his leather-sheathed sailor's knife, and the other two gamblers advanced threateningly. At the same moment Joe went into action.

He picked up a solid mahogany chair. He used it like a flail, with a wicked swinging motion. He broke the mate's right wrist, knocked the German unconscious, inflicted a painful wound on the Sicilian's handsome high-bridged nose, and inquired: "*Now* will you settle the war debts?"

The Sicilian paid, and Joe left. . . .

HE entered another restaurant. He had ham and eggs. He walked down Front Street, enjoying the sunshine, ignorant of the fact that, in his wake the tale of his skill at poker and physical prowess was being echoed admiringly. For Colón is a tight, gossipy little town, and what happens on Bottle Alley is known within the hour in the politer purlieus of New Cristobal. That night, when Joe dropped in at Emerald Annie's cabaret, the latter, showing him to a ringside table, said:

"Page Mr. Dale Carnegie! How to win friends and influence people! With a chair—right on the conk!"

"You—you know?"

"Sure. And that isn't all I know. For instance"—Oh, yes! A gossipy little town—"how you landed minus baggage, and are near broke, and are stopping at a cheap hotel, and . . ."

She stopped, put a finger to her lips. Eileen had stepped from the wings, was sitting down at a small piano.

She sang, vamping her own accompaniment. Simple, old-fashioned American tunes. Suwanee River. Carry Me Back to Ol' Virginny. Put on Your Old Gray Bonnet. That sort of thing. Not much of a voice. But a certain quality that got you. Something that drove through you with a deep tenderness that pierced you the next second with a sobbing melancholia.

She finished. There was loud applause. Joe mumbled: "Gee!" and Emerald Annie, turning to welcome other customers, said to him: “Something else I know about you.”

“Yes . . .”

“That you're a young bum.”

“Oh”—indignantly—“did Eileen tell you . . .?”

“Not she.” Emerald Annie's laugh was rich and full. “Loyal little kid. And nuts about you. But I can add two and two. I've been around. Anyway, what about cutting out being a bum and going to work?”

“Gosh, I wish I could find a job—here, in Colón!”

“You've got one. With me. Bouncer. Right up your alley. And I need one. Chiefly Saturdays, when the boys are inclined to be frisky. O. K., Joe?”

“O. K., Annie.”

“No stud, jack pot, or fancy with my customers—see? You got to live on what I pay you. . . .”

HE saw Eileen after the show. Her first words were: “I'm proposing to you. How about marrying me tomorrow?”

“The answer,” he said slowly, “is in the negative.”

“What d'you mean?”

“Didn't you ask me to come through with a nice fat roll before you'd . . .”

“All I wanted you to do was turn over a new leaf. And you've done it.”

“One fine new leaf, labeled ‘bouncer.’ Not good enough—for the husband of my wife-to-be.”

“Let the wife-to-be decide!”

“Not on your life! You're a famous singer, drawing down five hundred per. Know what *I'm* getting?”

“I don't care.”

“I do. You said yourself—and you're right—that marriage, to be happy, must think of practical things, things that cost money. And I won't live on *your* money. I'm not that much of a louse.”

“Listen . . .”

“I won't marry you till I've made good. Really good. And that's flat.”

So they quarreled; made up; quarreled again and again. They were unhappy; and Emerald Annie, who watched, was unhappy for them and disapproved of both.

“That's the worst of being young,” she said to Jim O'Hara, her chief bartender. “Too proud. Too stubborn. Too many kinks in their tails that need straightening out. . . .” She turned, as her Jamaican headwaiter came up. “What is it, Fred?”

“Carlos Mendoza to see you.”

That evening, when Joe reported for duty, he noticed that Emerald Annie was not her usual cheerful self, and asked what was the matter.

Finally she told him. Joe Mendoza owned the mortgage on her place. Forty-five thousand dollars. It fell due the first of the month, and this morning he had informed her he would not renew it. She hadn't minded. Her cabaret was a paying proposition and her credit first-rate. But when she had gone the rounds of the few local banks and loan brokers, she had met nothing but polite refusals.

“See what's up?” she demanded. “Carlos, the low-down skunk, must have been on the rubber-soled sneak, passing along the good word. And he's an important *politico* who knows where the body is buried. He wants to foreclose—get my business—freeze me out. . . .”

“How much can you raise, Annie?”

“With what I've in the bank and what people owe me, and selling my few securities and hocking my emeralds, I'm still short four thousand smackers.” She paused. “If you hadn't blown in that dough you told me about—what your mother left you—you could have lent it to me, and I'd have let you have a share in the business.” She sighed. “You might have had the whole caboodle after a while—paid me in long-term notes. I'm getting on in years. Bound to retire sooner or later. And I'd have liked for you and Eileen to . . .” She shrugged her shoulders. “Well—pipe dreams.”

A silence—broken by Joe's laugh.

“Say,” she asked, “what's so funny?”

“An idea. Saturday night, isn't it? The night when, usually, Mendoza and some of the senior vultures meet at the Strangers' Club and . . .” He lowered his voice. “Lend me four hundred dollars? Maybe three hundred'll be enough.”

THE tale of that night's poker session at the Strangers' Club has drifted down the Atlantic, and even in far Buenos Aires men speak of it with awe and reverence as they order their third planter's punch.

According to a kibitzing eyewitness, Joe's face, when he studied his cards, showed less emotion than a mummy, and his voice, when, as the case may be, he asked for two or three or said: “I play these,” was as void of human feeling as a Chinese cemetery on a rainy day. Poker, after all, is a psychological and not a logical game. Joe's strategy was never twice alike. Occasionally he would let somebody bluff him on purpose and walk away with the pot; and the very next deal, the man who had bluffed him successfully would rise to the bait with the alacrity of folly and greed, and Joe would be there with the goods, playing for blood, merciless, iron-visaged. At other times he would refuse to bet for a round or two, sitting there silent and morose, until the others would have a conception of him as a man who was tired and sick of the ill luck that was dogging him; and then, all at once, magnificently, he would shatter these conceptions with a big full or three of a kind or some such trifle. Again he would run amuck and bet crazily. Also he would smile eagerly at times when he picked up a bad hand, or sigh when he picked up a good one.

It was half past three in the morning when he yawned ostentatiously and announced: “Three more rounds.”

“Oh”—angrily—“cold feet?”

“Cold as ice, and I'm going to warm 'em in my chaste little bed.”

But he did not go to bed. He returned to the cabaret.

“How'd you make out?” inquired Emerald Annie anxiously.

“Say,” he countered, “any chance of your future junior partner having a quart of champagne on the house?”

IT was about seven weeks later that Joe's father was in the small poker room of the Spokane Club with some of the old-timers. Dick Miller was stacking chips. Tom Finucane was removing the cellophane from a couple of fresh decks. Charlie Harrison was loading his pipe. Jim Slater said to Joe's father:

“Hear your son is back, Bill.”

“Yes. For a visit.”

“Not going to stay?”

“Why should he?” Bill Cumming counted the chips which Dick Miller had pushed across the table. “Did what I did. Made his way in a new country. On the Panama Isthmus. Worked hard. Got himself a partnership in a cabaret down there. Emerald Annie's place.” He said to Tom Finucane: “You were there winter before last. What's Emerald Annie's place like?”

“Swellest on the Isthmus.”

“That's what Joe told me. I'm proud of that boy.”

“Every right to be. Got married, didn't he?”

“Cute little wife. Singer. But she's going to give up her career. Assist Joe with the management of the place. For they're figuring on buying Emerald Annie out after a while. I offered to help, and they turned me down.”

“On their own!” exclaimed Dick Miller. “That's the stuff!”

“You bet! Well, come up to the house next Saturday night, all of you, and meet the newlyweds.”

Tom Finucane was dealing.

“Say, Bill,” he demanded, “ever tell Joe how you made your first pile—that time you were horse wrangler for Luther Johnson and played two-handed stud with Skookum Charlie—God rest his bones!—and he stuck you with the Yankee Doodle Glory and you couldn't find another sucker, and then, by fool luck, struck a lode? Ever tell your son?”

“I did not!” replied Bill Cumming. “No use putting wrong ideas into young people's heads.”

He studied his hand; and after a while, when the dealer inquired how many cards he wanted, he announced:

“I play these. . . .”

THE END

THE SINS OF THE JEWS

For liberals . . . A frank and revealing study of a vital problem in prejudice

BY GEORGE E. SOKOLSKY

READING TIME ● 9 MINUTES 40 SECONDS

OFTEN I'm asked: "What's wrong with your people? Why are they persecuted everywhere? There must be a reason."

Suppose I were to admit a few things before I suggest anything. Confession is good for any one, and in this moment when the countenance of God seems to have turned from us, may I not cry out with Job: "Naked came I out of my mother's womb, and naked shall I return thither: the Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord."

I am convinced, as I am alive, that there is a God and that there is a mystic explanation for much that occurs upon this earth. Think of this phenomenon: a people without a land, without unity, without power or protection, continues to survive through the ages, through bitter persecution and impoverishment. They live in a land like Germany, for instance, for a thousand years or more until they become almost more German than the Germans (remember that Heine was a Jew). Then they are uprooted, impoverished, persecuted, killed. They pack their small belongings and go forth to start life anew.

This has happened in Egypt, Palestine, Babylon, Persia, Greece, Rome, Spain, Russia, Poland, Rumania, Germany. It has happened so often that Jewish history abounds in these miseries. Yet we survive. Why?

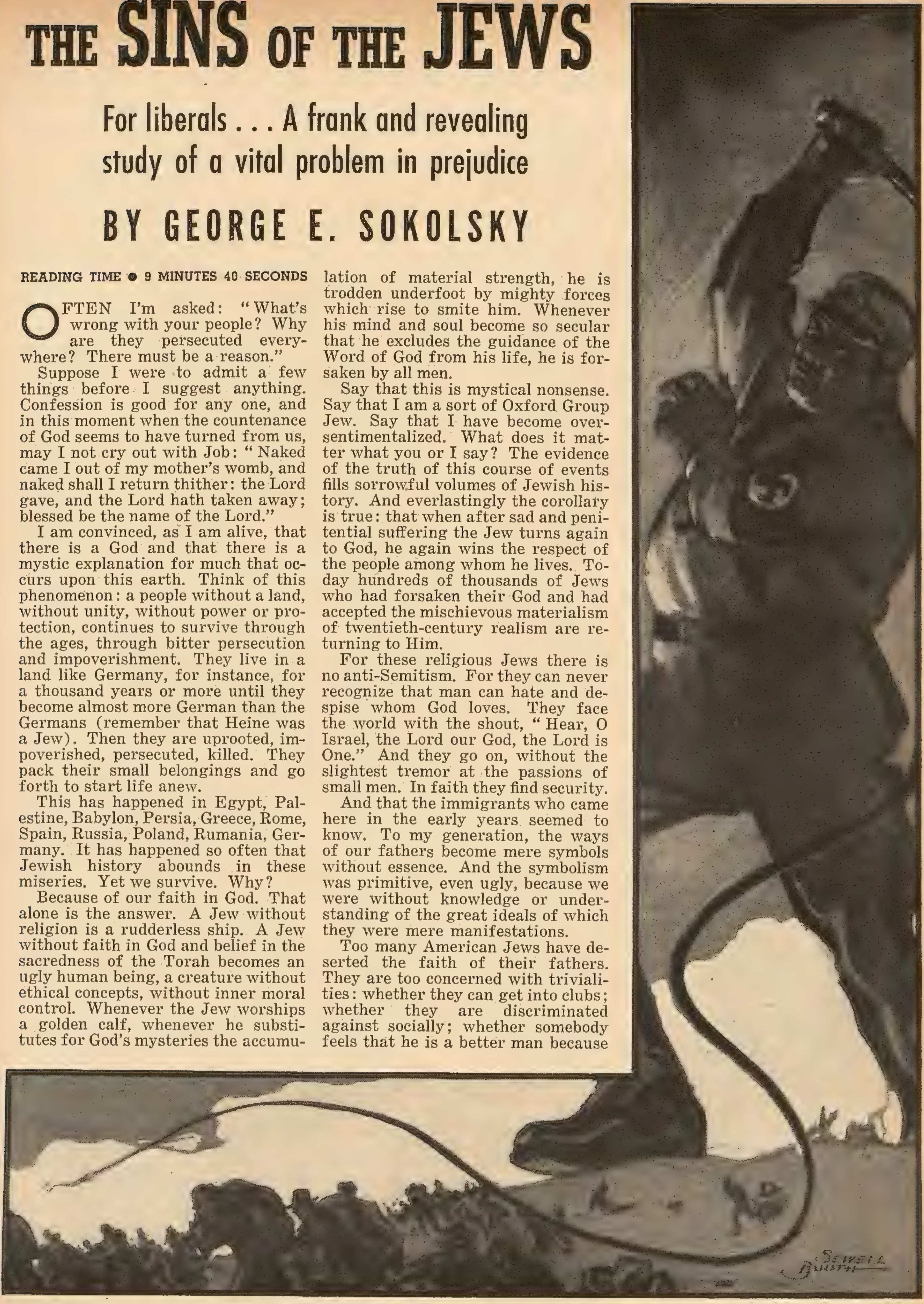
Because of our faith in God. That alone is the answer. A Jew without religion is a rudderless ship. A Jew without faith in God and belief in the sacredness of the Torah becomes an ugly human being, a creature without ethical concepts, without inner moral control. Whenever the Jew worships a golden calf, whenever he substitutes for God's mysteries the accumulation of material strength, he is trodden underfoot by mighty forces which rise to smite him. Whenever his mind and soul become so secular that he excludes the guidance of the Word of God from his life, he is forsaken by all men.

Say that this is mystical nonsense. Say that I am a sort of Oxford Group Jew. Say that I have become oversentimentalized. What does it matter what you or I say? The evidence of the truth of this course of events fills sorrowful volumes of Jewish history. And everlastingly the corollary is true: that when after sad and penitential suffering the Jew turns again to God, he again wins the respect of the people among whom he lives. Today hundreds of thousands of Jews who had forsaken their God and had accepted the mischievous materialism of twentieth-century realism are returning to Him.

For these religious Jews there is no anti-Semitism. For they can never recognize that man can hate and despise whom God loves. They face the world with the shout, "Hear, O Israel, the Lord our God, the Lord is One." And they go on, without the slightest tremor at the passions of small men. In faith they find security.

And that the immigrants who came here in the early years seemed to know. To my generation, the ways of our fathers become mere symbols without essence. And the symbolism was primitive, even ugly, because we were without knowledge or understanding of the great ideals of which they were mere manifestations.

Too many American Jews have deserted the faith of their fathers. They are too concerned with trivialities: whether they can get into clubs; whether they are discriminated against socially; whether somebody feels that he is a better man because



he is a Son of the Colonial Wars; whether a neighbor objects to his presence in a restricted neighborhood.

I say that these are trivialities. The Jew who worries about them suffers from an inferiority complex. They are the characteristics of a man who is uncertain about himself and his origin. They are evidence of lack of pride and lack of self-respect.

But the man who walks with his God knows the road to truth. He can breathe proudly the freedom that other children of God hold securely here without shame, without apology. For he is the child of God's goodness.

The Jew who is without religion cannot understand this. He has nothing sure and positive in his consciousness. He is afraid of every little Haman and he shrivels before every tiny Torquemada. He has neither brotherhood with his own people nor with other human beings. He stands alone and seeks to break down what he cannot possess. He is an unloved and an unlovely person. Must I stand on a broad front and defend every man who was born of Jewish parents but who is no more a Jew than he is a Catholic? In the Haggadah, which we read on the Passover, the evil man is he who says " they " instead of " we." Here are men whose lives and words and actions are a denunciation of Judaism. They have no association with Jewish tradition and Jewish life until some personal unpleasantness comes upon them, and suddenly the man is a Jew.

MANY of my own people will call me anti-Semitic because I have written this. Yet I can laugh at them, for the heritage of Israel is mine. I am convinced, as I live, that the good that Hitler will do for my people will be that he will send the Jew back to the synagogue. He will again raise the inspired voices of God-fearing and God-loving men who will know the path of loving-kindness and peace. And when they achieve this, they will be loved and respected.

Materialism, soullessness, sordid reachings do not fit the Jew. When he tries to be a climber, he also becomes a snob. I was once told on good authority that gentlemen's clubs in New York admitted Jewish members as a normal process until August Belmont became president of one of them. Belmont, it must be remembered, was a Jew on the make, and he was also a snob. Nothing could be more natural. I can point to a large number of similar Jews in America, and they do themselves and their own people infinite harm.

I want you to try to understand that those who wander from place to place take on characteristics which are not necessarily theirs nor even those of the people among whom they lived. These are confusing characteristics. Yet the fact does remain that men, and particularly women, are intolerant of people who are out of line—out of style and out of fashion. People who eat differently, whose clothes are out of style, who wear the wrong jewelry during the wrong time of day, or too much, people who stand out of line or forge ahead with too great force—these little things become mountains of prejudice.

And yet adjustments should be slow. It takes several generations for any person to become really a part of a new environment—to belong, as the phrase goes. Those who are in a terrific hurry only make fools of themselves, and they add to the burdens of those who are somewhat bewildered at the reception they get.

My people must learn that in this country. The fact that we live here in freedom and possess equal political rights does not mean that we can ignore, even for a moment, the mores of the people among whom we live. It is a stupidity to say that this country belonged to the Indians and that anybody who comes here has as many rights as anybody else. That is not thinking. It is not manners. It causes unending unhappiness.

Great wisdom lies in recognizing that from the days of the colonial founders, the basis of social life here has been Anglo-Saxon. That means self-policing. It means that the way of the road is kept clear not so much by government as by the sense of decency of most individuals. People who are accustomed to depend upon government, the law, rules and regulations, and social pressure are likely to get into trouble in this country. For here an individual must depend upon his own inner moral controls, and if they are not at work, he is out of luck. Those who cannot or will not understand this essential of Anglo-Saxon living make life very hard for themselves.

A few paragraphs from a letter I recently received:

" At my suburban railroad station, two or three hundred cars come down every evening to meet workers from town. They park alongside the driveway beside the station, leaving a rather narrow way for outgoing cars to pass through. The other night a woman in a limousine came down into that area. Instead of parking at the side of the drive, she drove through the open lane and stopped in the only space available for cars to get through. Her husband was not on the expected train but she remained parked in the driveway, keeping dozens of other cars from moving readily out of the parking zone. Finally some enraged commuter got out of his own car and went over to speak to this woman, who then reluctantly drove her car out of the way. Few people who noticed the incident could avoid noting that she was a Jewess and that she did not wish to yield the right of way.

" Last week the wife of a friend of ours in a New York suburb went to a school library to get a book for her sick child. Only one book was left on the ' reserved ' shelf and the woman noticed that another mother was sitting at a table near by, with a pile of fifteen or twenty books beside her. She went over and explained that she was looking for a certain book for her boy and would appreciate the opportunity to look through the pile which this other person had beside her. Instead of allowing her to do so, the lady protested that she had already reserved all of these books, from which to make her own selections, and would not turn them over until she got through. The woman who thus protested was a Jewess. The incident was written up in the most recent issue of the local paper without indicating any racial slant, but in days like these people discuss such minutiae."

The point here is that in the small things of life—the things that hurt people's feelings or cause them to respect us—we are sometimes remiss. I don't say that Jews alone are remiss. But the Jew must recognize that he must not be remiss. Too easily are even slight infractions magnified into great purposes. I am asked by a critic: " Why don't you give the other side? Why don't you talk about the fanaticism and bigotry of the anti-Semites? " But that is what I do not want to do in this article. I want to make one side clear.

Yet I ask each of you to think what would have been your reaction had Philip Musica been a Jew. You do not say, " Damn Italian! " But you might have said, " Damn Jew! " And the Jew must know that that fearful burden of watching his step always has been placed upon him. He must not get out of line. He must not push; he must not shove; he must not fall behind. He *must* be in place.

THAT is a fearful task, but it *is* his task. And there is nothing he can do about it. Shouting that it is unjust, demanding his rights, storming against unfairness do not serve. But gentle manners, kindness to all, honest dealing, pride in his Jewishness do serve. Those qualities alone help him over the tight places in life.

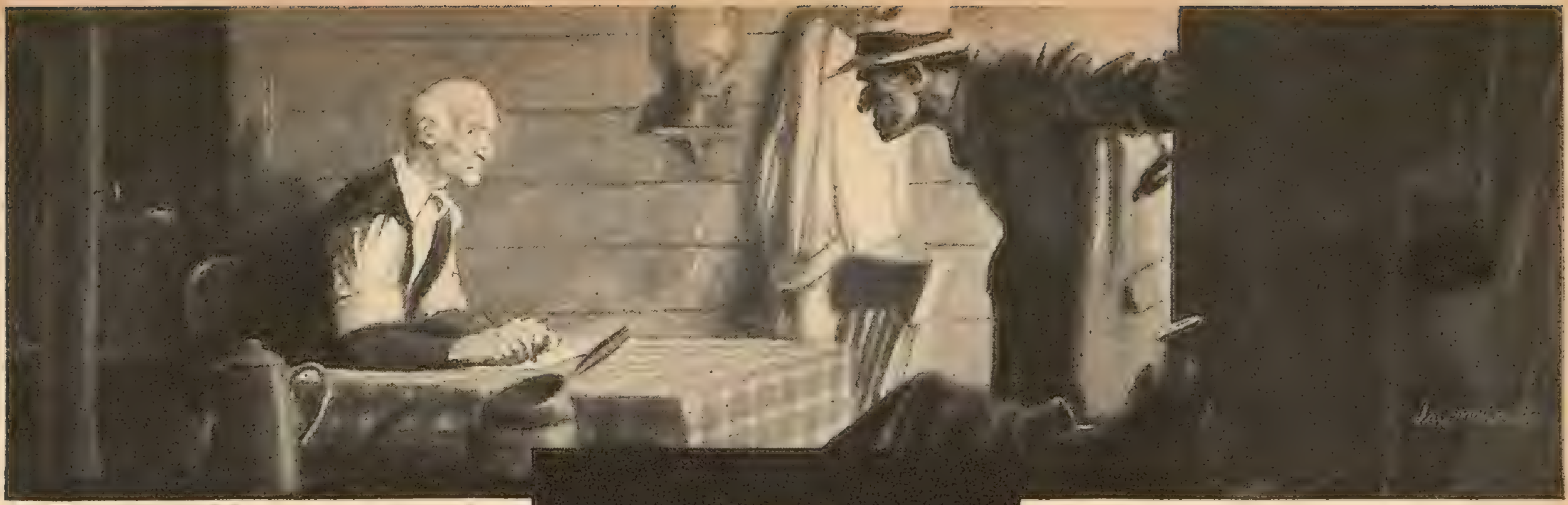
And there is one more thing to say in these ugly days. When the wronged Jew has sought vengeance, he himself has been beaten.

I am asked: " Must we lie down and take it? " And I answer: " Suppose we do not lie down? "

Kindly Christians, the excesses of Nazi propaganda, the viciousness of Hitler, have done more to win American good will for the suffering Jews of Germany than all the imprecations of all the Jews in the world. Unrighteousness reaps its own miserable rewards, but vengeance only increases strife until the world wearies of both contestants. It is difficult for some human beings to leave anything to God and time!

I have offered no solution for anti-Semitism. Such cosmic problems are not subject to ready solutions. The task is to find a way of living in self-respect and freedom without emphasizing too much our differences and yet recognizing that they exist. That has been the American way from Roger Williams and William Penn to this day. It is the hard way, but it is the only good way.

THE END



THE METHOD OF THE MASTER

Liberty's Short Short

BY

DEVERY FREEMAN

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 21 SECONDS

THE knocking at the door was more imperative now. A voice said, "Open up, there!"

But old Gideon continued writing, selecting his words carefully. "It is not," he wrote, "for us to question the method of the Master. He giveth and He taketh, for the way of Heaven is the way of retribution. I thank you humbly for your—"

The lock tore from its fastening, and a stocky man fell in with the yielding door.

"You needn't have broken my lock, friend," said Gideon mildly. He rose. Tall, lean, weathered in the face and stooped in the shoulders. "I was about to let you in."

"I'm looking for the state highway, brother," the man said, stamping mud from the pointed toes of his Oxford shoes. He was somewhat ugly in the largeness of his neck and jowls, but his voice was not unpleasant. "You know these woods, brother?"

"I trap here in season."

"Then be polite and show me the way. I'm in a hurry."

Old Gideon looked unemotionally at the gun in the man's hand and nodded.

MORNING mist had not yet lifted from the swamp, and moisture dripped from the trees. Gideon led the way across the clearing that fronted his cabin, the stranger following behind with catlike steps.

"No funny business, now, brother. If you try something smart, you'll get what I gave another wise baby the other day."

Gideon nodded.

"That's it," the stranger said affably. "My name's Bellows. Stumpy Bellows. Not a bad egg to get along with. This trooper, though, was one of them wise babies. Named Kirk. Dan Kirk. A wise baby. Know what I mean?"

"Read about it in the papers," said Gideon. "Shot during a hold-up."

"He asked for it," Stumpy said righteously. "Hell, he should've known better than to rush me."

They skirted a spring-fed water hole and progressed fifty yards up a narrow path. Suddenly Stumpy Bellows stopped and said: "What's that?" He pointed to a clump of bushes.

Funny, Gideon thought, I couldn't see that gun muzzle, coming from the east this morning. Aloud he said, "Trap I set for a pesky bobcat."

Stumpy showed small white teeth in a grin. "Tell you what, brother. Suppose we lift the muzzle a little, then maybe we'll bag us a deputy sheriff." He fingered the arrangement of string, bent sapling, and gun, whistling his amazement. "You wouldn't have much wildcat left with this cannon."

"Didn't aim to have any wildcat left," Gideon said. "He's been stealing my food."

Stumpy raised the gun barrel. "That ought to do. I'm talking to you."

"I guess so. It ought to do," Gideon said.

The stocky man motioned for him to lead on. The path ended a half mile farther on, and they entered a densely wooded section. Bellows talked lightly and continuously, but he never forgot that he was in a hurry.

"I got friends waiting for me on the state highway," he said expansively. "Marvelous thing—friends. How much farther is it? . . . I'm talking to you!"

"A mile."

"I ain't forgettin' this," Stumpy said. "I'm a guy that doesn't forget favors. Know what I mean?"

"Yes."

"The idea I got a gun on you doesn't mean I'm not trusting you, brother. I'm a kindly guy at heart." He added as an afterthought: "Only I don't like state troopers. They stink, every one of them. How much more we got to go? . . . I'm talking to you!"

"We hit a path soon. It takes us there."

They went over a swampy lowland, plowing through mud, rushes, and ferns until they found the path. Stumpy looked at a wrist watch and spat out a curse word. "We been going almost an hour. I told you I'm in a hurry!"

"We'll be there soon."

They walked in silence for ten minutes, and suddenly Stumpy lost his patience. "I could have found it quicker myself!" he exclaimed. "What you trying to pull?"

Gideon turned. "We're almost there," he said calmly. "Couple of hundred yards more down the path."

Stumpy grinned, his good humor returning. "Thanks, brother. I'm a guy that appreciates favors. Well, I won't be needing you any more. Get going . . . I said, get going!"

Old Gideon walked back along the path until he heard an explosion behind him. Turning, he retraced his steps. He prodded Stumpy Bellows' lifeless body with his foot, then set his trap again for the pesky bobcat.

Unhurriedly he walked the fifty yards to his cabin, and there he picked up the letter he had been writing. He read:

"Dear Lieutenant Harvey: It is not for us to question the method of the Master. He giveth and He taketh, for the way of Heaven is the way of retribution. I thank you humbly for your—"

He moistened the pencil point on his tongue and continued from where he had left off:

"—condolences upon the death of my son, Dan Kirk, in the course of his duty as a state trooper." . . .

THE END

Besides the regular price Liberty pays for each Short Short, an additional $1,000 bonus will be paid for the best Short Short published in 1939; $500 for the second best; and extra bonuses of $100 each for the five next best.

Old Shoes For Luck

READING TIME ● 28 MINUTES 36 SECONDS

KITTIE WEEKS, Regional Chief Hostess, had the passenger list in her hand when I opened the door of Universal Airlines' dispatch office.

"Here's news for *you,* Miss Malloy," she said. "Your friend Doc O'Connor's riding the line tonight. He's taking the plane East."

Kittie has a face like a hunk of carved pink soap, but those green cat eyes of hers miss nothing; especially when it concerns one of the airline's hundred-odd hostesses, of whom I, "Red" Malloy, am one. Kittie and I had battled the older nurses for trays in the diet kitchen back in the days when we were both just scared probationers at St. Monica's. She'd been a pretty good sort then; but three years at Universal as "our Miss Weeks" had left her with a gumdrop for a heart and a bunch of surgical dressing for a soul.

"That's not all," she says now, her eyes on my face. "Seems the doc's going away for good. There was a row at the hospital last week and somebody blamed him for something he didn't do. Then that young woman he was engaged to—Devaney, wasn't that her name?—decided to break her engagement. So doc spoke his mind to the hospital board, and now he's resigned. Says he's going back home where he belongs. Seems a pity. He had such promise as a surgeon. But then, you'd know all about *that!"*

"I don't believe it," I said. "About his resigning, I mean." And sat down hard on a chair. When you fly from eighty-five to one hundred hours a month you get short of breath and easily flattened out. But that didn't account for the way my knees had suddenly started to act. For a second I thought of begging off, saying I was too sick to go out on my run. Only I knew it wouldn't work. There was no use lying to Kittie Weeks; not with that trick she has of digging into your mind with a pick. And anyway she knew all about that time at St. Monica's when Dr. Neil O'Connor was resident and I was a student nurse, and so crazy about him I didn't sleep nights. There hadn't been any one there who didn't know about that—unless it was Neil O'Connor himself. . . .

It wasn't any picnic ground, St. Monica's. Not for the nurses, at least. Lukewarm coffee and soggy toast in the diet kitchen in the dawn. Old ladies reporting you for having a dimple; old men calling you "mother," then trying to kiss your hair. X-rays, blood counts, gastric analyses; nausea, nerves, and nightmares—that was St. Monica's. But none of it had really mattered. Because always in those night hours when the clean dreary hospital slept Dr. Neil O'Connor would come padding along the halls on his rubber-soled shoes. The pockets of his white linen jacket would be lopsided from the stethoscopes and fountain pens he'd stuffed into 'em; but for me there was only the blue blaze of his eyes and the warmth of his voice saying: "The cool Miss Malloy. Little redheaded angel to the sick! Come on, half-pint, forget about splenectomies and gas pains for a while and let's you and I talk!"

We'd sit out on the cold iron steps of the fire escape, under a sky filled with chimney pots and a jellied moon. And he'd tell me about the work he meant to do some day when he was the biggest surgeon in town.

Neil had been a country boy from one of those hick towns where the termites raise large families under the railroad trestles on account of they're so seldom disturbed. He had a thin serious face, alive gray eyes, and a grin that made a liar out of the air of calm authority he put on and off like a cloak. His father was a country doctor whose bitterest disappointment in life was his son's refusal to follow in his footsteps. "He wants me to come home and take over his practice," Neil said. "We fought about it all the time I went to medical school; that's what made things so tough. . . . But I can't do it, Red. I don't want to be a country doctor. I want to be a specialist, a surgeon. I can't quit now!"

I had little enough to go on; just the touch of his hand when we worked on a case, or maybe a movie on nights when we were both off duty. But it was enough. Enough to keep me so happy that nothing else mattered in the world—until the night Miss Margot Devaney got appendicitis and was rushed to St. Monica's for an operation, and Dr. Neil O'Connor did the job.

Miss Margot Devaney was one of those silver-gilt blondes with an asbestos soul who go through life scattering hot lava over other people's budding romances, and grabbing off the results. She belonged against a background of gold-brocade curtains, liquid furniture polish, and untarnished cocktail sets. And from the moment she came out of the ether and saw Neil O'Connor she went after him, starting at no tapeline.

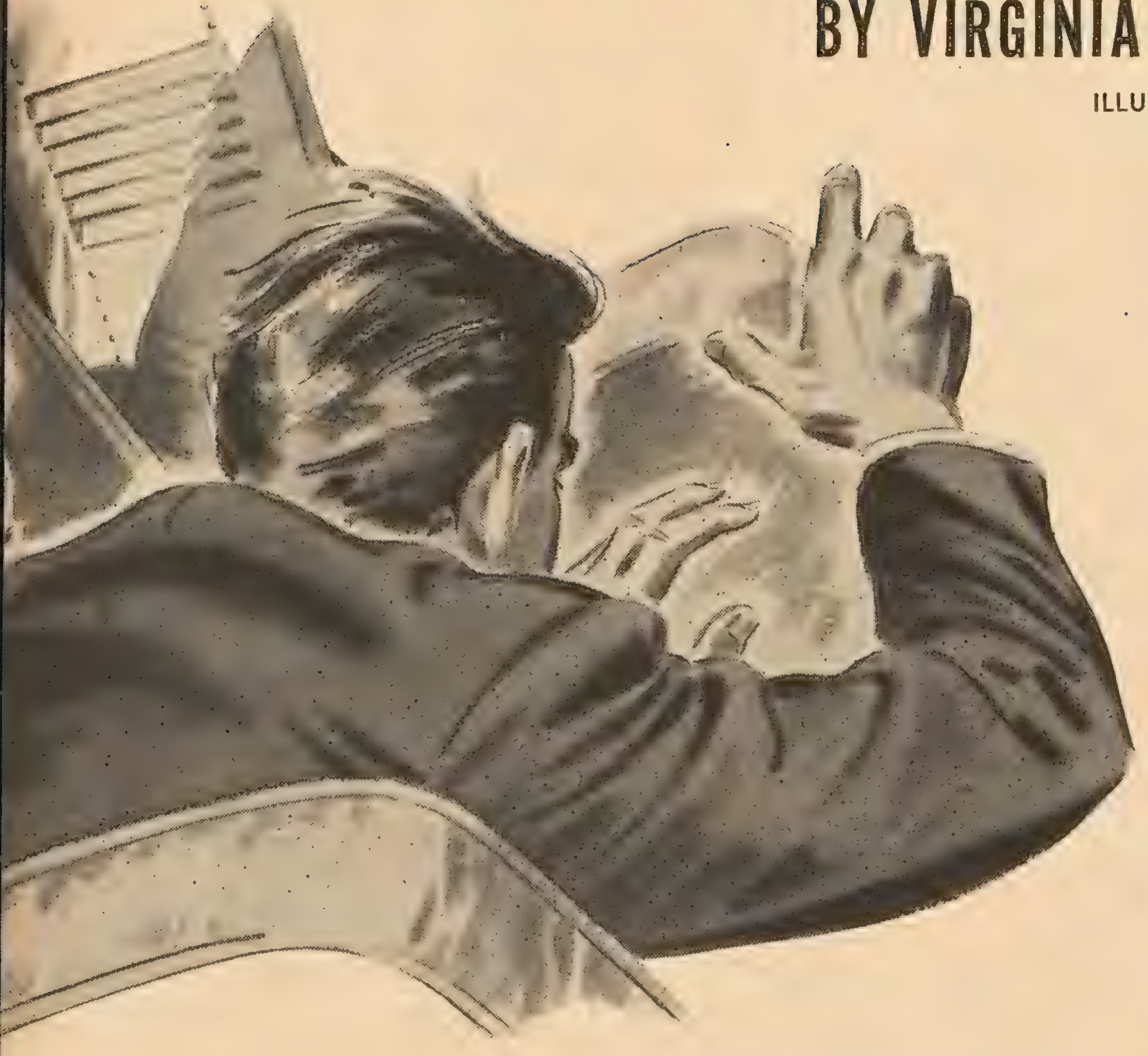
In no time at all I found myself as neglected as an overloaded ash tray. There lay Miss Margot Devaney, looking like an angel with one elbow on the rim of a blue eiderdown cloud. And there was I, in a rumpled apron, looking like last night's supper dishes, and knowing it. I hadn't a chance. Finally I took to going out of the room when Neil came in. Which was probably another mistake, since neither of them noticed I wasn't there.

I told myself it wasn't going to last; but it did. It lasted until Miss Margot Devaney went home from St. Monica's, in a cloud of gardenia perfume and a hat that would have

The swift, searching tale of a fateful flight and two hearts that found wings to the stars

BY VIRGINIA SULLIVAN TOMLINSON

ILLUSTRATED BY JOE KNEISEL



Then Neil flung himself upon me, holding me tight, as we pitched upward, then forward, into space.

made Salvation Nell lay down her tambourine without a struggle. Even then it lasted. Margot saw to that.

I had only myself to blame, of course, for having taken so much for granted. Because a man sits around a fire escape telling you his ambitions doesn't give you a lease on his life. Also, it doesn't prevent you from having a lot of hot and cold memories when he stops. Or from wondering. Then one day I stopped wondering, because one of the probationers walked into the diet kitchen and said: "Well, I see that dame in 1,412 finally landed Doc O'Connor! The engagement's in the morning paper." And, sure enough, it was.

The girls said: "Don't be a sap; he won't marry her, Red! Shooting stars make a lovely light, darling, but they don't make doctors' wives!" Only somehow it wasn't funny to me. Within the week I'd packed a bag, turned in my resignation, and walked out. In less than a month Kittie Weeks had put me on as air hostess for Universal Airlines. And I'd been there ever since. . . .

And now, I thought savagely, crossing the ramp toward the plane, I suppose it's all to start over again. Only it won't. I won't let it! After I've checked him on board I'll keep busy. In the morning this plane will reach New York and he'll be gone. And that will be that!

Gone, I thought, to that home background he hated so; to the nice soft berth his folks had laid out for him there . . . with all those dreams of his vanished into smoke.

I'd known Neil to be stubborn, and he'd had rows with the hospital board before; so somehow this just didn't make sense. It wasn't like him to resign, to walk out without putting up a fight.

I'd braced myself to meet him, but on reaching the plane I found he was already on board. Dan Scanlon, the copilot, had assigned him a seat well up toward the front. There were only five passengers tonight instead of the usual twelve. Which suited me fine. I wanted time to think.

The next one aboard was a big rangy chap with a lopsided smile, loose-fitting tweeds, and a pair of shoulders that Atlas might have borrowed to help hold up the world. "Salesman," I thought, noting the come-let-us-tarry-and-tell-all manner; then winced as he greeted me with a handclasp that left me with a practically mangled hand. I said: "Mr. Grainger, isn't it? Seat 4, please," and he said: "Gosh, lady, I was afraid I was going to miss the ship! Got up this morning and couldn't find a thing. Then I looked under the table, and there I was!"

Mrs. Beverly-Benson, who followed him aboard, was one of those small firm women who look helpless in their 3-triple-A shoes but have the tenacity of a boa constrictor when crossed. Mr. Beverly-Benson was crow's-footed and sad, the sort of husband who smiles only with his teeth.

The last to arrive was the sort of tall, chalky brunette whose ideas never quite catch up with her opportunities. She boasted a leopard-skin cape, a hat that leaked ribbons, and a pound of silver bracelets that clanked. Dan Scanlon murmured: "Movie queen. Has to be careful of her public." And then he said: "How's about a little food, Red? Curley and I are starved!" and helped me fasten the cabin door before hurrying up the aisle to the cockpit, where Curley Curtis, crack pilot for Universal Airlines, sat waiting the signal from the control tower on the field before taking off.

Wind sobbed and shrieked round the corners of the hangars as Curley finally gave her the gun. Then the field was a blur, the low trees a line of black, and we were off into the night; the plane bobbing about like a soupbone in the bowl of the sky.

The passengers' dinners, put up on the ground and sent aboard in cartons and thermos containers, stood in a neat row on my pantry shelf. Mr. Grainger eyed his dinner with the bilious gaze of a man whose food must swim for its life. The husband of Mrs. Benson ate with self-conscious little gulps, while his wife gave her whole soul to the business of unwrapping waxed paper and opening cartons. "Chicken!" she said. "H'mph!" . . . and thanked me with her upper teeth as she bit into a sandwich. The brunette chewed in silence, her little finger elegantly crooked.

I tucked Neil O'Connor's dinner under my arm and went slowly down the aisle.

"Red!" he said sharply—and was out of his chair. "They told me you were here. Gosh, it's *good* to see you, child. But you've lost weight—you're thin—"

"Hello, Neil," I said. My voice felt numb. It was like taking an ice-cream soda right after having had your throat swabbed out with nitrate of silver. No sensation at all.

For a moment there had been the old flash of warm feeling, the old flame behind his lean brown face. Then the face had slid behind a mask and the voice became so impersonally brittle and cool I thought I must have been wrong.

"Well, how's flying, Red?" he asked, when I'd slipped into the opposite seat. "And how does it feel to have eleven hundred horses dragging you through the clouds all day?"

I suppose I'd known all along that you can't rekindle a fire with a damp match; but there was something in that bright curt tone that sent a wave of anger surging to the roots of my red hair; something that crystallized all the long months of hurt and bitterness I'd lived through—made me want to hurt him in return. . . .

"Flying's fine," I said slowly. "Only, sometimes when you look down on all the little houses filled with people, you're glad you can't hear their cheated voices crying out for the things they've thrown away."

His face got that remote chill-before-using look he wears in the operating room. He said: "Somewhere in that remark is a dirty dig. Mind telling me what it means?"

"It means you've quit fighting," I said. "You're lying down for the gate receipts, Neil. . . . Just because somebody back at the hospital told you a few things—"

"So you know that, too," he said grimly. Then: "Sure. I'm through with the hospital. Decided to go back home—where I should have stayed in the first place. 'Oh, better let the little things we loved when little, return when the heart finds the great things brittle!' Somebody wrote that once, Red. Can't remember who—but it seems to fit the case!"

I said: "I know a better quotation than that. Kipling wrote it. 'He had his own matches and sulphur, and he made his own Hell!' . . . That's what you're walking into, and you know it, Neil O'Connor! A nice soft plush background; old ladies with nerves, and young Dr. O'Connor being led about on a leash! Listen. This isn't any way for you to act. They'll feed you to the lions in your own back yard. You'll hate it, Neil—you're no country doctor! You're a surgeon—it's the thing you've studied and fought for—"

"I'm through fighting." A dull flush slid up his face. The hand on his knee tightened until the knuckles showed white against the brown. "You're a great gal, Red." He grinned at me suddenly. "Still dancing to music nobody else can hear. . . . Well, let's just say that the mountain labored and brought forth a mouse, and let it go at that. And let's not talk about it any more. What do you say?"

"I'd say I hate a quitter worse than anything else on earth if I thought it meant anything to you!" I said. And got up and walked away. When I'm really mad I'm very apt to cry.

VIRGINIA SULLIVAN TOMLINSON

knows flying thoroughly. Formerly the wife of D. W. "Tommy" Tomlinson, one of America's foremost aviators, she has flown all over the United States. As Ann Forrester, she has written several syndicated serials. She has produced one novel, Permanent Wave, and several of her short stories have been published in England. She has one small daughter, and lives in San Francisco.

THE beacon at the Fresno airport waved us on to the field with long impatient sweeps. In the reflected glow of the hangars, clouds pressed down like a dirty wool blanket. Scud moved across the sky from the north and as I got down from the plane the knifelike wind sawed through my snappy red-and-gray cape.

The passengers stayed in their seats, but Curley Curtis stepped down from the ship, fumbling for a cigarette. Curley had a reputation for flying, but little reputation for anything else. From the start of our acquaintance we simply hadn't clicked. Maybe it was because I'd had Neil on my mind. Or maybe it was just because Curley hated redheaded girls and I'm allergic to the type of young man who's a heartthrob with the ladies from birth. To avoid noticing him now, I turned to wave at a familiar figure that was hurrying across the field.

"Who's Santy Claus?" Curley asked curiously. "For gosh sakes, will you look at those shoes! Don't tell me that old guy's riding the line on a *pass?*" His gaze sought the passenger list in my hand.

"It's Gran'pa Fisher," I said. "He's got a right to a pass. He's a ship cleaner at Albuquerque, and he's been working around airports, my son, for longer than you've been dry behind the ears."

Curley said nastily: "Oh, yeah? Well, tell him to shake it up, will you? I don't like the look of that sky"—and swaggered back into the ship, banging the door as he went.

Gran'pa Fisher had shrewd old eyes, a smile like a spanked cherub, and an astonishing mop of white hair. Around the field he wore one-gallus overalls, but today he was all dressed up. Under a threadbare overcoat was a painfully clean shirt and a brown upholstered vest trimmed with bone sofa buttons. Curley had been right, though, about his shoes. They were unspeakably broken and worn. As he dropped into a seat on the plane, he tucked them hastily out of sight.

"I sure am glad to be a-goin' home," he confided in a hoarse whisper as I fastened the cabin door. "Got four ships a-waitin' for me at Albuquerque, all got to be scrubbed and vacuumed and fumigated afore tomorrer noon. You think we'll git in on time?"

"Sure to, Gran'pa," I said, and sat down on the little jump seat at the rear. I was glad to close my eyes against the memory of Neil O'Connor's unhappy mouth and hurt, furious eyes. Making him mad had only lessened my chances now of persuading him to go back. If only I hadn't lit into him like that! . . .

I got up after a moment and started making up the berths for the night. Mr. Benson had the look of a man who has asked for bicarbonate of soda and isn't getting it; and the brunette stared out the window, her bracelets rattling back and forth on her wrist and her gum doing a nonstop flight. Mr. Grainger was saying, "Yes, ma'am, it's a fact. Brazil produced twenty-one per cent of the world's supply of gumdrops!" and Mrs. Benson sat listening to him with the expression on her face of a sofa pillow in a tight cover. He got discouraged finally, and went up forward to the Sky Lounge, where Neil sat pretending to read. Gran'pa Fisher came out of the washroom and stood teetering in the aisle, stumbling a little over his grotesquely broken shoes. From the tail of my eye I saw Neil's glance slide away from the sight of them; saw the expression of almost angry disgust that swept his frowning face.

"Of course," I thought bitterly, "the fiancé of the exquisite Miss Margot Devaney *would* be offended by broken shoes!" and felt another furious rush of anger at the thought.

Mrs. Benson was ready for bed now, perched on the edge of her berth, with her husband tucked neatly above her. She still clung to her lunch box, and sat pawing about in it, a chicken wing clutched firmly in her hand. The suitcase beside her spilled gold-and-crystal toilet articles, and her beauty mask spilled chins.

The ship had been plowing through thick black clouds, slapping them free of moisture as it went. Outside was icy, mysterious darkness; terrifying if you stopped to think about it, so I decided not to think. Curley Curtis might check his brains with his cap, but nobody had ever denied that he could fly. . . .

"Listen, miss!" It was Gran'pa Fisher again. "If you've got lots of dishes to wash later on, I could maybe give you a hand. My daughter Winnie she says I'm a grand one with the dishes."

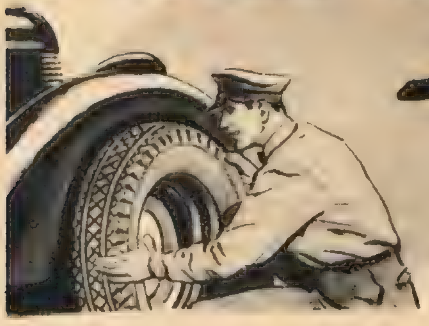
"I don't wash 'em, Gran'pa, thanks just the same," I smiled. The brunette was beckoning me from inside the dressing-room door. I got up and started toward her. Then everything happened at once. The air of the pantry was filled with china and glass, my feet grazed the sink and my nose just missed being flattened out against the closet door. Then, with a suddenness that threw me cruelly upon the opposite wall, the plane banked steeply and began to climb.

Up it went . . . up . . . up . . . the engine picking up with a furious roar. There was frenzy in the sound, a frantic sort of beat, as though it ran away from something. I scrambled to my

(*Continued on page 26*)

Flash! FAMOUS "G^3" ALL-WEATHER STEPPED UP IN VALUE

-to give you lower cost per mile!



IT'S front page news for car owners when a new improved tire sells at a lower price than the tires it excels.

That's the nutshell story on this stunning new Goodyear "G-3" All-Weather*—for years the world's most popular tire. We've stepped it up in all-round performance—cut its cost to you!

Just for example, we've strengthened it with a sturdier new low stretch Supertwist* cord that affords greater protection from bruising and blowouts.

We've adopted a new ply-construction with more cords per inch—making a firmer, more compact tire that gives you tougher, longer wear. It delivers more miles, by actual test, than even previous record-breaking "G-3's."

And to make the new 1939 "G-3" a stellar value of rubber's centennial year, we've reduced the price you pay—on the old American principle that the way to increase sales is to offer higher value at lower cost.

It's the "most" tire ever offered at its price—all Goodyear dealers have it.

• • •

CENTENNIAL
1839
1939
CHARLES GOODYEAR

1839 • CENTENNIAL OF RUBBER • 1939

Just 100 years ago Charles Goodyear discovered vulcanization and made possible the modern rubber industry.

GOODYEAR
ALL WEATHER

LONG NON-SKID MILEAGE—flat, thick tread—wide riding ribs—more rubber on the road.

QUICK STOPPING AND STARTING—deep non-skid blocks in the center of the tread—heavy shoulder blocks provide grip on curves.

SAFETY PROTECTION—sidewall prisms to protect against curb scuffing—low stretch Supertwist cord provides blowout protection in every ply.

SMART APPEARANCE—prismed sidewalls—wide, etched decorative stripe.

THE GREATEST NAME IN RUBBER

*Trade-marks of The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company

GOODYEAR

MORE PEOPLE RIDE ON GOODYEAR TIRES THAN ON ANY OTHER KIND

Time to Change to Summer Mobiloil

GARGOYLE
Mobiloil
SOCONY-VACUUM OIL COMPANY INC.
MADE IN U.S.A.

(*Continued from page 24*) feet. We were turning around. The ship was going back the way it had come!

I stumbled up the aisle, and heard the sound of ice banging off the wings with our rise to the warmer zone of air.

Dan Scanlon stood just inside the cockpit door, leaning weakly against the wall. Sweat poured from his face, his skin was a sickly yellow, and the hand holding his cigarette visibly shook. He said thickly: " That was a mountain. We just missed it. . . . My God, Red, I didn't even see the thing myself! Curley almost—"

" What *happened?* "

" Ice," he said. " Curley thinks we're somewhere over the Tehachapis. That mountain came out of *nowhere,* Red—we almost—"

" Give me the truth. We're off our course, aren't we? "

He nodded. " There's two layers of clouds, one above the other. We're caught between 'em. Tried to turn back just now, but we can't. It's socked in tight behind. We've got to go on, Red; that's why he's climbing. . . . Look, kid, don't worry about it yet! Curley'll sit her down—you know he always does. We'll all be safe aboard the choo-choo train by tomorrow morning."

Sure, I thought; Curley'll sit her down. With gas enough for about two hours, and a fifty-mile gale blowing, and in this dark. . . . I followed Dan back into the cockpit.

CURLEY sat at the controls, the earphones flattened against his ears. " *Universal 9, calling Fresno . . . calling Fresno . . . .*" His words seemed to telescope themselves together. " Where you been? " He motioned Dan toward his seat. " I got 'em again, Dan. Try Bakersfield. . . . Tell 'em we're clear of the mountains now, flying over open valley. Tell 'em we'll try to get back to Fresno—"

He eased back on the throttles, his eyes glinting in his twisted face, every desperate ounce of him straining to control the tossing plane. We were up to two thousand feet now. In the reddish glow of the navigation lights the rubber de-icer worked furiously, sliding ice from the wing tips with a crackling sound. I turned toward the door, Dan's voice droning behind me: " *Universal Plane 9, calling Bakersfield. We're north of you at ten thousand feet. Will advise—*"

The cabin, after the dim glow of the cockpit, seemed blazing with light. My heart thumped heavily, my mouth filled with water, the tips of my fingers were ice. I tried to get into the dressing room, but the brunette was still in there, shedding pink silk vests, so I went back to my pantry and sat down. There was some coffee left in the thermos jug. It tasted like shoe polish.

In the Sky Lounge, Mr. Grainger sat low in his chair. His gaze was the mesmerized stare of a fish on a silver platter. Neil sat facing him, his brown head bent, the smoke of a cigarette curling above his book. I thought miserably: " Sit there! Just when I need you—need *some one—*"

My mind kept reaching desperately for the sort of foolish trifles you notice when you're faced with danger or death. How keen the wind sounded, and how the turf always smelled in the dawn on the Glendale field, and the odd lilac tone to Mrs. Benson's skin under its heavy coating of face powder. . . .

Then suddenly the ship nosed down, almost throwing me from my seat. The wind rose to a thin shriek. " Like the scream of an ambulance siren," I thought dully, and wondered how long before we'd hit. Then I was laughing; foolishly, silently, shaking all over in my chair. Because I knew all at once that we weren't falling at all. We were coming in to land. Curley had found a hole in that ceiling some place. It was going to be all right!

I heard the sound of the hydraulic pumps letting down the landing gear, and my own voice saying automatically, " Fasten your seat belts, please! " And realized how really scared I had been.

Through a window streaming with rain there was only that mess of black clouds. I thought: There'll be some Grade A hysterics when they discover where we've landed, but it's a lot better than waking in the hospital with solid cotton faces.

I stood up, peering out the window again. And this time my heart stood still. Because we weren't landing, after all; we were simply cruising about, floating there through space. The engines had slowed; the wind was silent too; the whole ship seemed listening and tense.

Gran'pa Fisher's voice spoke suddenly into the silence, running together in frightened bleats. "'Tain't reasonable, is what *I* allus say," he proclaimed. "One man, a-sittin' up there in a pretty white cap, a-handlin' all them numbers and dials on a board! All is, I hope that Curley Curtis can read 'em. I know *I* never could."

Gran'pa's talking too much, I thought, and started toward him; then realized that we were beginning to climb. The engines picked up slowly, then more swiftly, with a roar. I thought: It's no use. Curley's given up; he's found he can't land her, after all! And smothered the pit of my stomach under the smile the hostess must wear for the reassurance of passengers as I went forward.

Dan had just pulled a flare as I reached the cockpit door. It burst above us in a pale blister of light. He said: "It's no use, Red. Even a free balloon couldn't have landed down there!" And did his best to grin.

"Where are we?"

He shrugged. "Somewhere near Huntington Lake . . . riding a tail wind. The beam's gone out. And the auxiliary tanks—"

Curley jerked about suddenly, looking at me for the first time. His eyes were glassy, feverish, the eyeballs streaked with red. He was afraid! I knew he was afraid. But he only said: "Stop looking like that, Malloy! You've been in better shows than this. I'll sit her down some place, and I won't miss, either. If it weren't for that *ice—*"

I leaned across him and looked down. Light showed faintly below, where the flare had lit in the trees. We were tearing toward it in a long flat glide. Curley said through stiff-held lips: "Pull another flare, Dan! *Pull it, I tell you!* You get back inside, Red, and strap 'em all down tight. I'm going on through!"

I pitched through the door, and saw Neil in the aisle, already strapping Mrs. Benson into her seat. As I struggled toward the brunette, I glimpsed Mr. Grainger's arms sawing the air like a distracted semaphore and Gran'pa Fisher's poor old hands clawing wildly at space. Then the engines slowed and a hideous shudder seemed to pass through the ship. We were nosing down . . . down. Curley was landing her; we were nearing the ground. . . .

There was the shrill terror of a woman's scream. Then Neil O'Connor flung himself upon me, holding me tight, as we pitched upward, then forward, into space, in one rending, hideous babble of splintered sound.

SOMETHING was wrong with the air control. The cabin was sickeningly hot. It was my first thought when I opened my eyes.

I lay on the floor beside the open cabin door, which swung gently back and forth on a broken hinge. The blackness outside was so thick it pressed against my skull, and all the stars of heaven seemed falling on my face.

Mrs. Beverly-Benson lay quite still within reach of my hand. Her beauty mask had slipped grotesquely to one side. Beyond her sprawled the figure of her husband, a tangle of blankets and legs. Beyond him the long legs of Mr. Grainger protruded from under a chair. Neil was nowhere in sight; but from some place close by Gran'pa Fisher's voice whimpered.

I caught hold of a seat, dragged myself erect. The door to the dressing room swung slowly open. Inside lay the brunette, spread out on the couch. Her teeth showed yellow through half-opened scarlet lips. I thought: She's dead. We're all dead. That's it, of course—

"*Red!*"

The voice was a half-angry, half-frantic bellow, and it came from directly behind me. I stood still, trying to relax, to slow down the spinning horror. It came again: "*Come back here,* can't you? I'm caught. I need help."

"Neil!" I said. And then: "Oh, Neil, darling *Neil!*"

"Stop it!" he said sharply. "Let's look at you . . . you all right? Good. Give me a hand here, Red." Between us, we managed to free his coat where it had

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Take his advice. Get rid of dirty, diluted winter oil—get Mobiloil's "Balanced Protection." It guards your motor from wear, gum, carbon and sludge. Socony-Vacuum Oil Co., Inc.

jammed beneath a seat. He stood up. He was fully dressed, even to his tie; but there were no shoes upon his feet. The impact of the crash had jerked them off. He winced sharply away from the touch of my outstretched hand. "Ribs," he said ruefully. "Come along here—" Together we pushed open the cockpit door and went inside.

Dan Scanlon lay wedged against the wall under what seemed to be all the monkey wrenches in the world. But he was alive. He groaned sharply when we raised him. "Back injured," Neil said softly.

Curley Curtis sat in his chair staring fixedly straight ahead. A white hard muscle leaped spasmodically in his cheek. Across his forehead was a deep ugly cut.

"Somebody was burning a candle somewhere for this guy," Neil muttered under his breath. "That was a close one; but I think he's suffering mostly from shock."

Nobody was dead. Nobody was even seriously hurt. Only Gran'pa Fisher, with a broken leg, was unable to crawl back into the seat from which he had been thrown. I came back into the cabin, after taking another look at Curley and Dan stretched out on improvised beds up forward, to find that Neil had set the leg as best he could. "Curley says there's a powerhouse at Huntington Lake and a ranger station nearer than that," I said. "I've got his maps. I can walk it and be back here in an hour."

Neil's worried eyes went about the ship. "They're as comfortable as I can make 'em for now," he said. "I'm going with you. Darn it, where are my shoes?"

He stooped, snatching at the shoes that had dropped from Gran'pa Fisher's feet. He donned them, then stood looking down at them with the curious expression I'd noticed there before. Then he had hold of my arm and we stepped through the broken door of the plane into silence.

The ship lay in a small clearing among the trees. Ten tall pines, sheared off as though by giant scissors, lay on the ground about it. The left wing was gone, the right broken completely off, folded neatly back like a bird's. Only the fuselage lay intact in the snow.

Neil's arm propelled me forward. Once he lost one of Gran'pa Fisher's shoes, and the look on his face as he snatched it out of the snow and went savagely ahead froze the words I'd been struggling to say. I thought: He's still furious with me. And I was wrong about his being a quitter. Oh, if only there were some way I could make him finish his own fight the way he's fighting to get us out of this mess now! He's just got to go back to St. Monica's—

He stopped suddenly, slumped forward into the snow, and went rolling over and over down the slope. I opened my mouth and screamed—a bloodcurdling, piercing shriek—and plunged down the slope after him. He lay quite still. I couldn't move him at all. I stood up and started to run.

One moment there was nothing but the black of the road, and the wind throwing dirty yellow snow in my face. The next, and there was the ranger station, and some one was burning me up, rubbing snow on my face. . . . I was fighting madly, sobbing, pushing the hands away.

THE station was warm and smelled of hot grease. I lay on the station floor, with something soft and warm under my head. On a blanket close by, Mr. Beverly-Benson sat, eating corn meal out of a bowl. The brunette, who never in her life had lifted anything except her own eyebrows, sat beside him, lifting wienies out of a pot.

"I," Mr. Beverly-Benson said, "carry three insurance policies. And I didn't get a scratch. Not even on my wife!"

Neil's voice said in my ear: "So you decided to wake up. . . . The others are safe in the next room, Red. And there's a truck on the way in."

I turned with a jerk, and saw that I was practically sitting in his lap, his cool deft fingers clasping my wrist, taking automatic note of my pulse. Groggily I stumbled to my feet.

Neil said: "There's no fire escape to sit on . . . but there *is* a moon outside. Come on, half-pint, throw on a shawl. And let's you and I talk!"

His eyes looked the way they used to when he'd stumble out of the operating room at St. Monica's. Tired, and proud too, under his crooked grin. He said: "You were right in thinking I ran away because a girl had turned me down. Only—the girl wasn't Margot, Red. It was you. It's always been you, from that first night I met you."

The snow was on fire from the blaze of the stars. I couldn't get past him, couldn't speak. He said: "When you'd gone, when I knew what I'd thrown away—well, the fight just went out of me, that's all. But tonight, just after we'd crashed . . . I knew that, even if I had to do it alone, I was going back to the hospital to see it through!"

I said: "What made you know, Neil? Was it being so near death—oh, it wasn't what I'd said to you about being a quitter? Because, darling, I didn't mean—"

He shook his head. "Promise you won't laugh? I'll tell you what it was. It was Gran'pa Fisher's shoes."

He pointed to where his feet, still wearing those disreputable shoes, rested against the snow.

"You see," he went on, "I wore a pair of shoes exactly like these all through medical school. There was a hole in the big toe, too . . . and the way the tops curled down. . . . I fought a guy once for laughing at them. Licked him, too. They're a symbol, Red—of everything I was going to throw away. The moment I slid my feet into them tonight, I knew I was going back. Oh, darling, I've been so *damned* ashamed—"

Happiness, after a long period when you've been practically under the rug, sometimes takes strange forms. My eyes, when I looked at the stars, held all the laughter of the world. But the tear that slid over the tip of my nose fell on Gran'pa Fisher's shoes.

THE END

20 QUESTIONS

1—This week's early photo (at right) is of a graduate of West Point, born at Gap Mills, Virginia. During the Spanish-American War he transported an epistle to Cuban patriot Garcia, a feat that enabled Elbert Hubbard to write an article which sold more than forty million copies. Who?

2—Is Canberra, Sydney, or Melbourne the federal capital of Australia?

3—What happened to George Washington's children?

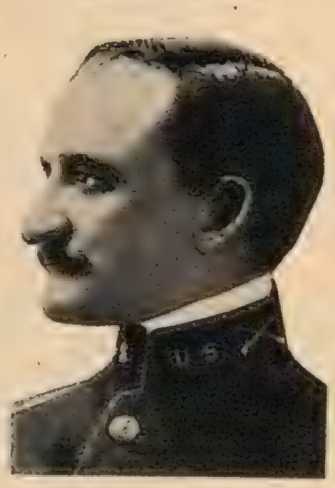
4—Did Frank Buck, Jack London, or Ernest Thompson Seton write The Call of the Wild?

5—In what year did the War of 1812 end?

6—Which species of onion is longest remembered?

7—Is Texas about twice the size of Alaska or vice versa?

8—What is the name of the patron saint of Scotland?



9—If man is a mammal, what is a porpoise? A bat?

10—How many notes of music are in two octaves?

11—Is the resort, Long Beach, in New York or California?

12—About how old is George VI of England?

13—Is a fathom equal to three, six, or nine linear feet?

14—Who was the children's poet?

15—Faith, Hope, and Charity are towns in which state?

16—Who inoculated his son in 1796?

17—At what age did Methuselah die?

18—The Dolores, Donna Maria, and San Salvador carried the expedition of which discoverer?

19—Do men eat more than women?

20—Who is chairman of Henry's and Walter's biggest competitor?

(*Answers will be found on page 50*)

Twilight CHEATS

BY GRACE PERKINS

Author of No More Orchids, The Unbreakable Mrs. Doll, etc.

READING TIME ● 29 MINUTES 25 SECONDS

ANDREW LANE, a good-looking and successful business man with a wife and three children, finds himself irresistibly attracted to Perry Snow, a reckless and beautiful young woman photographer. After a short struggle with his sense of loyalty to his wife, Martha, he sees Perry often —at lunch, at dinners in town, and at her apartment.

When the children and Martha come down with mumps, Andy stays at his club in the city and makes the most of his opportunities to be with Perry. One night, after they have been to the theater, he goes with her to her apartment and tells her that he is in love with her. She allows him to stay, but says their affair must be temporary. " No future for us," she tells him. " Just the present. For as long as it lasts."

Martha has heard rumors of Andrew's association with a lovely blonde and is distracted at the thought of losing the husband she loves. She realizes that she is not as young as she once was, that her figure has broadened and her vitality has waned. But she determines to fight to keep Andy.

On the day that the quarantine is lifted, Andy drives home, resolved to put Perry out of his life. She has told him that they can be " twilight lovers," but he rejects the idea of stolen hours between five and seven as cheap and sordid. He is ready once more to become a faithful husband.

Then, that evening, Martha throws a bombshell. " I'm going away, Andy," she says. " Tomorrow morning. I want a separation."

PART FOUR—MARTHA DISCOVERS THE SKY

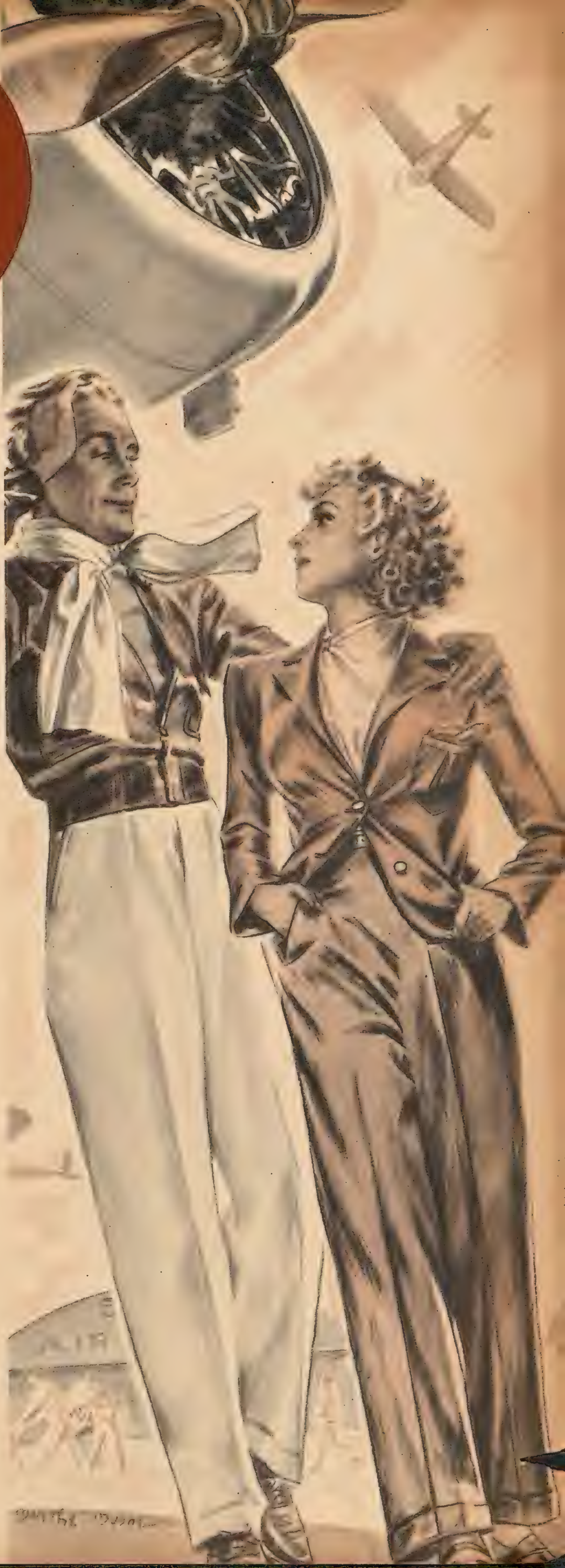
MARTHA—I don't think you know what you're saying," Andrew said sternly.

" I know—when I'm tired." She spoke with immense effort, but her words trembled. " I'm tired. It's been awful—laid up here, confined to this house for weeks."

His first reaction was an almost overwhelming relief. She had used the word *snow* innocently—of course!

He went straight to her, put his hand against her hot

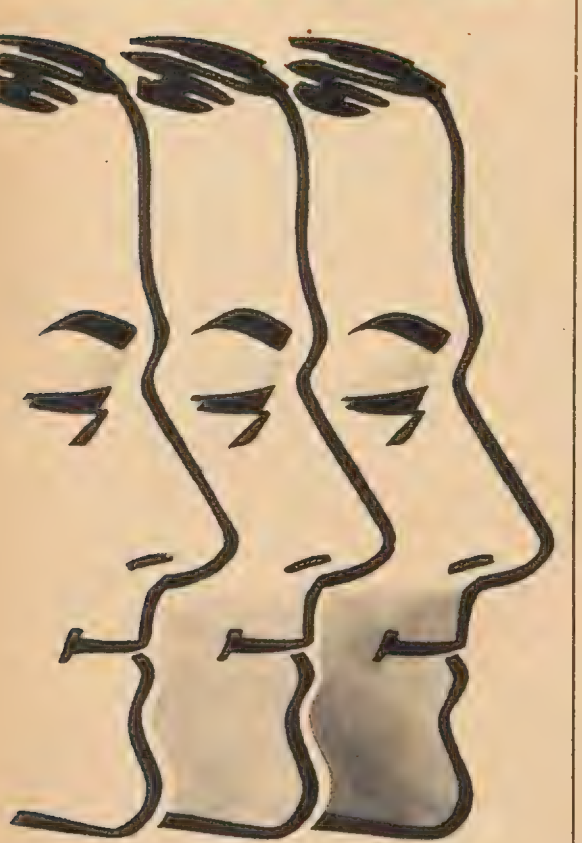
Stirringly now a wife's adventurous rebellion in happiness begins in a colorful, challenging novel of 1939



"And now," he drawled, "what am I going to do to make up to you for being such a louse?"

ILLUSTRATED BY MARTHE MOORE

SHAVE 3 SHADES CLEANER!



HERE'S a blade so keen that it removes your whiskers *completely*—no trace of stubble—no irritation! Star Blades shave you 3 shades cleaner! Famous since 1880—Star is the world's largest-selling single edge blade—proof of its super-sharpness and economy. 4 for 10¢.

Star Blade Division
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STAR
SINGLE EDGE
BLADES
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4 FOR 10¢

STAR *Blades* 4 FOR 10¢

For Gem and Ever-Ready Razors

cheek, and then, grasping her shoulders, pushed her gently back into her chair.

“ I do believe you have a little fever,” he decided almost triumphantly. “ Here—you're shaking all over.”

She took a deep breath as he turned to find a sherry bottle and a glass. His tenderness comforted her.

“ Now you drink this down, darling.” He squatted beside her, his fine loving face looking up into hers with a pleading expression. She sipped the sherry slowly. Held the glass tight. “ And I'll take you up to bed. You should stay in bed a few days. . . .”

“ No! ” Again that sharp semi-delirious protest. “ I don't want to be babied, Andy. I want to get away alone for maybe quite a long while and find myself. That's what I meant by leaving you, you see. I was—trying—to be light about it. But I didn't pull it off.”

“ You just scared me into high panic,” he laughed. “ You and your jokes and your separations.”

“ You've always done—what would make me happy. And this is what I want—more than I can say.”

“ Well, of course, sweet. When you're strong enough.”

“ *Tomorrow.* I'm all packed.”

He stood up, a little exasperated. Bewildered. Martha sounded so stubborn.

“ Where are you planning to go? ” he asked in a humoring voice, and lit a cigarette.

“ Well, I thought maybe my sister's. It's far away and Florrie'd be glad. I might travel a little, later—just a short trip somewhere, if you can afford it.”

He handed her the lighted cigarette with a companionable gesture that touched her. And lit one for himself.

“ I CAN afford anything you want or need, Martha.”

“ Thank you, Andy.”

“ But I think you're being hasty. And I think . . .”

“ No, Andy. Don't, please, try to argue me out of it. The doctor said I was all right to go. I've made reservation—on a *plane.*”

“ You're flying? ” He blinked, incredulous.

“ Yes. I want to fly. Oh, Andy dear, don't look disapproving. Please let me have that little thrill. I've been shut up so much.”

He bit his lip, shaken by her appeal.

“ All right, kid. You can go. Just as you've planned. I must say it's something of a shock to me. . . .”

“ I'm sorry about that.” She nodded eagerly. “ I couldn't talk about such things over the phone, somehow. I'm just as if I were at a crossroads, Andy dear. And if you'll be patient and see me through it the way I want—I think it will be best for both of us. I'll come back—a new woman.”

He leaned down and kissed her, aware how sallow and toneless her face was as she lifted it to him.

“ I just want you your own sweet self,” he told her.

She patted his shoulder ineffectually—an odd stiff caress.

“ I'd like to go to bed now,” she said thinly. “ I need a good sleep for the trip.”

He was tenderness itself. He talked, promising to run the house into bankruptcy while she was gone, as he put her to bed, made her drink hot milk, opened the windows, and put out the lights. Lying a few feet away from her, he smiled to himself. Martha clearly didn't guess a thing. He felt as if he had escaped a sentence. He sternly told himself to think of arrangements for her trip, successfully downing all inclination to feel elated at the thought of prolonged freedom—to see Perry.

And Martha, pretending sleep and listening to him thrash around under his blankets, felt futile. She had won her separation without much of a battle and with a fair measure of grace. At least Andy didn't know that she had any idea about him and Perry Snow. Yet Martha felt, disconsolately, that perhaps she was making a big mistake, leaving That Woman with no competition.

But, as far as Martha could see, anything she did might be wrong.

THE flight down was sensational enough to keep Martha from brooding. Andy had driven the children to the airfield, and together they had given her a wonderful send-off. She enjoyed the clouds and the views, the far-flung panorama that made the world look small and the country seem vast. There was something almost religious in her reaction to being no longer earth-bound.

Florrie was at the airport to meet her, and several of Florrie's in-laws. Martha phoned Andy at once, as he had requested, and turned away, wondering whether or not he would see Perry Snow this evening. No doubt he had already lunched with her—as soon as the plane took off. . . .

On to Florrie's picturesque home with its incredibly tall magnolia tree planted by General Somebody long ago, its big bedroom fixed for Martha with garden narcissuses in December, its quaint air of clinging to a leisured past, in spite of Florrie's many modern pieces, and the clutter of golf sticks, riding raiment, and a fairly complete gaming table. Jerry, hosting it in the center of a high-spirited group, greeted his sister-in-law as if she were the captain of the winning team.

The party was good fun, even to a stranger like Martha. She met Windy, the most-wonderful-boy-who-flies-his-own-plane, and accepted, with a shy thrill, his invitation to go up with him. That rather made her evening. Flirting seemed to be the featured Southern sport, and automatically Martha was dealt the blond thirty-four-year-old divorced Windy as her conquest. She judged Windy, and correctly, as an egotistical bully, a none too harmless scamp. The hilarity of the crowd amazed her, and the quantity of liquor consumed. But though, as the hours went on, she urgently craved a drink, she stuck to her resolution despite raucous protests. She did not eat either, but nobody seemed to notice that.

They noticed it soon enough, however. Martha had fruit for breakfast. Martha had fruit and coffee for lunch. Martha ate sparingly at dinner. Those who have been on a diet know the disposition it is apt to provoke. Florrie and Jerry were what are known as gay young married folk. Martha, tired from self-imposed exercises, ached in peculiar places. Nerveless from continual craving for food, she was no addition to these parties. Martha on the wagon was dull.

"Just tell them I've been sick, can't you?" she snapped to Florrie one morning.

"You're not acting natural, Boo-Boo. It isn't just sickness, is it? You're—unhappy."

Martha shrugged, avoiding her sister's eyes.

"It's Andy! Isn't it, Martha?"

"I don't want to talk about it."

Florrie pursed her lips, her quick mind remembering the whole episode of meeting Martha's husband with a blonde in the theater. Like a flash she understood.

That was enough for Florrie. Began that special persecution devised by people who dearly love you and have your interests at heart. The last thing Martha wanted was to discuss the matter. It was, evidently, Florrie's sacred duty to discuss it. And to tell Jerry about it. And to write mother about it.

JERRY and Florrie took on an understanding manner. Boo-Boo should eat, drink, and be merry. Build herself up, have a big fling, and go back and lay down the law to Andy. Either thus and so, or otherwise a divorce. She'd have the home and the children and be well fixed with alimony. Soon the special group which were Jerry's closest pals started to give oblique advice; they told of their own or their best friends' divorces, and philosophized humorously on love's end.

She lost her temper one night, feeling unfairly goaded, and left the room. She had been in her room an hour and had finished crying when there was a knock.

Outside stood the-most-wonderful-boy-who-flew-his-own-plane. He was grinning, and his blue eyes were teasing in a friendly way. A fluff of his yellow hair was over his forehead, and Martha realized he had been drinking energetically.

"Hello," he said.

"Hello, Windy. Are they all sore at me?"

He nodded solemnly. "All but me."

"That's nice of you."

"Came up to ask if you'd like to take a spin tomorrow morning."

"Fly, you mean?"

"Yuh."

"Will you be sober enough?"

"They *(Continued on page 34)*

OL' JUDGE ROBBINS
PREVIEWS THE N.Y. WORLD'S FAIR
DO YOU MIND IF I DON'T GO IN HERE, CHUBBINS? I'LL WALK AROUND AND ENJOY A PIPE-LOAD OF P.A.
OKAY, DAD. MEET ME AT THE COSMETICS BUILDING — IN HALF AN HOUR, PLEASE
I BEG YOUR PARDON, SIR, BUT SEEING AS WE SMOKE THE SAME BRAND, I THOUGHT I'D MAKE BOLD TO BORROW A LIGHT
YOU BET! IT WOULD BE A PITY NOT TO HAVE A LIGHT FOR A PIPE-LOAD OF PRINCE ALBERT!
SCIENCE AND EDUCATION BUILDING
I'M WAITING HERE FOR MY WIFE. SHE'S — SAY! YOU'RE JUDGE ROBBINS, THE PIPE COLLECTOR — I NEVER FORGET A FACE!
SAY, I REMEMBER YOU TOO. WE MET AT A TRAILER CAMP IN CALIFORNIA LAST YEAR. WELL, WELL, WELL!!!
HALL OF COMMUNICATIONS
YOU KNOW, THIS FAIR IS TERRIFIC, BUT IT'S ONLY MY SECOND BIGGEST EXPERIENCE IN NEW YORK
THAT SO? DO YOU MIND TELLING ME YOUR BIGGEST EXPERIENCE HERE?
INSIDE THE HALL OF COMMUNICATIONS
WHY, A TOTAL STRANGER INTRODUCED ME TO PRINCE ALBERT. HE LOOKED SO HAPPY WITH HIS PIPE THAT I JUST COULDN'T HELP ASKING HIM ABOUT HIS TOBACCO
COSMETICS BUILDING
YOU KNOW, A LOT OF SMOKERS LEARN ABOUT P.A. THAT WAY. I'LL WAGER THOUSANDS WILL DISCOVER PRINCE ALBERT RIGHT HERE AT THIS FAIR
SURE — WHEN A MAN'S GOT A FEW DAYS OFF TO LOOK THE WORLD OVER, HE SOON NOTICES PIPE-SMOKERS WHO LOOK EXTRA HAPPY. AND BELIEVE ME, HE'LL WANT TO KNOW WHY!
I THINK THAT'S ONE REASON PRINCE ALBERT GOT TO BE THE WORLD'S MOST POPULAR TOBACCO SO QUICKLY. SMOKERS JUST CAN'T HELP PASSING ALONG THE GOOD WORD ABOUT P.A.'S EXTRA MILDNESS AND WONDERFUL TASTE!

GET A PREVIEW OF REAL SMOKING JOY

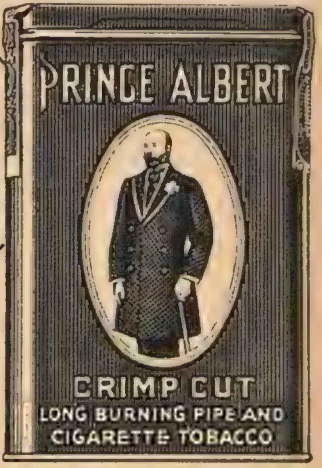
TRY P. A. BEFORE YOU RISK A PENNY!

MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE!

Smoke 20 fragrant pipefuls of Prince Albert. If you don't find it the mellowest, tastiest pipe tobacco you ever smoked, return the pocket tin with the rest of the tobacco in it to us at any time within a month from this date, and we will refund full purchase price, plus postage. (*Signed*) R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, North Carolina.

I FIGURED P.A. MUST SMOKE MILDER, TASTIER TO OFFER SUCH A GENEROUS GUARANTEE — AND, MAN, I FIGURED RIGHT!

"Makin's" fans! Prince Albert is MILDER in roll-your-own cigarettes too. It's choice tobacco specially cut to roll up FASTER, plumper. Try Prince Albert on a similar guarantee to "makin's" smokers.


PRINCE ALBERT
CRIMP CUT
LONG BURNING PIPE AND CIGARETTE TOBACCO

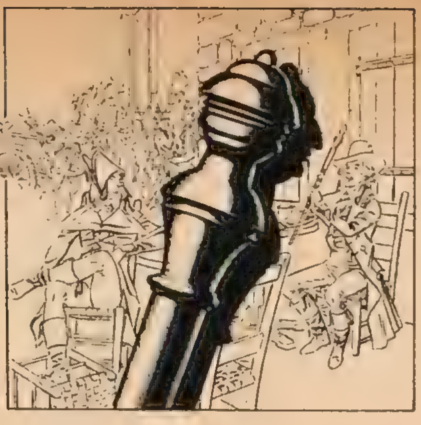
Copyright, 1939, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company

SO MILD SO TASTY

50 pipefuls of fragrant tobacco in every pocket tin of Prince Albert

PRINCE ALBERT
THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE

Strange facts ABOUT Symbols



One afternoon during the Reign of Terror, two men sat at separate tables on the terrace of a modest Parisian cafe.

From the crowded streets came shouts of violence. Cries of "Death to the aristocrats" rose from the ragged mob behind the tumbrel cart and its royalist victims riding to the guillotine.

"Citizen!" smiled one of the men, as he lifted his staff, "I drink to the soul of France!"

There came a long roll of distant drums.

"Citizen," answered the other, lifting his staff in turn, "My heart echoes your prayers."

Not one treasonable word had been spoken—yet each knew that the other was not a revolutionary, but at hea a loyal subject of king and quee What unknown symbol did they e change? Their secret was so simpl so obvious, that no one had ev noticed—it was merely that the hea of their walking sticks were odd shaped. Even if you examined the you would find nothing wrong wi the sticks—but hold them in the ligh cast their shadows on the wall a then you could see for yourself t profile of Louis XVI or Mar Antoinette. Symbols of loyalty!

A symbol is defined by the Colum bia Encyclopedia as a visible obje representing the semblance of som thing which is not shown but realiz by association with it.

For thousands of years the Chine have used a symbolic alphabet. The characters do not stand for lette sounds as our letters do, but for idea

---

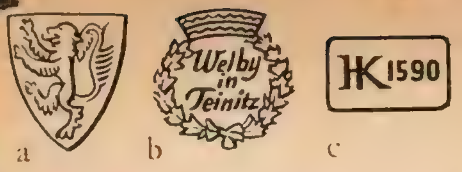
*Back of this Label is that Famous Flavor**

...FOUND ONLY IN SCHLIT

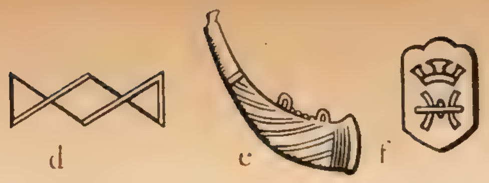
All beers contain hops and malt. Yet some brands seem bitter; others sweet. *That famous flavor* found only in Schlitz embodies the tang and goodness of true beer without the bitterness of the hops or the sweetness of the malt. For almost a century America has preferred this crowning achievement of the brewing art—a beer so fine that it made a city famous.

Copyright 1939 JOS. SCHLITZ BREWING CO., MILWAUKEE, WISCONSIN

THE BEER THA

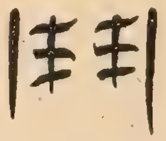


) *A lion rampant, one of the earliest arm-ial symbols in heraldry.* (b) *Welby, a potier 1790, his mark.* (c) *Insignia of Hans raut, builder of fancy furnaces in 1590.*



(d) *Symbol of Mylne family, famous castle builders of 15th Century.* (e) *Frankish drinking horn, symbolizing abundance.* (f) *An early silvermaker's "hall mark."*

d often their symbols are not only ppropriate but rich in ironic wisdom. Take, for example, this figure —



ideograph that stands for "trouble." an you fancy why? It is a symbol of vo women under one roof, and to riental experience that has spelled ouble for uncounted centuries.

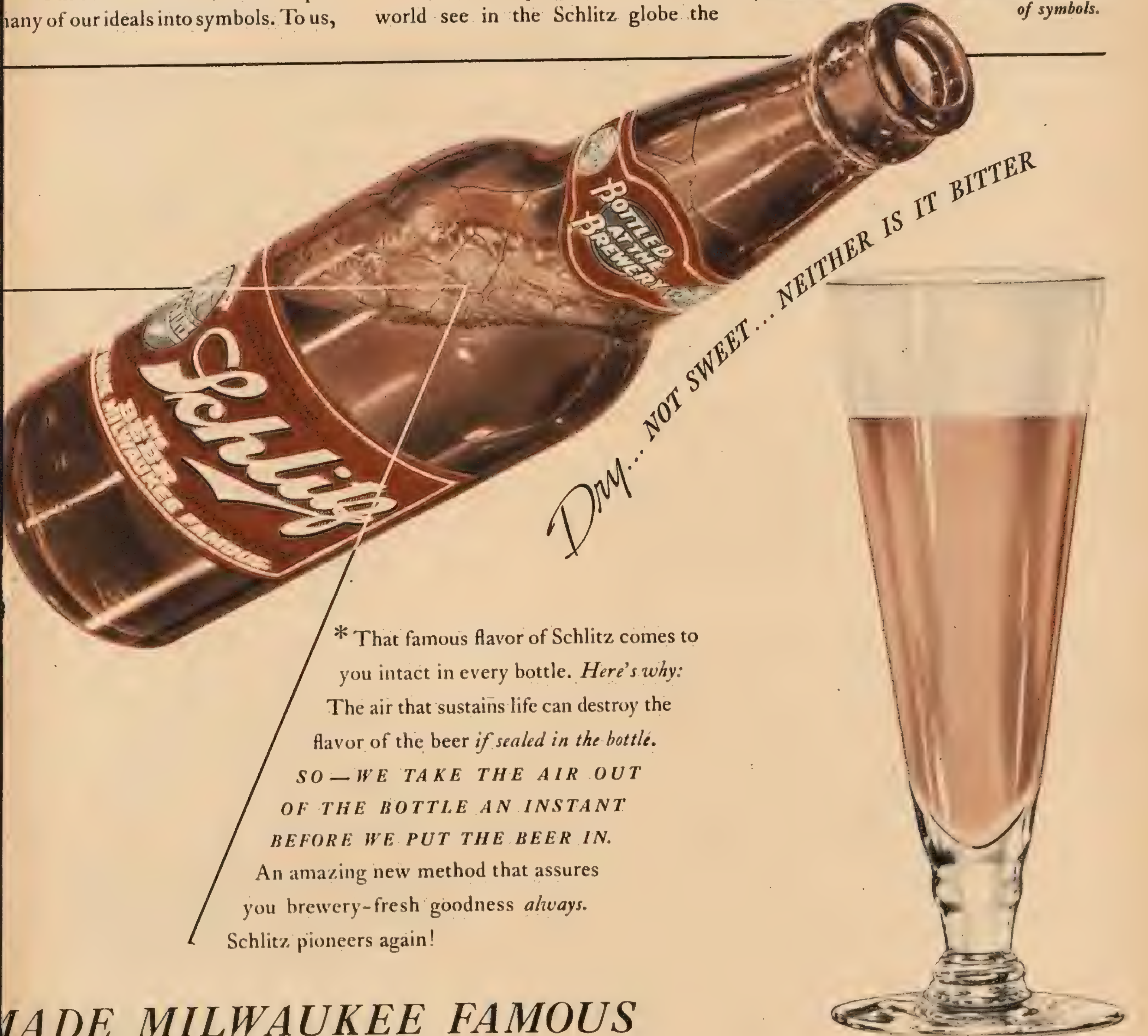
We in the Western world have put any of our ideals into symbols. To us, white means purity; the lion, courage. The dove stands for peace and the wedding ring is a symbol of endless felicity.

Long before the era of automobiles and airplanes, a now universally known symbol came into being. Quickly Americans learned to trust it and believe in its meaning—a token as trustworthy as the hall marks of fine silver, representing the maker's pride as truly as the marks of master builders carved in the stones of old cathedrals.

Millions of people all over the world see in the Schlitz globe the pledge of uniform quality and that famous flavor. It has become one of the oldest, best-known emblems of good faith between seller and buyer, the sign and seal of quality.

For almost one hundred years this famous beer has stood for modern perfection in the ancient art of brewing — skill and experience and infinite attention to detail, united in the blending of *that famous flavor* — pledged and identified by the familiar symbol that makes you confident when you serve Schlitz.

The makers of Schlitz asked one of America's top-ranking editors— an author of best-selling fiction in his own right—to tell this romance of symbols.


Schlitz
BOTTLED AT THE BREWERY
Dry... NOT SWEET... NEITHER IS IT BITTER

* That famous flavor of Schlitz comes to you intact in every bottle. *Here's why:* The air that sustains life can destroy the flavor of the beer *if sealed in the bottle.*

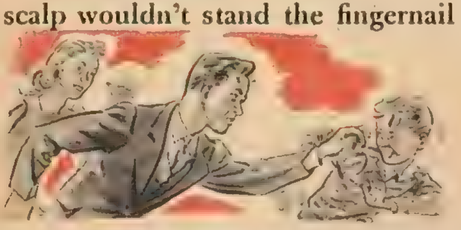
SO — WE TAKE THE AIR OUT OF THE BOTTLE AN INSTANT BEFORE WE PUT THE BEER IN.

An amazing new method that assures you brewery-fresh goodness *always.* Schlitz pioneers again!

IADE MILWAUKEE FAMOUS

"...and you're the big stiff that makes me wash my ears!"

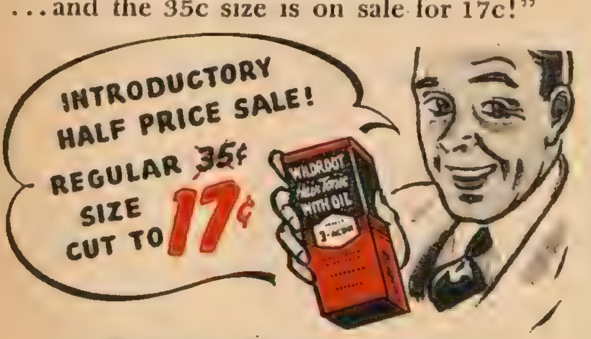
I COULD HAVE SLAIN my kid brother on the spot! Telling me right in front of Ruth that my scalp wouldn't stand the fingernail test!



BUT RUTH STOPPED ME. "The kid's right, Bill. It's not as if your hair didn't always *look* nice. But sometimes I've noticed..."

I COULDN'T HELP scratching my head...and was I mortified! "Excuse *me*", I said, "I gotta date with a drugstore!"

"YOU CAN'T GREASE your hair down", says the druggist, "and expect even weekly shampoos to keep it clean. You need this 3-action hair tonic, Wildroot-with-Oil. The Wildroot formula that's been cleaning up loose dandruff scales for years, *plus* pure vegetable oils that won't build up grease on your scalp ...and the 35c size is on sale for 17c!"


INTRODUCTORY HALF PRICE SALE! REGULAR 35¢ SIZE CUT TO 17¢
WILDROOT Hair Tonic WITH OIL

60c size cut to 29c. Limited time only.

WILDROOT WITH OIL

THE 3-ACTION HAIR TONIC

1. CLEANS AS IT GROOMS 2. RELIEVES DRYNESS
3. REMOVES DANDRUFF SCALES

WILDROOT CO., BUFFALO, N. Y., FORT ERIE, ONT.

(Continued from page 31) don't let me off the field if I'm not sober," he grinned reassuringly.

"Well, what time?"

"Five?"

She nodded, a little feverishly.

"Good girl," he said with satisfaction. "They all said you wouldn't have the nerve. Made a li'l' bet."

"With whom?"

"Never you mind. Bet is you won't go up, and that if you do you'll be cured."

Martha frowned. Cured of what? Flying? Or her peculiar behavior? Or her broken heart—or her abstinence? His grin and tone were taunting; they challenged her.

"I thought you were a famous pilot," she said. "Won all sorts of prizes and things. Reserve officer in the army."

"I did. I have. I am," he agreed affably. "Lemme come in and tell you about me."

"After the flight," she suggested, and gave him a playful but purposeful push. "I'll be ready at five in the morning."

HE was sober enough meeting her. Miraculously clear-eyed, steady, and fit. But Martha hadn't been in the air five minutes when she feared either madness or some fiendish recurrent hang-over. The first time he zipped and zoomed, she screamed. And after one loop the loop, she closed her eyes in swift earnest prayer. Opening them, still in terror, she caught an expression on Windy's face that informed her instantly. He was deliberately giving her the works. This was how they were going to cure her, huh? She could just hear Windy drawl: "I'll take the old girl and give her something to worry about."

"Like it?" he yelled to her now. A taunting tone, with a devilish laugh.

She couldn't speak. But she managed a smile, not knowing what a drunken, unnatural smile it was, nor how her eyes widened with fear and anger.

"O. K., sister!" he yelled, and went into his act again.

She jammed her feet into the floor. She held on with all the strength she could. She felt the belt tear into her abdomen and felt her stomach turn over. Her eyes remained closed automatically, not daring to look at the way they banked, or the noisy speeded curves. When they were flying upside down, she didn't really know, or care.

He landed after that. She could feel them landing, but she couldn't hold her head up. She bent double, biting her lips to keep from groaning, pressing her hand against her mouth to keep from vomiting. Determined not to give him satisfaction.

She heard his voice, but her ears couldn't make out the words. Even when the engine was turned off, her ears roared. With a wrench, she forced herself upright, mostly to ease the brutal pressure of the belt on her stomach. Then she realized there was

MORE POPULAR EVERY DAY!

"Teaberry" means "the best in gum"—to countless thousands who reach for it every day, and who prefer it to all others. ● Try Teaberry —you'll like it!

CLARK'S TEABERRY QUALITY GUM
CLARKS TEABERRY GUM

IT TASTES BETTER!

CLARK'S TEABERRY GUM

HAVE YOU TRIED THIS NEW *TASTE-SENSATION?*

If you like mint—you'll like the wonderful flavor of genuine peppermint—the flavor of tender, young leaves—that's to be found only in Tender-Mint. ● Try a package of Tender-Mint Gum—today.

CLARK'S TENDER-MINT CHEWING GUM 5¢
MILD LASTING MINT FLA

FLAVORED FROM YOUNG TENDER MINT LEAVES

CLARK'S TENDER-MINT GUM

a cup at her lips. She sipped—and was grateful. Brandy.

It warmed her through. It was her first drink in nine days, taken on an empty stomach and a violated system. It struck her hard and befriended her.

Her eyes steadied on Windy's face. He looked grim and ashamed.

"Like—some more," she said.

As he poured it, she tried ineffectually to undo the belt. He put down the cup, unbuckled her, and put one strong arm across her chest to prevent any sudden collapse on her part. Then he handed her the cup. She drank slowly, and took a long quivering breath.

"Thanks," she said hoarsely. "That was the medicine, all right."

This time her smile was humble.

And he answered it with a grin of appreciation she would never forget. Because it did more for her lost ego than all the smooth flirtations that the Southerners had automatically accorded her. Because she knew in that awful half hour she had won a genuine admirer.

"Say, Martha," he exploded, "you're all right!"

He whammed her with unmerciful strength on the back. He almost knocked her silly. But he knocked back her prestige. She stepped out of his plane a giddy, dizzy, pale-faced, and unsteady female—but she didn't care how she looked. Her pride was restored.

He took her arm as if he owned her.

"And now what is Windy going to do to square himself?" he drawled amiably. "What am I going to do to make up to you for being such a louse?"

And Martha said—to her own amazement: "You're going to teach me how to fly."

CHRISTMAS and New Year's cut deep. Longing for the children, the tree, and the school holidays, Martha was strongly tempted to fly back to the old harness. Only a revulsion against such an intimate period with Andy kept her in the South. Andy's kisses, Andy's gifts, Andy's lying pretense that all was as it should be, would undermine her, she felt sure. Either she would come to hate him—or she would fling in his teeth her painful knowledge of his secret.

It racked her to be separated from the children at Christmas. But she mailed her lavish gifts, and opened theirs in her room with cold nerveless fingers. And gave way to convulsive tears. The subconscious habit of illness as a dodge came to her rescue. Martha had herself a splendid bronchial cold which gave her a measure of peace and comfort alone in bed where she need not watch others celebrate happily. She managed to talk on the phone when Andy telephoned and the children spoke, but she used her bronchitis to dissuade Andy from coming down to see the New Year in with her.

No, Andy, no! she thought fever-

You Get Better-Looking Shaves Double-Quick With This New Gillette Blade at ½ Price!

THIN
Gillette
BLADES
4 BLADES 10¢
Gillette
4 for 10¢
8 for 19¢

Super-Keen Edges of Radically New Kind Protect Your Skin from Smart and Burn Caused by Misfit Blades.

FOR guaranteed shaving comfort at a real saving . . . the new Thin Gillette is the blade for you. Selling at only 10c for 4 . . . this blade gives you quicker, easier, better-looking shaves every time. Super-keen edges of a radically improved kind are honed on easy-flexing steel hard enough to cut glass. That's why the Thin Gillette glides through tough whiskers without drag or pull . . . shaves tender skin smoothly without smart or burn . . . out-performs and out-lasts ordinary blades two to one! Buy a package of Thin Gillette Blades from your dealer today. You get comfortable, refreshing shaves and save money at the same time.

Only Gillette Can Produce Razor Blades of True Gillette Quality!

IT takes a world of equipment and years of knowing how to make razor blades that are worthy of the greatest name in shaving. Gillette alone has the facilities and experience to do this. That is why . . . regardless of price . . . today's Gillette Blades give you the most that money can buy in shaving comfort and satisfaction. Prove this. See for yourself why Gillette Blades are the outstanding first choice of men the world over!

You Men Who Want Utmost Shaving Luxury Of Course Demand . . . The Gillette Blue Blade

MEN who want the finest razor blade money can buy, get it by asking for the Gillette Blue Blade. Here is a luxury every man can afford—for it costs *less than one cent a day*. Don't let anyone talk you out of it. Rely on your own judgment and try today's Gillette Blue Blade. Buy a package of these superior blades from your dealer today on our money-back guarantee of complete satisfaction.

5 for 25¢

Gillette
BLUE BLADES
OUTSELLS ANY OTHER RAZOR BLADE

ishly, as she crawled back to bed. We may never see a New Year in again, you and I.

MARTHA'S mother, disturbed by Florrie's letters, betook herself South to manage things. Discussions, which Martha forbade but which were held anyway, fostered an increasing unpleasantness in the house, leaving Martha irritably spent and her host vocally fed up with the whole business.

"I can't go back until I've found myself," Martha would repeat doggedly.

"Indeed! What do you mean—find yourself?" Mrs. Littleton wanted to know.

"I don't know exactly, mother."

"I'll bet you don't. You'll lose yourself, if you don't watch out. Lose everything you've got. Forget finding yourself. Don't even think of divorce, Martha. Go home and ignore the situation. It's the only safe way."

"I don't think I want to be safe."

"You want Andy back, don't you?"

"I'm not really sure."

"Martha, I wish you were three again and I could spank you. You're mad about him and you know it."

And Martha's eyes would fill with tears and Martha would cry out to be left alone.

But later her mother would start again.

"What is all this nonsense about flying, Martha? Are you out of your mind? Learning to fly at your age!"

"Yes," stonily, "at my age."

"I bet Andy doesn't know. He'd put a stop to it mighty fast."

"No, he doesn't know. And if you tell him, I swear, mother, I'll never feel the same about you."

An old woman walking out of the room in rebuking silence. Martha was sorry and ashamed, but some demon in her lashed a stiffened tail every time her mother or Florrie invaded her privacy. Couldn't they just stand by and let her fight it out her own way?

ONLY three things made the next weeks livable. First was the thrill of seeing the pounds disappear. It was a slow, dreary business, but seven pounds in two weeks was a triumph, and perhaps it would go more quickly now.

Secondly, the letters from the children were salve and balm to Martha. Teddy's little printed words, his pictures and kisses, summoned him before her. Gloria, who was not to use her eyes more than necessary, dictated her recitals of events to Miss Fellows, adding only a loving scrawl at the end.

But young Fred's letters were treasures. He told of the condition of the house, carefully reporting, like the stoutly responsible lad he was. "Dad went back into town on business after dinner last night, and tomorrow he said if we didn't mind he'd stay in for a show. He's terribly jolly, but he seems pretty lonesome, and we all read your letters at dinner. Do you think you'll be back maybe in a month?"

Martha wore those letters out. But Andy's never mentioned "going back to town after dinner on business," or "staying in for a show." Andy's were mostly dictated in the office and were very, very loving, full of badly disguised martyrdom that she wasn't in her allotted place, and full of inquiries as to her improvement. Andy's letters neither angered nor gladdened her. She seemed, at that state, almost to have no feeling at all about him. She wrote him gaily, gabbling about the social doings, the mad gambling evenings that went on, the dinners and dances.

She never mentioned to her husband the third and most exciting thing that made life bearable—the real reason she stayed on at Florrie's beyond her preference. Her flying lessons! They terrified—and thrilled her. Windy was to leave shortly for his yearly stint as a reserve officer in camp, and Martha determined to suffer anything for the privilege of learning under his guidance.

The lessons were simple enough, but they flung wide the door of adventure to Martha's starved spirit. Windy was a tonic to her ego. She reveled in his new-toned friendship, knowing that his brash manner was his highest flattery.

"I'm no licensed instructor, you know, Boo-Boo," he said confidentially, and Martha gathered that she should ask no further questions. Perhaps the lessons weren't in accordance with red tape, but Martha felt she learned more from his unorthodox teaching than any full regular course. And she did.

Faithful and amused, he took her up every day that the weather was decent. Her eyes became fired with new secrets, her head lifted with assurance. Her very gait and voice carried the surge of fresh confidence. Four times she had the controls to herself, and once she made a turn and actually guided Windy's plane back to its field.

That was her last lesson—the day before he was to leave. As he landed, taxied across the field, and turned off the motor, he put his hand on her shoulder. A dirty hand, which she had come to revere.

"Well, kid, you did it. You'll get it. Or do you mean to keep on?"

"Nothing could stop me, Windy. I wouldn't mind dying even, if I knew I wouldn't linger—helpless. But nothing could make me quit now, Windy."

"Well, go to it, Boo-Boo, with my blessings. But remember something." He leaned back, stretching, with a smile that was apologetic. "A ship is like a woman. I suppose to you it would be like a man." He shrugged with a nice grin. "Sounds silly, but you get what I mean? It's a special love, a honey—a sweetheart."

"I know what you mean," she assured him.

"The point is you can't have anything else on your mind, or try to make it go unless you are both in accord. You've got to be part of your ship, and your ship is a big part of you."

Her smile was tremulous as she nodded agreement. She felt fonder of him as he opened the door and spat mightily on the ground. For she understood that boyish gesture of defilement following a sentimental revelation.

As she started to climb out, she touched the stick lovingly, saying good-by—deeply regretting having to leave the plane, knowing it was the last lesson. "A ship is a love, a honey—a sweetheart." Martha smiled with the sudden thought. She was having her secret affair, just as Andy was, and she doubted if he could get more of a thrill or sense of power with his mistress than she did with the plane. At any rate, both she and Andy were tasting clandestine exhilaration—and she wondered if his was as exhausting and fearsome as hers.

She climbed out of the cabin with a deep comfort pervading her, and looked up at Windy, grateful for the new thought he had given her. He mistook the gratitude and the triumphant smile on her lips. With a movement of quick mastery, he drew her back toward the wing and kissed her. She didn't mind. She was rather glad.

THEY were silent the first hundred feet as they walked back toward the hangar together. Then Windy said, without looking at her: "I don't imagine you need advice on your own affairs, Boo-Boo. But don't go through divorce if there's any way around. I've been through it and I know what I'm talking about. Your husband must be a prize fool, but don't hold it against him."

"I'm trying not to, Windy. I'm trying to adjust myself first. It's a tough battle any way you fight it."

He stood still. His eyes squinted off to the stocking over the hangar. He was going away tomorrow, and it wasn't likely that they would ever see each other again. With a clumsy shyness he was trying to give her comfort, and for the first time Martha felt like talking.

"I'm an old soldier," she said gently. "That, in a way, is my chief disadvantage. I can't fight the fresh troops of—of women who have no scars. But I try not to think of that. It isn't time to think of fighting until I have got myself drilled. Maybe that sounds idiotic to you. I don't know why I'm talking to you like this."

He looked at her steadily, and there was no self-consciousness in his gaze.

"I know you will win," he said. "But I have a feeling that maybe you are exaggerating your plight. Listen! Young or old, you're a lovely woman, Martha Lane. Your eyes steady a fellow, and your ankles, if I may be my nasty self for a minute, are as slick as they come. Marriage is a long, long job. Did you ever stop to think that even in war, soldiers have a leave of absence? Even a maid has a day out. Most little boys run away from home—but they sneak back again when it's dark. I don't blame a sensitive woman for calling false deal when her side-kick drops out a hand, but it's not fair, at that. And it can wreck a man. It did me."

She said, "You still love her, don't you, Windy?"

He nodded, took her arm, and headed for the car.

WHEN she got back to her sister's, she found a letter for her from Claire Crowell, that intimate neighbor and closest friend who had been the first to rush to Martha with news of Andy's cocktail blonde. She read the letter now and the hearty devotion filled her with horror:

Martha darling:

Only my sincere love for you compels me to write you of unpleasant things, and to remind you that we women can seldom be selfish—we have others to think of before ourselves.

Briefly, and perhaps brutally, you should come home to Andy. Twice he has been seen—not *drunk* but a far cry from being sober. Now, I know he never drinks and it's not like him. Certainly he never even took a cocktail in our house. But even more than that, Martha—the night hours he is keeping are a county scandal. And, what is more, he is estranging himself from all his friends. Even the men at the club.

It breaks me up to tell you this. I've battled days before writing, and have started this letter literally twenty times today. But I know if positions were reversed, I'd want you to let me know. . . .

Your children are fine, though. I've made it a point to look in on them frequently, and they are well and beautifully taken care of, bless them. Miss Fellows is pretty tired, though. A good woman.

All love, Martha,
CLAIRE.

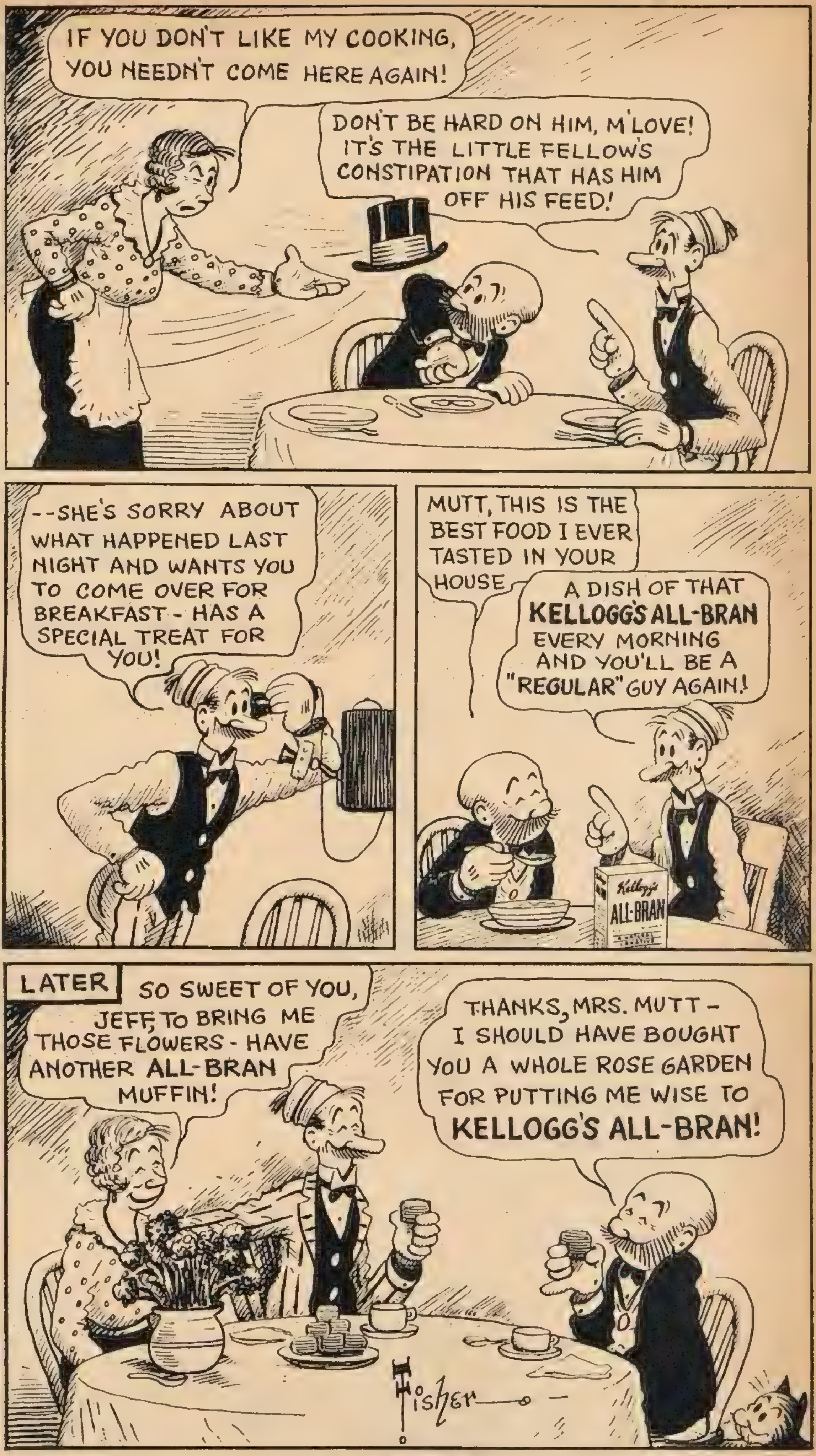
Martha paced the room to work off the poison. She did not sleep that night. The next day she wrote Claire:

Thanks, friend—and I do appreciate it. I am, confidentially, much sicker than I have even let Andy know. Much as I want to, I couldn't go home now. As long as the children are all right, Andy will have to blunder along without a nursemaid. He's a good man, Claire, and perhaps a little swath-cutting is healthy for him. At any rate, I'm helpless for a few weeks. No use coming home and being an invalid again. But keep me in touch, darling, about the children. It's good of you to watch over them.

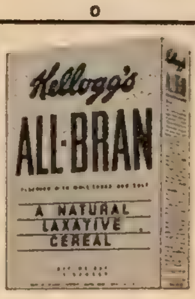
I'm too tired to write more.
MARTHA.

After scorching deliberation, she sent Claire's letter, without the signature, to Andy, and scrawled across the top: "Bad boy—consider yourself spanked."

MUTT AND JEFF —by Bud Fisher


IF YOU DON'T LIKE MY COOKING, YOU NEEDN'T COME HERE AGAIN!
DON'T BE HARD ON HIM, M'LOVE! IT'S THE LITTLE FELLOW'S CONSTIPATION THAT HAS HIM OFF HIS FEED!
--SHE'S SORRY ABOUT WHAT HAPPENED LAST NIGHT AND WANTS YOU TO COME OVER FOR BREAKFAST - HAS A SPECIAL TREAT FOR YOU!
MUTT, THIS IS THE BEST FOOD I EVER TASTED IN YOUR HOUSE
A DISH OF THAT KELLOGG'S ALL-BRAN EVERY MORNING AND YOU'LL BE A "REGULAR" GUY AGAIN!
Kellogg's ALL-BRAN
LATER
SO SWEET OF YOU, JEFF, TO BRING ME THOSE FLOWERS - HAVE ANOTHER ALL-BRAN MUFFIN!
THANKS, MRS. MUTT - I SHOULD HAVE BOUGHT YOU A WHOLE ROSE GARDEN FOR PUTTING ME WISE TO KELLOGG'S ALL-BRAN!
Fisher

IF you are troubled with common constipation, here's some common-sense advice. This difficulty is usually due to lack of "*bulk*" in the diet. So why not get at its *cause?* Eat a natural *bulk-producing* food—Kellogg's All-Bran. All-Bran also contains nature's great intestinal tonic, vitamin B₁. Eat it every *day,* drink plenty of water, and join the "regulars"! Made by Kellogg's in Battle Creek.


Kellogg's ALL-BRAN
A NATURAL LAXATIVE CEREAL

Join the "Regulars" with KELLOGG'S ALL-BRAN

Came a special delivery air mail back:

Martha darling:

I'm glad you took such an infamous dastardly letter with the humor that I prize in you above all your other wonderful traits. I am blessed that I could count on you to understand—to appreciate that gossips can take any excuse to go into their act. Yes, I've been a bad boy. Yes, I've been rude to our royally dull neighbors and their stupid country-club sprees. I can't go them without you by my side. And yes, one night I was a far cry from being sober, thanks to a Black Velvet that was foisted on me by hilarious wholesalers and their wives. We threw our annual wholesalers' party ten days ago, as I wrote you.

I'll behave, dearest one, but if I ever get my hands on the witch that wrote you, I'll not be answerable. So don't you think you'd better come home and prevent murder?

Seriously, Martha, I think you had better come home anyway. We all need you here terribly. In fact, considering you promised to obey me years ago, I demand that you come home—and at once.

I shall telephone you when I think you've received this, to hear your arrangements, so I will know which train or plane you'll be on.

Glad to know that you are so improved. And can hardly wait to see you—by Friday at the latest.

Your adoring
ANDY.

She gave a cry as she finished reading it—the ugly cry of an enraged animal. Demand and be damned! she thought hotly.

She threw on a jacket and went out to walk off her temper. But that was impossible; she was still seething with rage when she returned to the house.

"Guess what!" Florrie greeted her. "Of all things, out of a clear sky, or maybe thanks to a clear sky, Windy flew up here for the evening, and we're throwing a party. I just had a phone call from him."

Martha smiled in spite of herself. "That's nice," she murmured.

"Are you being coy?" Florrie queried with an air of elaborate teasing. "If you ask me, I think Windy's stuck on you."

"More likely he's bored with camp—or broke, and wants to win some of our money," Martha shrugged.

Yet she felt appeased as she went upstairs to dress with more care than usual. She felt comforted and befriended.

She was a little disappointed when she met him, however. Windy seemed to have nothing on his mind but a party, the preliminary of which was to prove that he could still take on more brandy than any one in the gathering.

Martha ate nothing at supper, but her nervous preoccupation went unnoticed among the sixteen young jolly-makers. Except perhaps by Windy, who, seated opposite her, seemed to study her every so often with owlish brooding. When the long-distance call came, around nine, Martha talked—minus much privacy, for she was in the long hall, only a few feet from a poker game which politely subsided for her benefit—in a deadly calm voice.

"I can't come home so soon, Andy. I really can't, darling. My blood pressure is all off. And while I'm not seriously ill, if I don't have weeks of quiet and care, I *will* be."

"You don't seem too ill to go to all the parties you write about."

"I don't go to half of them. I wrote about them just to keep you from worrying."

"You can have quiet and care here." Andy's voice was controlled but palpably angry. "Unless you're next to death's door and can't be moved, I want you home."

"I'm in no condition, Andy," she said steadily. "I'd be of no use to you or the children the way I am."

"That's not the point," he fumed. "I've asked you to come home. Are you coming?"

And Martha said quietly: "Yes, darling. As soon as I'm able. In a month or so."

His voice came, harsh and hurt: "I hope you won't regret it, Martha. Good-by."

She regretted it so that she shook all over. Her first victory of self-assertion left her too shaken to talk sensibly to her sister or rejoin the poker game. She wandered out into

BLONDIE AND HER FOLKS *The Laughable, Lovable Family of BUMSTEADS*

FROM THE FUNNIES INTO THE MOVIES
RIGHT INTO YOUR HEARTS

IF YOU DON'T KNOW BLONDIE AND HER FAMILY, YOU'RE NOT UP ON YOUR MOVIES! THE WHOLE COUNTRY'S IN LOVE WITH 'EM!

(Left to right): **PENNY SINGLETON** as Blondie; small **LARRY SIMMS** as Baby Dumpling; **"DAISY"** as herself; **ARTHUR LAKE** as Dagwood

America's funniest, finest family adventures ..... Based on **CHIC YOUNG'S** comic strip ..... Screen plays by RICHARD FLOURNOY.... Directed by FRANK R. STRAYER.

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ASK YOUR THEATRE *when the next Blondie picture will be shown.*

the side garden and smoked, not entirely surprised when Windy joined her. He seemed weirdly sober for one who had been drinking so urgently.

"Why are you being so stubborn?" he asked her without preliminaries.

"I don't know, Windy. I just know at the moment I'm savage about him. I'd quarrel, I'd fight, I'd feel murderous. I couldn't go home feeling like that."

"You know you're forty kinds of a fool?"

"Yes. Yes. Yes, I know it. I should be back there, if only for the children. But I can't go. I don't know why—but I can't until I'm in control of myself."

Windy took her cigarette right out of her fingers.

"Listen to me," he said sternly. "You're the kind of woman who gets back on a horse after a fall, who goes up again after a crash. Now you go back in there and call up your husband. If he asked you to go home, you're going home."

She stared at him in the starlight, her gray eyes vaporous.

"He didn't ask, Windy—he demanded."

"Go on," ordered Windy relentlessly. "*Take off!*"

She left him, mechanically obeying his voice, and walked back to the house. She called her home and asked for Andy. But Andy was not there. She talked to Miss Fellows and asked after the children. Mr. Lane had driven to town—on business. "He does it very frequently these nights," Miss Fellows added. "I've never known him to be so—overworked."

There was a remote sarcasm in her voice; not enough for Miss Fellows to risk her job, but enough to warn Mrs. Lane, if she was alert enough.

Windy had just entered from the side door as Martha hung up. She smiled at him with bitter triumph.

"He's out," she said flatly.

"I'm afraid you asked for it," Windy shrugged.

She stood up slowly and swallowed.

"Tell the others I've gone to bed, will you?"

"Sure. I won't see you in the morning, Boo-Boo."

"No. Happy landings, Windy." But she couldn't quite look at him.

He came toward her and ruffled her hair with one big calloused palm.

"Tell me," he said casually, "why does your family call you Boo-Boo?"

She took his cigarette case from his pocket and selected one. "Florrie used to scare me, the brat. Always jumping out at me when we were little, and yelling 'Boo!' Even when I knew she was hidden, I was still so startled I went into a tantrum."

She laughed unsteadily as he held a match. He had a way of holding a match a moment, as if lighting up the face before him. Just the trick of a Southern gallant—yet oddly enchanting to a woman.

"Does your husband call you that?"

"Lord, no. He always hated it."

"He's nobody's fool."

"He wasn't—until he met a successful blonde."

Windy poked her—most ungallantly.

"Engine trouble, kid. Dirty weather. That's all."

She nodded, smiling crookedly.

He said: "Go to bed—or stay up and get crocked with me. Martha, stay up and get crocked with me; you've been sober too long. Or—better still—and it's a *great* idea—go to bed, my silly little co-pilot who can't read the instruments."

She glanced briefly at him. Went pale. And started past him toward the stairs.

"Martha," he called, arresting her, though she did not turn.

"Yes?"

"Do me a favor," he said nonchalantly, "will you?"

"Of course."

"Wire me if you crash."

And Martha said: "Thank you, Windy. But don't be a fool. I'm older than you are."

SHE lay sleepless, wept dry, for crawling hours. The poker game broke up early—probably thanks to Windy. Part of her listened to the leave-takings and the quieting of the house. Part of her endlessly echoed Miss Fellows' information. . . . She pretended sleep when Florrie looked in on her.

She heard the phone ringing around one in the morning. And instinctively knew it was for her. Andy, calling her back? Andy—ready to make up?

Trembling, she got into her robe and slippers.

"I'll get it," she called to Florrie as she snapped on the hall lights.

"Hello?" she called, her voice rich with love and hope.

"Hello? Is Mrs. Andrew Lane there?"

She recoiled at the strange voice as if she had been struck.

"Yes. This is Mrs. Lane."

"Oh. Well, Mrs. Lane," the male voice was raised importantly, "this is the Rye Police Department."

A telephone bell, a strange voice from afar—will they be the means of forcing Martha to abandon her plans? Will the news that comes over the wire take her to Andy's side? Don't miss the coming installment — in Liberty next week!

☆ THE BOOK OF THE WEEK ☆

by OLIVER SWIFT

★★★ **GRANDMA CALLED IT CARNAL** by Bertha Damon. Simon & Schuster. Swan song of the rock-ribbed New England females, told with amazing fidelity and delicious humor.

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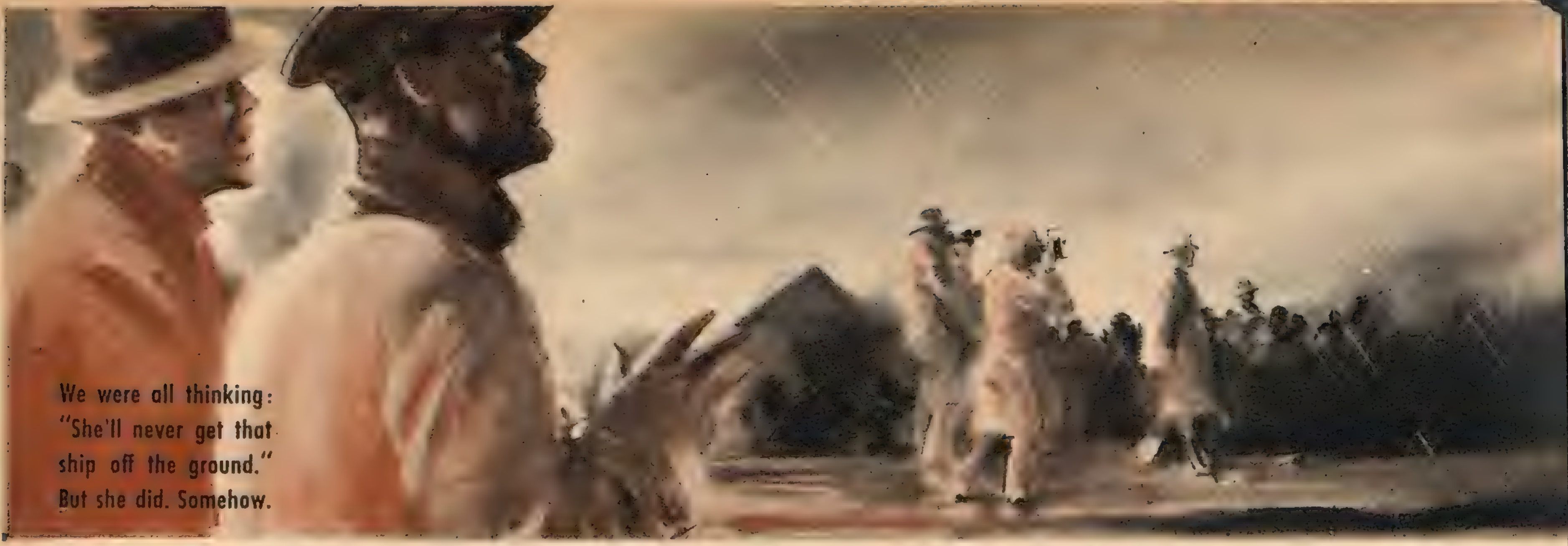


We were all thinking: "She'll never get that ship off the ground." But she did. Somehow.

LADY WITH WINGS

THE LIFE STORY OF MY WIFE, AMELIA EARHART

BY GEORGE PALMER PUTNAM

READING TIME ● 21 MINUTES 35 SECONDS

Mr. Putnam last week completed his account of Amelia Earhart's flight from Newfoundland to Ireland on May 20-21, 1932; the first transatlantic solo flight by a woman pilot. He told in detail of the honors that were showered upon her in England, France, Belgium, and Italy. She and her husband returned to the United States in June. Later in the year Mrs. Roosevelt, wife of the President-elect, discussed with "AE" the possibility of her learning to fly, and "AE" offered to be Mrs. Roosevelt's teacher and to arrange for privacy for the instruction. Mrs. Roosevelt underwent the required medical examination, but she never took the lessons.

In the fall of 1934 "AE" told her husband she meant soon to fly the Pacific from Hawaii to California. Christmas Day found them, with her plane, on board a liner bound for Honolulu. She was to receive $10,000 for making the flight. Suddenly there arose a hullabaloo to the effect that she had "sold her soul" to publicity-seeking Hawaiian sugar interests. This worried some of the projected flight's sponsors, and in Honolulu they told her: "Give it up." Her answer was: "Gentlemen, I came here to fly the Pacific. I intend to try it, with or without your support."

PART SIX—A GAMBLE WITH DEATH

AND that was that! Preparations went on. AE was to be paid in full, and Hawaii, I sincerely trust, benefited from the news she was to create.

I would be less than fair if I did not point out that throughout this minor crisis Sydney Bowman of San Francisco, through whom AE was to receive payment for her work in making the flight, was consistently and meticulously fair.

She knew nothing, did nothing, in the way of service connected with sugar legislation. Aeronautics was her business. She believed that a flight as dramatic as her proposed Pacific flight would point out vividly to the public the trend and possibilities of future air transportation. But record flying was expensive business—and she saw no reason why her work, flying, should not be put on a paying basis where it was possible.

Nevertheless, any thinking person possessed of imagination can be troubled by loud and long criticism.

From the moment that we landed in Hawaii, the lid was off. Reporters looked at AE's red Lockheed lashed to the Lurline's deck, and its ample gasoline tanks, and began asking questions. With us were Paul Mantz, a fine pilot who long had been AE's technical adviser, and Mrs. Mantz. Reporters did not want to know *if* AE intended to fly to the mainland. They wanted to know *when*, and whether she would take Mantz on the flight with her.

"If I fly to the Coast," replied AE, "I would not take a cat along."

"When?"

They shot the question suddenly, to catch her. She merely grinned and parried their questions.

But publicity came, and the publicity brought criticism and the criticism brought worry.

AE was taking a two-way radiotelephone with her this time. During the controversy raging about whether AE should be "allowed" to make the flight, I had caught once or twice a strange look in her eyes—a kind of anxiety that was not normal to her. Now a newspaper which opposed the project had just added another log to the fire. It had published an "expert's" assertion that the radio equipment of her plane was capable of carrying no more than 300 miles and hence was utterly inadequate.

That very night AE was speaking at the University of Hawaii when I received a message from Wheeler Field, where her plane had been taken, that Paul Mantz, actually at the moment flying her red Lockheed 12,000 feet over Honolulu, had established two-way voice communication with mainland stations as far east as Kingman, Arizona. His voice had been picked up 3,000 miles and more away.

I passed up a note to her. She read it and said in mock-seriousness, "I realize that I have made a serious mistake. I was born a *woman* instead of a man."

By January 11 the plane was ready. So was AE. In the morning she had received exhaustive weather reports, eaten a leisurely breakfast, and was taking a sun bath when Mantz and I went to the field.

On this flight there would be no ice hazard. Too, she would have a factor of safety in that her course would be almost directly along ships' lanes.

Account had been taken of the possibility that she and her landplane might be forced down into the ocean. Paul Mantz had thoroughly coached her on the best way to bring her high-wing monoplane down upon the water without cracking up or somersaulting. She had dump valves in the two largest fuselage tanks. Empty, their buoyancy could conceivably keep her afloat for many days.

"AE" with "G. P."—Amelia Earhart with her husband, author of this life story.

Hawaii . . Mexico . . new worlds to conquer!—From thrills to smiles in a fascinating chronicle of courage

The weather had been good. Late in the morning a light rain set in. I drove AE to the home of Lieutenant George Sparhawk at Wheeler Field, where we had lunch—and more weather reports.

"I don't think it looks good yet," decided AE.

There were more weather reports, and a talk with Lieutenant E. W. Stephens, navy aerologist. Locally, the weather had changed; advice from California was against a start at this moment. But Lieutenant Stephens, who for ten days had been plotting charts, told her that once out of localized squalls she should have easy sailing. And that if she waited she might be hung up for days.

She ducked into a bedroom of the Sparhawk home and had a nap. At 3.30 the rain slackened. I woke her. At 4.20 we reached the hangar. She had a talk with Paul Mantz and her mechanic, Eddie Tissot. Everything was ready. She said good-by to them and to the army officers. She had already said good-by to me with casual brevity before she got out of the car.

She climbed into the waiting ship's cockpit. She was wearing warm bulky flying clothes and over them a rubber vest. The vest could be inflated instantaneously by the release of two little capsules of compressed carbon monoxide. Strung to her belt were a hatchet and a knife. If the plane came down into the water, she was to crawl to the back of the fuselage and hack her way through the flimsy fabric-covered wood to an inflatable rubber raft stowed aft of the gas tanks.

I watched her as she settled down in the plane's cockpit and poised her head to catch the rhythm of the engine's idling. I remember Mantz stretching up from the wing for a final look in the cockpit and a grin from AE as she pulled the hatch shut. She gunned the motors, then idled them. The ground crew, holding the chocks, watched her attentively as the plane thundered and trembled. Presently she waved a hand. They jerked the chocks.

Swinging slowly on the right axle, she taxied to the near end of the field, swung around to face the path she would follow.

On a long-distance flight the moment of take-off can be the most dangerous of all—and I think it was in this case. Any number of things conspired to make it so.

A heavily loaded plane wants a long smooth runway. And AE's plane was weighted down as it had never been before. A radio, other extras, 500 gallons of gasoline—all bringing the total weight of her ship to more than three tons. She would have been asking something of it if she had expected it to pull into the air from long concrete runways against a favorable wind.

At Wheeler Field she had neither wind nor runways. For days the wind had been blowing as she had wanted it to—from the northeast. Now that the time for her to take off had come, it blew from the southwest.

Army authorities had been good enough to mow a pathway across the smoothest part of the field. The field was 6,000 feet long, and she hoped to get the plane off the ground with a 3,000-feet run. But the rain had turned the pathway to a soft sticky muck that meant hard going for the loaded ship.

However, there was nothing to do but try. White flags had been placed to guide her along the muddy pathway, with a marker at the spot where she was to begin to stop if the plane refused to pull into the air.

Every flyer, I think, has known the dread of crashing on the take-off with a tremendous load of gasoline aboard and no chance, no time, to cut the ignition switch. The army officials likewise were worried about this impending take-off. They'd posted fire engines and an ambulance well down the field to one side of the mucky path. Standing there in the dismal downpour, every man who wore a uniform seemed, too, to have a fire extinguisher in his hand.

AE had her ship lined up with the row of marker flags. Paul Mantz and mechanic Eddie Tissot had run over. Mantz tore a ball of mud and grass from her tail skid. They stepped back.

She gunned the ship and it began to roll. It started slowly. Obviously heavy, it seemed to gain no speed. It lumbered from side to side, splattering its fuselage and tail with reddish muck.

We watched with our hearts in our throats. Eddie Tissot splashed along beside the ship for a moment, his feet squishing with the suction of the mud. His face was ashen, the color of his rain-soaked cigarette. I knew what he was thinking—what we all were thinking:

"She'll never make it. She'll never get that ship off the ground!"

But she did. Somehow. The plane gathered speed, pulled its wheels out of the mud, bumped once, and took to the air. She eased it into a gentle climb, pointed its nose toward the mist-veiled Diamond Head, and began her flight toward Oakland, California, 2,400 miles away.

It was an ominous night she faced, moonless and filled with rain squalls above black wastes of ocean.

She left two letters, one written to me, the other to Major Clark. Mine read:

> Dear GP: It is difficult to write what follows but I feel I must because of the unwarranted criticism which has been leveled at me and my flight plans. As you know, the barrage of belittlement has made harder the preparation, in many ways.
>
> I make the attempt to fly from Honolulu to the mainland of my own free will. I am familiar with the hazards. . . . I can only try as well as I am able to lift the heavy load from the rough field. If I do not do a good job it will not be because the plane and motor are not excellent nor because women cannot fly. . . .
>
> Well, anyway, here's hoping and cheerio. AE.

To Major Clark she wrote, in part, under date of January 10—the day before her take-off:

> Particularly, this note is to convey to you my very great appreciation for the generous assistance given me at Wheeler Field. . . . It is clearly understood that in assisting me the Army is in no way chargeable with any responsibility connected with the flight, actual or implied. You did for me only what you would do for any other responsible pilot under similar circumstances, properly pointing out the risks involved, which latter, of course, I fully recognize.
>
> The entire responsibility for the flight I assume.
>
> Sincerely yours,
> AMELIA EARHART.

I still have that letter. I was to deliver it only if she did not survive.

The trip turned out to be comparatively uneventful. On her instrument board, this time, were *two* altimeters. She flew above clouds at from 6,000 to 8,000 feet most of the way, availing herself of best winds. The murky stuff she had started out in soon changed to a clear and calm night of stars.

Her radio kept her in quarter-hourly communication wth various stations. At midnight she sighted the Matson ship Maliko, 900 miles out of Honolulu.

I spent that evening between the house of Chris Holmes, where I was staying, and the office of the Honolulu Advertiser, where my friends Lauren Thurston and Doc Adams walked sentry with me over the telegraph machines and the paper's radio station.

We heard AE's voice frequently and once or twice I was able to talk with her by radiotelephone.

SHE ran into fog after dawn, but it began to break up and she came down through a hole in it to sight another ship, the Dollar liner President Pierce. Flying within 200 feet of the water, she checked its name and circled it, that it might know she was all right. She lined up on the ship's wake, and found happily that it checked exactly with the compass course she had been following. She radioed KPO, who advised her that the President Pierce was 300 miles out from San Francisco.

She was on the homestretch now, and did not climb back to 8,000 feet but flew along at about 1,500.

At 9.45 in the morning I was in the office of the United Press. There had been no sleep for me, of course, but the flashes from KHABQ (her call letters) had carried the assurance: "Am on my course. Will be in any minute now."

I was to sail on the Lurline at noon and needed a shave. At 1.30 Pacific time AE set her plane down in a perfect landing at Oakland Airport, where 10,000 persons waited to greet her.

It had been an uneventful trip—the trip made by this first woman to fly the Pacific. But Amelia Earhart had been in the air for an uninterrupted eighteen hours and sixteen minutes.

They pushed her plane into a hangar and she dropped to the hangar floor. Her knees were trembling a little and fatigue had blanched her face and drawn taut lines upon it. She managed a grin.

"I feel swell," she announced.

Her unruly hair was a tousled frame about her tired face and she poked at its straying locks.

"I always look that way," she said apologetically—and then: "I'm a little tired—you will have to excuse me."

I was in the barbershop in Honolulu, lather all over my face, when the flash came that she had landed. All things considered, it seemed to be as good a place for me to be as any.

AE's Pacific solo hop was made in January of 1935. In March of that year, when she was in New York, the consul general for Mexico, Eduardo Villasenor, suggested that a good-will flight to Mexico might be arranged if AE were interested.

She was. Her plane was in perfect condition for such a long-distance flight. But she had so much other work on hand that it seemed dubious whether she could afford the time even if she could afford the costs.

Thereupon our Mexican friends evolved a plan by which their government would make a small issue of commemorative stamps, a number of which would be sold to AE at face value. That would at least take up the financial slack.

ONLY one thing was necessary to make AE decide to attempt the flight. She mentioned it to Wiley Post, one of the finest flyers of all times, who had braved every sort of flying hazard. He listened carefully, then said: "AE, don't do it. It's too dangerous!"

So she agreed to do it. There was something heartening about accepting a challenge from a man who scorned no challenges himself. This was to be her second "self-supporting" flight for that year.

Little though I knew of the bewildering workings of philately, I could see from the start that protection of the validity of that limited stamp issue would be no small task. I was fortunate in obtaining the guidance and help of Nicolas Sanabria, New York stamp dealer, and my friend Jacques Minkus. While AE went to Los Angeles with her plane, I moved on to Mexico City to make arrangements for this first encounter with the mysteries of valuable stamps.

It was agreed that 780 stamps were to be "overprinted" with the words "Amelia Earhart, Vuelo de buena voluntad Mexico 1935." Of these, 480 as specimens went to the Universal Postal Union at Berne. Of the balance, some went to diplomats and Mexican philatelic societies, and some were sold to the public and some to us at regular post-office prices.

I took with me from New York the electro and ink to be used. The stamp was to be overprinted from electro cuts deliberately designed to forestall copying. The overprinting was to be done in a violet ink which, against the red background of the stamp itself, precluded photography and made copying exceedingly difficult. Every precaution was to be taken against possible fraud.

It was my job too, of course, to be present personally and watch all of the stamps printed. The cuts used would never be out of my sight. After the printing, the cuts would be destroyed in my presence and witnessing officials would so testify in signed affidavits. In short, the integrity of the issue was to be insured from start to finish.

And it was! However, when the stamp was actually on the press, some subordinate officials suddenly decided to change the arrangements previously agreed upon in New York. I was blandly informed that sixty stamps were wanted immediately "for a library."

Naturally, I said that could not be arranged and—though all very politely, in typical Mexican fashion—a row broke out.

It was a hot day. I was anxious to see the job finished, whereupon I would be free to lunch somewhere at a comfortable distance from the Government Printing Office.

I could not leave the press, obviously. But, just as obviously, there were things I must do, people I must see. Fortunately, at that crucial moment a friend from California, Larry Wickland, came drifting in. Larry was Irish and husky. He did not mind the heat in the least and would willingly have taken on any number of Mexicans. I left him there, faithfully and efficiently on guard, and went out and contacted the proper officials.

The flight, I made it clear, would be called off if the monkeyshines weren't dropped. They were. I returned to the printing office to find Larry sitting on the press. Late that afternoon printing was resumed, the issue completed, and the plates destroyed.

Subsequently many of the stamps were sold, both separately and attached to autographed covers carried on the record flight of May 8. At least a few, I hope, will remain always with the souvenirs of AE's life.

She left Burbank at five minutes of one in the morning of April 20, 1935, and nosed her plane toward Mexico City. She climbed in bright moonlight past Mount Wilson, and because there was a strange white haze, as she explained later, had difficulty when she got down around the Gulf of California in distinguishing the water from the sand. Occasionally, however, the water moved under the moonlight and crinkled sand took on deep shadows.

The engine overheated, but this was not serious. She flew on through the night, and dawn came and the day stretched out lazily before her. She had been flying some twelve hours and should be near her destination.

She saw a railroad beneath her. She looked at her maps, puzzled, and found that no railroad should be there. She was off her course. She reached for her map to check her course again and something flew in her eye and she could not see well.

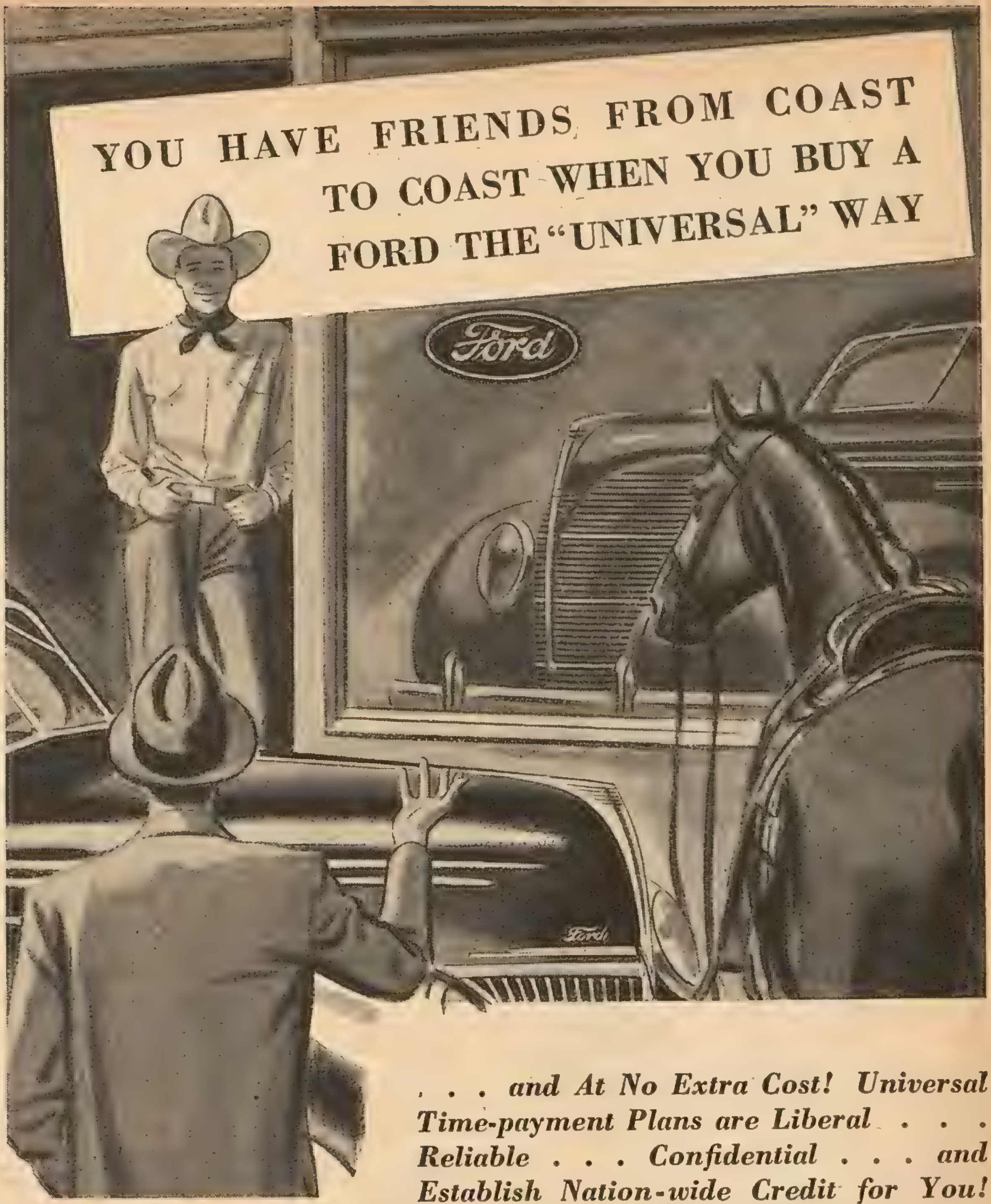
She squinted with one eye and saw what looked like a green pasture beneath her and decided to come down. It wasn't a pasture. It was a dry lake bed. But she made it all right, and cowboys and peasants came running out of nowhere when her wheels stopped turning.

She knew no Spanish; they knew no English. But one bright lad put a stubby finger on her map and showed her that she was only sixty miles from Mexico City. She took off, and landed there, despite the hour's delay, in 13 hours and 32 minutes.

THE days that followed were colorful. Foreign Minister Emilio Portes Gil met her, loaded down with flowers. She talked with President Cardenas, liked him, and thought that good ultimately would come to the people of Mexico through him.

We lunched with Diego Rivera and visited his home with Miguel Covarrubias. We spent May Day in Mexico City. And then AE composed herself for the weather. She was determined to attempt another adventure—a nonstop flight from Mexico City to Newark.

Few long-distance flights had ever been started from Mexico City. The ground is 8,000 feet above sea level and it is difficult to get a heavily loaded plane off. The late Captain Emmilio Carranza had been the only pilot who ever had done it with a plane loaded as heavily as AE's Lockheed would have to be. From New York, where I had returned to work closely with Dr. Kimball at the Weather Bureau, I telephoned her in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the early-morning hours of May 8. "Good visibility," I told her, "but not very favorable winds."

"I'll try it," she said.

She sent word out to the men to put 470 gallons of gas into the Lockheed, which had been flown from the Pan American hangar to the dry lake bed of Texcoco. And then she took a nap until four o'clock.

The ship was ready. A homemade runway nearly three miles long, with flag markers, had been laid out for her by Mexican soldiers. Casasolo, Pan American's star mechanic, gave the ship a final check by the light of automobile headlights.

She got into the air, to her surprise, when she had used only a mile of the three miles of runway. She settled down to the long trip to Newark.

Shortly after 9 P. M. she approached Washington. Her friend Eugene Vidal, from his office at the Bureau of Air Commerce, radioed: "You've done enough!"

But she did not heed the suggestion that she had better land at Washington's Hoover Airport.

"Going through to New York," she radioed back.

The Christian Science Monitor described her landing that night at Newark, where friends awaited her:

"Paul Collins, with more than one million miles of his own in the air, watched Miss Earhart's riding lights as she swung over the field, shook his head slowly with admiration, smiled slightly, said softly: 'That's a flyer!'

"And Dr. Kimball—'Doc Kimball the weather man,' the flyers call him, with affection. A little, cheerful man, with a corrugated countenance, standing bareheaded in the night wind, watching the lights tipping the wings of the ship belonging to one of 'his' flyers. And he said, 'Such people are good for us all.'

"And the Consul General for Mexico at New York . . . was like a boy on circus day . . . and said: 'Think of it! Think of it! She beat the time she said she'd make. Wonderful!'"

She had, too. Since dawn AE had flown 2,125 miles in a record 14 hours and 18 minutes.

THAT year of 1935 had its sadnesses. John Montijo, who had been one of AE'S earliest flying instructors, crashed near Walsenburg, Colorado, while flying the mail from Pueblo to El Paso.

And then, in California, where we were spending so much of our time now, we went out on the slopes beyond Beverly Hills to visit Will Rogers at his ranch. Next to Lindbergh, AE felt that Will Rogers did more for American aviation than any other individual.

That same week he and Wiley Post started their flight north. Their plane contained fuel tanks from AE's own Lockheed, tanks which she had swapped for the wheels Wiley had replaced with pontoons.

Will Rogers and Wiley Post crashed and died in the Arctic—and AE lost two friends.

But if that year had its sadnesses, it had its fun as well. And AE was ever on the outlook for fun.

When the National Air Races opened at Cleveland, I was visiting a friend in New Hampshire. AE, for the fun of it, had entered her "old family bus," the veteran Lockheed—a hundred miles an hour slower than the racing ships. On the 2,000-mile junket from the Coast she'd brought as passengers Paul Mantz and our friend Al Menasco, engine manufacturer. In New Hampshire, over the radio, I learned that she had taken fifth place in the Bendix from Los Angeles.

When, in 1934, the house at Rye had burned, it had made easier the break with rooted possessions which was inevitable, for AE's interests now were more and more centered in California. Too, her health was better on the West Coast.

She wanted to build a house in North Hollywood. She was eventually to find a site ten miles from the Union Air Terminal at Burbank, where most of her flying originated now.

SHE was about to take off from Burbank for a hop one day when, by the merest chance, a last-minute examination of the ship disclosed that one of the control wires was nearly eaten through.

She breathed a sigh of relief that so small but so important a detail should have been discovered, for had she taken the ship off the ground that day, the control wire unquestionably would have snapped while she was in the air.

Had that happened, AE would have found herself in a tragic and fatal predicament parallel, say, to that of a motorist traveling sixty miles an hour down a steep mountain road who suddenly finds that the steering wheel has come off in his hands.

Her plane, in short, would have gone completely out of control aloft, and she would have spun, helpless, to her death.

All because of a wire that . . .

And then, suddenly, with the impact of a blow to the stomach, the ugly implication confronted AE.

The wire seemed almost *eaten* through.

Had there been a deliberate effort made to sabotage her plane? And if there had—

Who? Why?

The bit of control wire was submitted to a laboratory examination. And the macabre report came back promptly; disclosed the grim stuff that some one had furtively applied to the plane's control wire . . .

Acid!

Who could have tried to sabotage Amelia Earhart's plane and kill her? Upon this question her husband will throw such light as he can in Liberty next week. He will also tell of her service at Purdue University, and he will end his story with an account of her last flight—at once tragic and glorious—in the summer of 1937.

Bette Davis, filmdom's leading lady, and Geraldine Fitzgerald in Dark Victory.

Screenland's Brightest Star

Who is it? Well, here's one reviewer's opinion, confirmed by a brilliant performance in an impressive new picture

BY BEVERLY HILLS

READING TIME ● 8 MINUTES 15 SECONDS

4 STARS—EXTRAORDINARY
3 STARS—EXCELLENT **2 STARS—GOOD**
1 STAR—POOR **0 STAR—VERY POOR**

★ ★ ★ ½ DARK VICTORY

THE PLAYERS: Bette Davis, George Brent, Humphrey Bogart, Geraldine Fitzgerald, Ronald Reagan, Henry Travers, Cora Witherspoon, Dorothy Peterson, Virginia Brissac, Charles Richman, Herbert Rawlinson, Leonard Mudie, Fay Helm, Lottie Williams. Screen play by Casey Robinson from a play by George Emerson Brewer, Jr., and Bertram Block. Directed by Edmund Goulding. Produced by Warner Brothers. Running time, 114 minutes.

IF your Beverly Hills had any lingering doubts about Bette Davis' emotional leadership of the screen, they're gone now. This young woman has developed fast; she is easily the best and surest young actress of the galloping celluloid.

Dark Victory presents Bette as a spoiled darling of the horsy Long Island set. But the girl is marked for death. Her waning eyesight brings her finally to a sympathetic brain surgeon; an operation reveals that she has less than a year to live. As she convalesces from the surgery that failed, she loses her heart to the surgeon. And he, too, falls deeply in love. They marry—but death is always at the door. Worse yet, the bride in the midst of her happiness learns of her fate. How can she face death now that life means so much?

All this is theatrically effective and, at times, deeply moving, thanks to Miss Davis. Indeed, she has tremendously arresting seconds. The picture itself has its faults. Edmund Goulding's direction is movie-esque at times, there are silly intrusions of heavenly orchestras, the picture is overlong. But Miss Davis surmounts these things. She is always direct and sincere. Dark Victory will leave a lasting impression on you.

George Brent is fairly good as the surgeon, Humphrey Bogart shows that he is more than a movie bad man, in the small role of an Irish horse trainer. But Dark Victory is chiefly a bright victory for Bette Davis.

VITAL STATISTICS: The Vermont house of Dr. Steele and his bride was built on the Warner ranch at Calabasas, in the San Fernando Valley, twenty miles from Hollywood. . . . The prop men had a tough time with the synthetic winter scenes. Gales twice blew away Ol' Man Winter. They puffed and they puffed and the bleached corn flakes and gypsum dust disappeared. Then the Warner experts dipped their flakes in white lead, and winter stayed put. Icicles were made of cellophane plus melted paraffin and nailed on. Distilled camphor produced the frost on the windowpanes. Came spring—in the script. Prop boys hung leaves on the bare branches of transplanted elm trees, even threaded leaves on grapevines, used two acres of grass mats, mat to mat, put in a whole garden of flourishing shrubs. . . . Geraldine Fitzgerald is twenty-five, born in Dublin. Started at nineteen as a novice with the Gate Theater in Dublin, English films, then an appearance in Shaw's Heartbreak House on the New York stage—and a Hollywood movie contract. . . . Henry Travers was the original philosophical old Grandpa Vanderhof of the stage hit, You Can't Take It with You. He's in his middle sixties. . . . That scene where Bette is in the garden, thinks, because of the sudden darkness, that a storm is coming up, realizes that the warm sunshine is still hitting her hands—and knows the end is near. It left everybody limp. Bette says no role has affected her so. Miss Davis, by the way, contributed five inches of her hair, cut all the way round, to be sold with the Star Locks at the Frisco Fair. Proceeds to aid disabled and destitute actors. Imagine getting a lock of your idol's hirsute adornment, wrapped in cellophane, strictly authentic. It's an idea of Perc Westmore, make-up chief.

★ ★ ½ THE SAINT STRIKES BACK

THE PLAYERS: George Sanders, Wendy Barrie, Jonathan Hale, Jerome Cowan, Neil Hamilton, Barry Fitzgerald, Robert Elliott, Russell Hopton, Edward Gargan, Robert Strange, Gilbert Emery, James Burke. Screen play by John Twist from a novel by Leslie Charteris. Directed by John Farrow. Produced by RKO-Radio. Running time, 67 minutes.

THE SAINT, Leslie Charteris' fictional creation, belongs to the Raffles-Arsène Lupin-Bulldog Drummond school of modern Robin Hoods. He is a suave outlaw-hero who likes to match wits with the authorities but confines his depredations to people who deserve it. Here, for instance, he comes to the rescue of a beautiful girl who is warring alone against a murderous Frisco crime ring in order to vindicate her father. Dad, it seems, was a police official framed by the bad boys.

RKO-Radio made the first of the Saint series with Louis Hayward as the hero. Now George Sanders plays the debonair smiling avenger of wrongs. He does it all with a pleasant swank, an authentic British accent, an engaging manner. Maybe the series will hit a certain popularity.

Wendy Barrie is an attractive damsel in distress. Barry Fitzgerald makes his bit of a genial burglar stand out.

VITAL STATISTICS: Sh-h-h, another Saint film is just around the corner. George Sanders has gone to England to do The Saint in London. The avenger loose in the fog, what? . . . Sanders says he came to films via the tobacco road. He represented an English tobacco exporter in the Argentine and Brazil when the 1930 slump cost him his job. He had been staging shows for his company in South America, decided to go back to London and be an actor. Jolly picturesque career and all that sort of thing. Born in the British embassy of old St. Petersburg, Russia. Schooled in England, college at Brighton and Manchester, entered the textile business. Then turned to the smoke industry. He's six foot three; at school won the interscholastic boxing championship. Came to America first to appear in Lloyds of London. . . . Wendy Barrie, who was discovered by Alexander Korda while lunching at the London Savoy, plans to be off in June and July for a sixty-day rapid-fire jaunt to the Orient with her mother. Lived in the Far East as a

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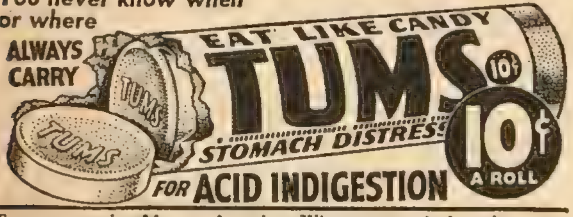

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Nature's Remedy NR-TABLETS-NR

This all vegetable laxative brings such gentle, dependable relief for conditions due to constipation.

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New support for reducible rupture, designed by ruptured man for security and comfort—light, durable. Will send it to you without a penny in advance—wear it 10 days—if satisfied pay only $8.65 single, $9.85 double, or return without obligation. Send today for Sta-Put—give location of rupture, size when out, age, occupation, waist and hip measure. Scott Appliance Company, 2603 Morris Avenue, Steubenville, Ohio.

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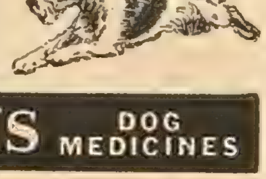

GLOVER'S DOG MEDICINES

child. . . . Barry Fitzgerald is a hit in the New York hit, The White Steed, right now. Says he's just shaking off the lassitude that envelops you in Hollywood. . . . When Leslie Charteris, author, went out to movieland to close the deal for the Saint series, he invested in a $7,000 trailer, of all things. Used it first on a tour of the Northwest. Feature of trailer: two disappearing typewriters! What author hasn't wanted a typewriter that disappeared?

★★ MYSTERY PLANE

THE PLAYERS: John Trent, Marjorie Reynolds, Milburn Stone, Jason Robards, Peter George Lynn, Lucien Littlefield, Polly Ann Young, Tommy Bupp, Betsy Gay, Sayre Dearing, John Peters. Screen play by Paul Schofield and Joseph West, based on Hal Forrest's cartoon strip, Tailspin Tommy. Directed by George Waggner. Produced by Monogram. Running time, 60 minutes.

THE first of a series based on a cartoon-strip character, Tailspin Tommy, this is a compact little melodrama of a young aviator who outwits a mysterious gang trying to steal his secret bombing invention for a foreign government. Our hero has grown up with a childhood worship of a famous stunt flyer and ex-war ace. Imagine his chagrin to find his idol a member of the gang!

The weekly $10 prize for reviews covered in the March 4 issue of Liberty has been awarded to Lois Padden, 1304 North Catalina Avenue, Pasadena, California, for her review of Ice Follies of 1939.

John Trent is pleasant enough as Tailspin, Marjorie Reynolds is a kittenish heroine. Best of the cast is Peter George Lynn as the ace who has gone wrong.

Excitement for those who do not question their thrills.

VITAL STATISTICS: There will be eight Tailspin Tommy pictures in the series. . . . John Trent sits in his plane in an authentic manner, and no wonder. He was a TWA pilot before he tried films. Producer B. P. Schulberg saw him handling a ship, signed him for films. Played first role, three minutes long, in John Meade's Woman. Trent is an accredited aeronautical engineer. Has 3,500 certified hours in the air, 365,000 miles to his credit sans accidents. Real cognomen, LaVerne Browne, known to pals as Brownie. . . . Milburn Stone is a nephew of Fred Stone.

FOUR-, THREE-AND-A-HALF-, AND THREE-STAR PICTURES OF THE LAST SIX MONTHS

★★★★—Stagecoach, Idiot's Delight, That Certain Age, The Sisters, You Can't Take It with You.

★★★½—The Little Princess, The Oklahoma Kid, Love Affair, Jesse James, Gunga Din, Walt Disney's Shorts, Sweethearts, If I Were King, The Great Waltz, Men with Wings, Spawn of the North, Angels with Dirty Faces, The Lady Vanishes, Four Daughters.

★★★—Let Freedom Ring, Yes, My Darling Daughter, Ice Follies of 1939, The Three Musketeers, The Mikado, Café Society, Made for Each Other, Huckleberry Finn, Wings of the Navy, Persons in Hiding, They Made Me a Criminal, Honolulu, You Can't Cheat an Honest Man, The Beachcomber, Pacific Liner, Zaza, Tail Spin, Kentucky, Stand Up and Fight, Pygmalion, The Great Man Votes, Christmas Carol, Trade Winds, Dawn Patrol, Out West with the Hardys, Submarine Patrol, Dramatic School, Just Around the Corner, The Shining Hour, Sixty Glorious Years, The Cowboy and the Lady, Gangster's Boy, Brother Rat, Suez, The Arkansas Traveler, Mr. Wong Detective, There Goes My Heart, Service de Luxe.

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KRAFT DINNER
A MEAL FOR 4...IN 9 MINUTES
In this package THE SPECIAL MACARONI AND THE GRATED CHEESE

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If you have an excess of acid waste in your blood, your 15 miles of kidney tubes may be over-worked. These tiny filters and tubes are working day and night to help Nature rid your system of poisonous waste.

When functional kidney disorder permits poisonous matter to remain in the blood, you won't feel well. This may cause nagging backache, rheumatic pains, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headaches and dizziness. If you have trouble with frequent or scanty passages with smarting and burning, there may be something wrong with your kidneys or bladder.

Kidneys may need help the same as bowels, so ask your druggist for Doan's Pills, used successfully by millions for over 40 years. They give happy relief and will help the 15 miles of kidney tubes flush out poisonous waste from your blood. Get Doan's Pills.

I AM A
Psychic
DETECTIVE

An eminent ghost layer gives you the record of another weird adventure

THE UNSEEN LOVER

BY HORACE LEAF, F. R. G. S.

READING TIME ● 13 MINUTES 35 SECONDS

THE suicide of a bridegroom on his wedding night is a tragic denouement which has intrigued playwrights and novelists no end. When it occurs in real life, and the man in the case is as rich and powerful as Major General Sir Beryl Torridge, the event commands the front page of every newspaper.

I remember the wedding very well. I never did like Torridge, always avoided him in the club, so declined the invitation to be present. But it was a brilliant affair, celebrated in aristocratic old St. Giles'.

As for the suicide, the papers were full of how the " happy couple " had dashed off to Tilbury to catch the liner which was to bear them away on their cruising honeymoon—and how, about ten o'clock, the famous War Office figure and City financier was seized with a violent brainstorm which caused him to rush headlong from his bridal suite and fling himself into the sea.

There was no doubt about the fact of the suicide. A dozen people saw him take the death plunge, and half the ship heard his death cry of agony and fear. As for the cause, no paper printed it because no reporter knew it—and if one had, it is doubtful if any Fleet Street editor would have believed it.

My connection with the case began some months later, when there walked into my office a charming young woman of about twenty-five who said that she was the only living person who knew the true story of the death of Beryl Torridge.

" And how do you know? " I asked.

" I am Lady Torridge."

She came of an old Irish family, the Fostets. Since the tragedy, she had dropped out of sight. Now I could draw my own conclusions from the strained expression of her lovely eyes and the paleness of her cheeks.

" I wish to avail myself of your services, Mr. Leaf, in a very personal matter," she continued hesitantly.

" You wish me to lay Sir Beryl's ghost? " I ventured.

" No. I want to tell you about another man, Michael Donlevy."

Beryl Torridge and Michael Donlevy, it seemed, had been in the same college at Oxford, had rowed in the same boat against Cambridge, had been instinctive and implacable enemies. Beryl became Sir Beryl, prospered mightily in the City, rose to a high place in the military establishment. Michael, son of an impoverished Irish baronet, shifted for himself none too successfully. Both fell in love with the same girl.

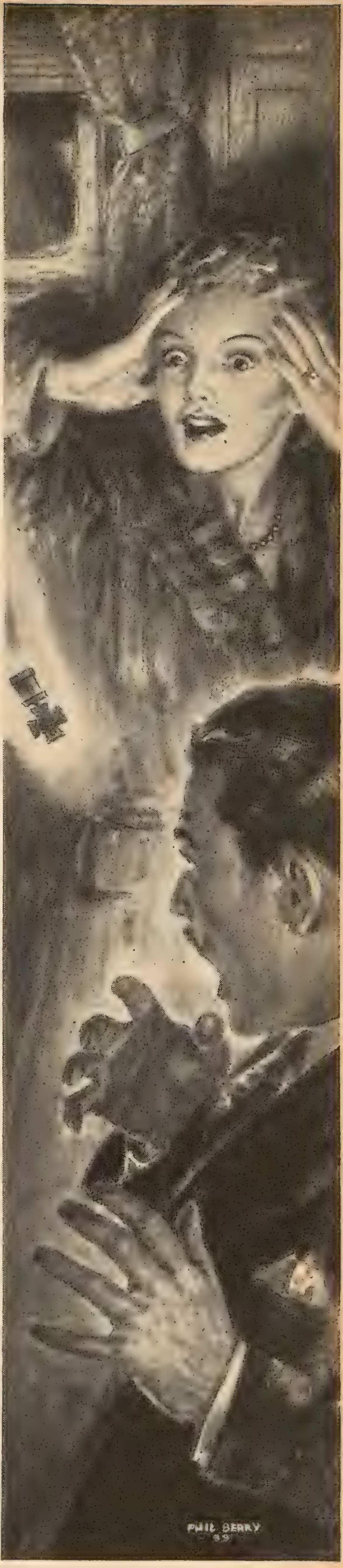
There was no question as to which man possessed Mary Fostet's heart. Although her family naturally favored the rich and impressive Sir Beryl, she secretly engaged herself to Michael. The romance, however, was not destined to fulfillment.

When Kitchener's " first hundred thousand " crossed the Channel, Torridge went at the head of his regiment; Donlevy, as a subaltern in his. Torridge, through his connections at the War Office, rose to be the youngest and most hated divisional commander in France; Donlevy, through bravery in Flanders, achieved a majority, and was assigned to a newly recruited regiment of Berkshiremen — which was part of the division commanded by Torridge.

This was the division, you may remember, which suffered so horribly —and so unnecessarily—when its commander ordered an attack on the enemy's obviously impregnable position along the Wiems Canal.

The first night's fighting resulted in an absolute rout for Torridge's men. Out of a full battalion of Loamshires—boys just up from the training camps, who fought next to Michael's Berkshires — only a half dozen survived the slaughter.

The following evening, when the call went out for volunteers to cross no man's land and observe the enemy's



"Something dropped from the ceiling and clattered between us on the stateroom floor."

"I like my Shelvador because:
... not only is there room for everything, but things are always right where you can find them." — MRS. FRED MONTESI, SPRINGFIELD, MASS.
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position, preparatory to a second attack, only one man responded. It was Major Michael Donlevy of the Third Berkshire Rifles. His was one of the most daring exploits of the war, and the fact that he emerged from it with his life was little short of miraculous.

Later that evening his brigade major and dear friend, Paxton Charles, took him before the divisional commander to report. Torridge looked as if he could devour him.

"You've observed Wiems Canal, I understand," said Torridge, as though Michael had just returned from a pleasure cruise.

"I have, sir," replied Donlevy, "and in my opinion another attempt to carry the position without intensive artillery bombardment would be madness. The place is strongly machine-gunned and could resist a division."

Torridge looked Michael straight in the eye and sneered. He uttered one word only:

"Rot!"

Donlevy's face went red, and for a moment it appeared that he would strike his sneering superior. In the end, however, he pulled himself together in a soldierly manner.

"Major Donlevy," continued Torridge, "I am not impressed by your observations. I am sending your Berkshires against the enemy at midnight."

Donlevy saluted and withdrew. Paxton Charles and Captain Alstairs, the general's aides, looked at each other in amazement and disgust. They knew Michael Donlevy, and they knew that he was speaking God's truth. They knew, too, that another thousand Englishmen would be slaughtered that night to feed the ambition—or was it the hatred?—of Sir Beryl Torridge.

That is exactly what happened. The Berkshires were massacred as the Loamshires had been before them. The indomitable Michael Donlevy was one of less than a dozen who survived the night's butchery.

OF course there was an official inquiry. Everybody knew that Torridge, and only Torridge, was to blame. Everybody knew, too, that Michael Donlevy's heroism should have and could have saved at least half of the sacrificed lives, if only Torridge had listened to him.

Donlevy was awarded a richly deserved Victoria Cross for his courage in observing the enemy's position. Torridge, too powerful politically to be publicly disgraced, was hurried back to desk duty at the War Office.

But after the peace, Torridge flourished in the City, where his title and his major-generalship gained him well paid posts on many a company board. He flourished also in society, where he was much courted by ladies with eligible daughters. But nothing could divert him from his determination to possess the woman whose heart Michael Donlevy had won.

Michael got himself a job with an engineering firm. Torridge promptly got him sacked. Michael joined a newspaper's staff. Torridge lost him that job. It would be tedious to follow poor, sensitive, goodhearted Donlevy from job to job, hounded always by Torridge.

After several months of this, Michael Donlevy, the hero of Wiems, killed himself with his army pistol.

That very night Mary Fostet drove to Sir Beryl Torridge's residence in Belgrave Square, and offered to marry him.

"I couldn't help myself," Lady Torridge explained. "It seemed as if I was under the influence of some irresistible power which determined that I should marry him."

"But you loved Michael."

"I shall always love Michael," she replied softly.

"How did you explain your action to Torridge?"

"I played square with him. I said, 'I will marry you as soon as you like. You've killed the only man I lived for. Now take me, but I warn you you'll never possess me.'"

"Sir Beryl, I presume, laughed at that possibility."

"Yes, he was very sure of himself, and the wedding was arranged for one month from the day of Michael's funeral."

SHE made no further attempt to explain her extraordinary action or excuse it. Finally she said, with a sad little smile:

"I suppose it is foolish to ask you, a ghost layer, if you believe in ghosts. I don't mean ordinary ghosts, but spirit influences, powers, if you like."

Most people, I am quite aware, would have told this young woman that they did not believe in ghosts. I assured her that there was no question in my mind but that the spirit world exercised a powerful influence over some earthly lives.

"But why do you ask?" I concluded.

She gripped my arm fiercely. "Because, the night Michael died, his ghost came to me! He told me to marry Torridge, but to have no fear—he would never possess me. I was afraid. Torridge was bad."

"Is all this true?" I asked her.

"Yes," she replied firmly, "it is quite true. Michael did come to me—it was not imagination. He came to me and he spoke to me, and I heard his voice as clearly as you can hear mine. It was real—real! I was not dreaming."

Now, my skeptical reader, I ask your indulgence. I have, naturally, been in contact with people who feel as you do about such matters throughout my career as a ghost layer. I never try to convert them to my ideas. I am not trying to convert you now. But I must stand by my guns. I was convinced.

"Go on," I said.

"When I told Torridge that he would never possess me, I meant it. I felt certain that Michael's spirit would come to my aid."

"Go on with the story."

"That night on the boat," she continued, "Torridge was horrible. He came in leering. 'I've got you after all, my dear,' he gloated. 'Where's Michael now?'

"As if in answer to that insolent question, something metallic dropped from the ceiling and clattered between us on the stateroom floor. We both looked down. I saw only a small brown object. Sir Beryl must have seen something more—for he jumped back, pale as death, and raised his arm as if to ward off a blow.

"'Donlevy, damn you, you were right!' he shrieked. 'You were right, I say! Two thousand men—the canal—I killed them, I killed them!'

"Then he ran from the room. The rest you know."

"And the something that dropped at your feet?"

Slowly Lady Torridge opened her right hand and revealed a small bronze cross. I examined it carefully. It was, there could be no question about it, Michael Donlevy's Victoria Cross.

"Have you told this story to any one else?" I asked.

"Yes, to Major Paxton Charles, Michael's best friend. He was in Cannes at the time, and I wirelessed him to meet me at Marseilles. When I showed him the cross, he knew it at once. It had been Michael's dying wish that Paxton should have it as a memento of their years together on the western front."

"Was the major surprised to see it in Marseilles?"

"He was amazed. He had kept it locked in a glass case in his London flat, and here it was, hundreds of miles away. Explain that!" she cried. "Have you ever heard of such a thing before?"

I ASSURED her that I had. The transportation of small objects in the mysterious way that Michael Donlevy's Victoria Cross was transported is so well known among psychical researchers that a special name has been coined for the objects. They are called *apports*.

In some instances, objects of considerable size have been transferred by occult means thousands of miles. On several such occasions I have been present.

It was clear, however, that my assurances to this effect had not lifted from her mind the chief burden which was weighing her down.

"Has Donlevy's ghost ever appeared to you again?" I asked her.

"Oh, that's the point, Mr. Leaf!" she cried. "To tell the truth, Michael is worrying me so much that I am afraid of losing my mind."

"In what way does he molest you?"

"I cannot explain it, but he seems bound to me. Ever since the night of General Torridge's death I have been aware of Michael's presence, and occasionally I have seen and heard him. Usually, though, it is as if he were living in me. His thoughts have become my thoughts, his emotions my emotions. It is terrible, ghastly!

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"Everything is so mixed and paradoxical. First he rejoices because he saved me from Torridge. Then he remembers that it was he who made me accept him. Next he is glad because Torridge is dead. Then tormented because he drove him to suicide. And all the time I know it is a sin to take another person's life, whether by normal or by spiritual means.

"Between all these conflicting thoughts I am distracted, and am gradually losing my personality. To make matters worse, Michael tells me he wants me to be with him where he is, and I would gladly go to him if I thought he were in a state where he could be happy; but he is not. He is neither in heaven nor hell—he is simply living on this earth without a body. He hasn't the power to be happy. What good could come of my sharing that sort of existence with him? And yet—"

Overcome by her grief and her predicament, my visitor burst into a spasm of bitter weeping.

"Your case," I said, as soon as she was able to listen, "is indeed a sad one. But if you will do your part, I promise that you can put a great deal of the sadness behind you."

"You mean you can rid me of Michael's presence?"

"I do."

She fell into a silence.

"I wonder," she said at last, "if that is what I want. I wonder if it wouldn't be better for me to go to him. Michael dared to die. Even Beryl. It would be unforgivably selfish of me to send Michael away when he has no place to go."

"But he has," I insisted.

Her obvious intention to take her own life convinced me that I must act firmly and quickly.

"Lady Torridge," I said, "it is not alone for your sake that I beg of you not to consider taking your own life. It is for Michael's. You will but give him one more violent death to carry around on his troubled shoulders. The better way is to bring peace to his soul. Then he will cease to trouble you and to torment himself. He will rise from the in-between sphere in which he now wanders, and take his rightful place in the world of the hereafter. Will you help me to bring that about?"

"Mr. Leaf, it is what I most wish in all the world! But how can you?"

"Unless you are familiar with what is known about secondary personalities," I said, "it will be difficult to describe the process clearly. I possess certain faculties which enable me not only to see things that some others do not see, and hear things that some others do not hear, but to talk with unseen persons—for example, your unseen lover—as clearly and sensibly as I am talking to you."

"And do they always do what you tell them to?"

"They always have, in the end. Some ghosts are obstinate, rather."

"Michael was terribly obstinate."

"I dare say. But if I can only break through the automatic density of his unfortunate mental state, I feel sure that he will welcome his release quite as much as you will."

"You have my permission then, and my prayers. I will do everything I can do in my own mind to help you."

"Then the battle is half won."

It was, in a way. But an Irishman is a hard man to argue with, dead or alive—and Michael Donlevy put up a terrific fight before he could be persuaded to withdraw his ghostly presence from the woman he loved as deeply in death as he had in life.

THE END

Answers to Twenty Questions on Page 28

1—Andrew Summers Rowan.
2—Canberra.
3—Nothing; he had none save stepchildren.
4—Jack London.
5—1815.
6—Garlic.
7—Vice versa—Alaska has over twice the area of Texas.
8—St. Andrew.
9—The porpoise and the bat are mammals too.
10—Fifteen.
11—There is a Long Beach in each of the two states.
12—Forty-three; the King was born December 14, 1895.
13—Six.
14—Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.
15—North Carolina.
16—Edward Jenner, the English physician who discovered vaccination.
17—At 969, according to Genesis 5:27.
18—Juan, Ponce de Leon.
19—Yes—the average man is said to consume four pounds and the average woman three pounds of food each day.
20—

Alfred P. Sloan Jr.

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I MARRIED A NAZI

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BY OSCAR SCHISGALL

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PART NINE—CONCLUSION

AT ten o'clock that morning Kenneth Delane stepped out of Philip Harrow's office at the Embassy, to be stopped in the corridor by an attendant. " There's a lady waiting to see you, sir," the man reported. " A Mrs. Traub."

Kenneth stared. Then he tossed out a quick " Thanks! " and ran down the steps to the reception room. Carol stood in a corner, looking down blindly at a periodical on a table. When she turned, her pallor halted him. The first glimpse of her eyes—eyes full of panic—stifled his voice.

She came to him at once. " Kenneth, forgive me for doing this. I simply had to talk to you."

He caught her arm and led her out of the room. His own face, as if mirroring hers, was harassed. " You look as if you'd been through something."

" I—have."

" Eric? "

" Yes."

He nodded as though it were unnecessary to ask more, and the lines in his features deepened. He took her to his office, shut the door, and made her sit down.

" What happened? "

She began haltingly, her gaze fixed on fingers that shifted an ash tray on the desk. Soon, however, all her bitterness and despair began to pour out in a helpless torrent. Sometimes it threatened to choke her, and she had to pause. She hadn't intended to tell him the entire story, yet she did. She couldn't suppress it. His eyes compelled complete candor.

" I'm telling you all this," she finally whispered, " because I want to know, Kenneth, if it's true—if he *can* keep Ricky. I've got to do something about it, and I—I don't know what! I didn't even know whom to ask."

" Of all the rotten—" he began furiously, but checked the words. His face was gray with anger. He straightened in his chair and frowned at the edge of the desk. " It's true, all right. Particularly if he has friends

Carol slowly went to him. She took his hand in hers—a bony hand—and gave it comforting pressure.

in the Party. There's no law as strong as a friend in the right place."

"He's got Franz Reiner."

"Yes, I remember Reiner. He holds an official job of some sort. I suppose he knows a couple of judges, too."

"So Eric *can* keep Ricky?" she all but groaned.

"Legally, yes. And once he puts Ricky into the Jungvolk, of course you haven't a chance."

"Oh, Kenneth!" She rose impulsively, her fist beating helplessly on the desk. "I can't give him Ricky! I *won't!*"

Kenneth frowned at his tobacco jar. "Has your father-in-law said anything?"

"They hadn't told him when I left."

"But they'll have to now."

"Oh, Eric's father can't help me! He'll probably be too stunned and heartbroken to do anything at all."

Again a break threatened her voice.

"How do matters stand now?" he asked abruptly. "What's Eric expecting you to do?"

"I—I had planned to leave today. But after he told me what he intended to do about Ricky I just *couldn't.*"

"So you told him you'd stay?"

"What else can I do? I won't leave Ricky behind. Even if I have to wait through the entire divorce proceedings. It may take months. I don't know how they do those things here."

His face slowly hardening, Kenneth considered. Suddenly, with eyes extraordinarily bright, he peered up at her. "Look, Carol." He was decisive. "You're going to take Ricky and leave today—this afternoon. For France. You'll sail from Cherbourg or Havre tomorrow. I say France in preference to any German port, so that Eric won't be able to have you stopped."

Carol regarded him in amazement. "How? What do you mean?"

"You'll never get Ricky away if you depend on German justice," he assured her a bit savagely. "But if you have Ricky in America, if you divorce Eric there—" He eyed her narrowly. "No American court will award custody to *him.*"

"But they—Eric—will never let me leave—"

Kenneth rose, his manner confident. He took both her hands in his.

"Leave that part of it to me. . . . Can you manage to walk with Ricky as far as your corner—say at two o'clock this afternoon?"

A little dazedly she nodded, her eyes wide with wonder.

"I'll be waiting there in my car. Around the corner. Don't take a thing along. Just your purse and passport. . . . You have an individual passport, of course?"

"Yes!"

"That's all you'll need. No clothes. Nothing that will make them think you're doing more than strolling with Ricky. I'll have tickets through to Cherbourg or Havre, depending on where you can catch the first boat. I'll have your steamship tickets, too." He looked at his wrist watch. "I still have four hours."

"*Kenneth!*" The word held infinite amazement and yearning; and yet she hesitated to believe in this thing. "Kenneth, you think—"

"You can do it," he said tightly. "And as far as I can see, it's the only way. I'll drive you to the station, and you'll be gone before they know what's happened."

TEARS came, but she didn't care. They were tears of delirious hope.

He said awkwardly, "Now, now!" From his breast pocket he took a handkerchief and daubed the tears away. "Suppose the ambassador should walk in."

"Kenneth," she sobbed, "I—c-can't help it! You—"

"Tell me about it in New York next January," he advised. "Now look. What size dresses, underclothes, and so on, do you wear? Here." . . . He snatched up a slip of paper and forced her to sit in his chair. "You write down Ricky's sizes and your own."

Through the blur of tears she looked up at him, and now she couldn't suppress an incredulous smile. Her whole body beat to a new rhythm. "You're not going to buy me clothes, too?"

"I have four hours, haven't I?" he retorted. "It'll take me less than an hour to attend to the tickets. Then I'll get the wife of our naval attaché and drag her out on a two-hour shopping spree."

"Kenneth! I—honestly, I can't tell you—"

"You're wasting part of my precious four hours. Come on, write down the sizes."

"B-but can you get away at a time like this? I thought—"

"Listen," he assured her. "If I explain the circumstances to the ambassador, he'll probably insist on coming along with me. . . . Get through with that list, will you? I've got to kiss you and run."

IN the taxi that took her back to Grünewald there was a small printed card which announced: *"Juden nicht erwünscht."* (Jews not wanted.) She had a silly impulse to kick it down as a symbol of kicking down all Nazidom, but she didn't. Instead she looked out of the window, and her heart felt strangely constricted.

When she stepped out of the cab, Ricky raced across the lawn to fling himself into her arms. She lifted him, kissed him. She pushed his dark hair back from his eyes.

"Where's daddy?" she asked.

"He and Freda, they're with grandpa. Will you play with me awhile, mother?"

"Not now, dear."

"Gee, I got nobody to play with!" Ricky was disconsolate. "I never have anybody to play with any more."

"I'll play with you this afternoon," she promised. "I'll—I'll take you for a walk."

She left him outside, and when she went in she could hear muted voices upstairs. Voices behind a closed door. Her nerves began to thump again. But, though she was still pale, her anguish was gone now. She was merely nervous; anxious to have nothing interfere . . .

She mounted the stairs hesitantly. At the top she could distinguish Freda's voice. It was bitter and broken. It seemed on the verge of sobs. Freda was crying:

"Don't you think I've had hell enough the past eight months? How long do you *expect* a woman to endure this kind of life? Of course I want children! I'm entitled to children. God knows you'll never give me any! . . ."

Carol's teeth pressed into her lip. She straightened resolutely. She went forward and opened Heinrich's door.

Freda stopped talking. She whirled around, pale and defiant and distraught. Her eyes were feverish. Her golden curls quivered with a frenzy of their own. Beyond her, Eric sat hunched in the corner usually occupied by Fräulein Uberholtz. The nurse wasn't here now; they must have sent her out. Carol, glancing only briefly from him to Freda, turned to Heinrich.

What she saw put a clamp on her heart. For Heinrich's deeply lined face was ghastly. Never before had she seen his skin so yellow. He sat in his usual chair, a dressing gown slung over his pajamas, his shoulders slumping. And in his melancholy eyes, half closed, lay unutterable agony.

Carol slowly went to him. She took his hand in hers—a bony hand—and gave it comforting pressure. When Heinrich looked up at her, it was with gratitude, as if he needed her solace. He talked with difficulty: "They have told me."

"Father—" she began.

But he pressed on, too profoundly absorbed in his own thoughts to listen: "For you, I think, it is best like this. I have not been blind, Carol. I have watched Eric and Freda for weeks, but I hoped it would pass. I hoped it would end when he returned to America. But now . . . Yes, this is best for you. To be freed. Not only of Eric but of—*all* this. You will be able to return to a life that is *gemütlich* and civilized." Then he gazed at Eric, and all the bitterness returned to his face. "But I, unfortunately, must remain here. I must stay to observe my son's—triumphs."

Eric jumped up, his great countenance flushed.

"Why don't you stop talking like that?" he demanded. "I'm not *stealing* Freda from you! Didn't we come and tell you frankly, openly, what we want to do?"

"It is noble of you, my son," commended Heinrich. "Noble." Every word was an effort that made his jaws rocky. "You are both young and strong, and so you take what you desire of life. You reflect the whole of Nazi philosophy. One takes what one is strong enough to take. One needs no other justification beyond strength."

"Oh," said Freda, with a note of disgust, "stop it!"

"But one thing," continued Heinrich, ignoring her, "I cannot understand. By what right, Eric, by what moral right, do you keep Ricky? What justification do you find either in strength or in decency?"

"I love Ricky. I want him."

"You *want* him. . . . And nothing else matters?"

"I told you it isn't anything I propose to argue." Eric looked at his watch. "We won't get anywhere by going through this again. We've settled it. And I've got to go."

"Go?" Heinrich whispered, lifting astonished brows. "You—you feel it is finished?"

"I'm meeting Franz Reiner at noon. We're having lunch together, and then he's taking me with Ricky to see if I can get Ricky registered in the Jungvolk under the age limit. Franz says they may make a concession when I explain the circumstances."

At that Carol abruptly dropped Heinrich's hand. An actual chill raced through her. She took an involuntary step toward Eric, her arm half raised.

"You—you're not taking *Ricky?*" she gasped.

"Of course."

"Eric—*no!* You can't!" Her voice became a little strident. "Not now, not today—"

"Why not?"

"Eric—please!" She tried frantically to sound calm, to mask her panic. "I—I'm leaving today. You can't expect me to go on living here. I want Ricky for myself this afternoon. Please—"

"I'll have him home by four."

"No! I—" She had to stop, choked by the terror of seeing her hopes collapse. Kenneth would be waiting at two, with tickets; and if Ricky were gone . . . "Eric, I won't *let* you take him! Today he's going to be with me. That's one thing on which I insist. Today I—"

"You'll have him when I come back," Eric said bluntly. "I've already made the engagement with Franz Reiner. There's no point to arguing over a thing that's done."

And he crossed the room to the door, leaving her completely demoralized.

"ONE moment, Eric." Heinrich Traub spoke quietly. Yet there was a quality in his low voice that made Eric pause on the threshold and look back in annoyance.

"Well?"

"Come in and shut the door."

"I'm sorry, but it's almost noon. I've got to go."

"You are not going." Heinrich's calm was startling. "Come in and shut the door. There is still one thing I have to say."

Puzzled—a little uneasy, too—Eric

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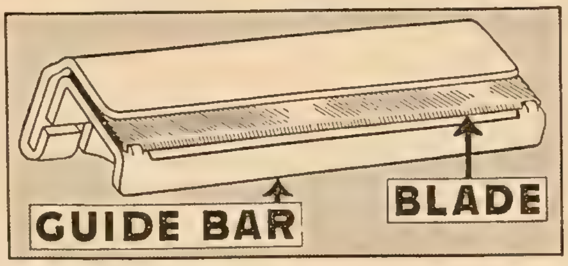

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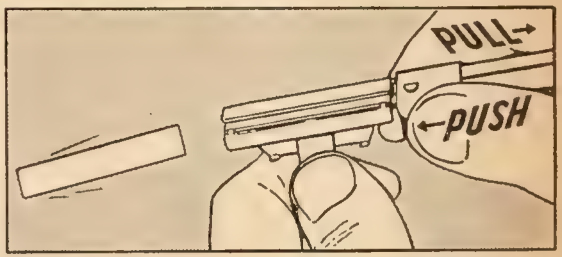

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sent a questioning glance at Freda. She seemed as bewildered as he. He shut the door and came back slowly.

" What is it? "

" You have given me very little time to consider what has happened," Heinrich said, every word repressed behind tight lips. " But this I know. You are not going to take Ricky from Carol. Whatever else you do I shall not oppose. I saw no reason to keep you and Freda apart if you want each other so—so madly. But in the matter of Ricky—no. Ricky must return to America with Carol."

" Is that what you wanted to tell me? " Eric sounded impatient and irritated; even disappointed.

" No, Eric; there is more. *Must* I use force, Eric? Or will you grant this one thing I insist on—that you give Ricky to Carol? "

He said flatly, " You're talking in riddles. I don't know what you're getting at."

" I have asked you, for the last time, about Ricky."

" I'm going to *keep* Ricky."

Heinrich Traub studied his son's stubborn expression for a long time, his face twitching.

Finally Heinrich drew a long breath. " Very well," he said quietly. " I must hurt you now, Eric. I must hurt you even more than you have hurt us. I had not intended to do it. Believe me, I do not *want* to do it. I had decided to let you go on to your happiness with Freda. But—no, not now. Not now."

Freda flung out harshly, " What in heaven's name are you talking about, Heinrich? "

" I have been leading to this carefully because I—I intensely dislike doing it," the invalid said. " But unless Eric allows Carol to leave today, and with Ricky, unless he yields all his claims to Ricky, then I shall be forced to record publicly the fact that he is of Jewish descent."

After that the bedroom was hushed. It was hushed in a terrible and fantastic way, as though not one of them dared breathe. Freda started to speak, but her words died. Eric was too stunned even to stir.

IT was Heinrich himself, rigid and uncompromising, who presently went on: " Your mother, Eric, died when you were five, and so you scarcely knew her. As for myself, in the matter of religion I have always tried to be liberal and unprejudiced—as liberal as our old Germany. I did not discuss your mother's religion with you ever, because, for one thing, I did not want you to grow up with the sense of being a sort of hybrid creature. When the Nazis came upon us, I presented my own Aryan credentials. Since my wife had been dead many years, there was no need to go into her ancestry. I had married her in Belgium, and all the records were there. They still are. Your mother was Jewish, Eric."

Carol's throat was tight, her amazement stifling. She turned appalled eyes to Eric, not because of the thing his father had revealed but only to see its effect on him.

Eric, deathly white, could not talk. He could not move. He could not even look at Freda. His stupefied eyes remained fixed on Heinrich in a kind of hypnosis. When finally he did find the breath to utter a sound, he whispered huskily:

" That—isn't—true! "

" It is, Eric, it is," his father assured him. " I had prepared Aryan records for you—I went to Belgium two years ago especially to have them forged. For your sake. In fact, Eric, that was why I was so eager to have you sell the factory and live in America. This is no land for you. But now—I assure you I can produce all the original records, too, if you wish. They will, of course, bar you from the Nazi Party. They will, moreover, make it impossible for you to continue business in Germany. They will also make it impossible for you to marry Freda. And finally, as a Jew, you have no standing in any Nazi court to claim a child from its Aryan mother. . . . I am sorry, Eric. I had not intended to do this. You compelled me in all decency." . . .

" Good God! " Eric cried hoarsely. His countenance had become flabby, so that his jowls quivered. He stepped forward, arms spread, and checked himself to turn and stare at Freda. " I—Freda, I—"

Breathless, Carol, too, looked at the golden-haired woman. Freda Traub was [illegible] though Eric were undergoing some incredible metamorphosis—a change that left him horrible beyond all recognition. When Eric so impetuously stepped toward her, she fell back a step, —pallid, her breath pent up in terror.

" No, Eric," she whispered, *"no! . . ."*

With his eyes closed, Heinrich Traub murmured in pain which only he himself could hear: " I shall divorce her. That is inevitable now. And it will leave us all defeated. . . . Yet what else could we have hoped for in a reign of hatred? It must in the end defeat itself."

AT ten minutes past two Kenneth Delane drove his car along Kurfürstendamm in the direction of the Bahnhof. The train was to leave at three. Carol sat beside him, pale but composed now; a Carol much older than the spirited girl he had driven to Hanover a few brief weeks ago. She had brought two of her own suitcases, and one of them contained the manuscript of Professor Hugo Gerhardt's last book. . . . She was glad she had it.

Ricky was in the back seat with Eric. Yes—with Eric. He kept a rigid arm about his son, and his eyes were lifted to stare blindly at the September skies.

" You won't mind," he had asked Carol at the house, in a whisper, " if—if I go to say good-by to Ricky at the station? "

" No, Eric; of course not." Strangely, she had known a genuine sorrow for him in his devastation. In defeat he seemed nearer the Eric of New York—the Eric who had once been hers—than he had been since coming to Germany. And so she had allowed him to come along, much to Kenneth's bewilderment.

At the station Eric did not wait for the train to depart. He picked Ricky up, kissed him, and held him for a while in his arms. He pressed his face down into the boy's hair.

" Aren't you coming with us, daddy? "

" No, Ricky, no. You're going home with mother."

" But when are *you* coming, daddy? "

" Soon. Soon. I—I'll come to see you."

" Gee, daddy—" Ricky wriggled in his arms and wailed a little. " I don't want to go without you! "

" You must, dear. You go and—and take good care of mother. I'll come when I can." . . .

He put Ricky down. He straightened a bit stiffly, as if his big body were cramped, and drew off his hat. The breeze stirred his yellow hair. He looked straight at Carol. It struck her that she had never seen such suffering in Eric's gaze, and suddenly she wanted to seize him and whisper some word of comfort. . . .

Eric held out his hand. " Good-by, Carol." His voice was deep and quiet.

She put her hand in his, and for a long moment they looked at each other.

Eric did not speak again. He couldn't. He bent abruptly to press a last fierce kiss on Ricky's forehead. Then he turned and walked away. He walked quickly. Carol watched him with blurred eyes until he vanished in the crowds. He didn't once turn. This was the end. In America she would divorce him. . . .

At last Kenneth Delane touched her arm and helped her into the open door of the compartment.

" It's time," he said gently.

" Kenneth—" She swung around to face him. " I'm—I'm too choked up and confused to thank you, to tell you how I feel—"

" Don't," he advised. " You'll have all the time you want to talk to me in New York. I'll be there in January."

ERIC TRAUB walked the streets of Berlin in a stupor. How far he went, or where, he did not know. He knew only that he was exhausted. He had to sit down. He had to close his eyes for a while and relax.

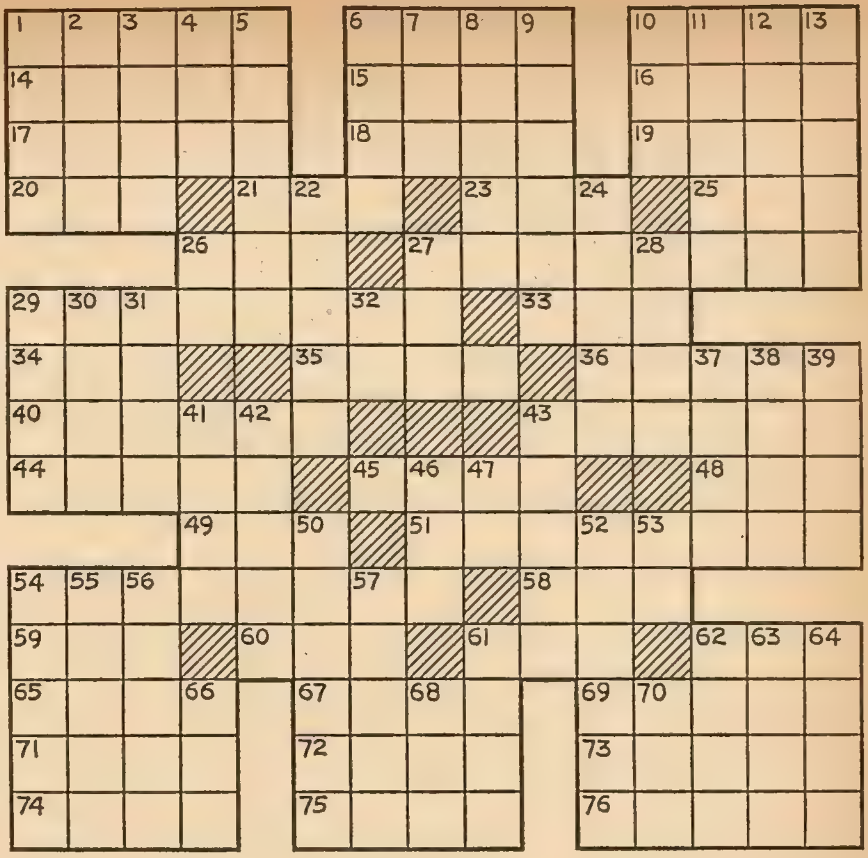
Near a corner he saw a small café, its sidewalk tables empty. He turned to it wearily. And he was about to drop into a chair when he checked the movement. For the door of the café bore a swastika; and under it hung a neat placard that announced: *Juden nicht erwünscht.*

Eric gazed at it a few seconds in wonder, as though he had never before seen such a sign. Then, still dazed, he turned from the table and walked away.

THE END

CROSSWORDS

BY LEE PASQUIN



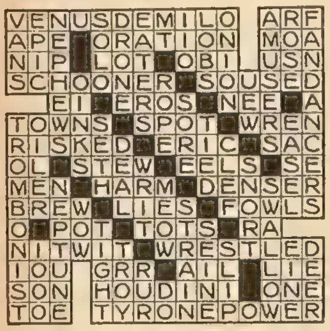
HORIZONTAL

1 Storms
6 Stitches
10 God of love
14 Resembling an old woman
15 Fuel
16 Girl's name
17 A deep spoon for liquids
18 Poker term
19 A wading bird
20 Domestic animal
21 Loud noise
23 Ever (poetic)
25 Place
26 Encountered
27 Pursuit of art
29 Drawing instrument (pl.)
33 Watering place
34 Silkworm
35 Construct
36 To decree
40 Members of a fraternal order
43 Inability to speak
44 Foolish
45 Part of the body
48 Suffix: of the nature of
49 Vehicle
51 Merry-go-round (var.)
54 Pertaining to currency
58 Pert or mischievous child
59 Beverage
60 To speed
61 Number
62 Part of a play
65 Reside
67 Thin
69 One imprisoned until death
71 Smooth
72 Wicked
73 Expunge
74 Dried
75 Depend upon
76 Short, abrupt

VERTICAL

1 A festive show
2 Genus of fresh-water ducks
3 Covers
4 A wing of a house
5 Sowed
6 Look at closely
7 Period of time
8 A colorless transparent fluid
9 Rains and snows at once
10 To sin
11 To cook in an oven
12 Willow tree
13 Piquant
22 Newspaper paragraphs
24 To develop
26 Note of the scale
27 Request
28 Levelheaded
29 Prefix: half
30 Native name of Persia
31 An endorsement
32 Egyptian god
37 Sacred bull of ancient Egypt
38 Quote
39 Chinese money of account
41 At one time
42 Under (poetic)
43 A poison
46 Cold
47 Parent (colloq.)
50 One who ladles water from a boat
52 A dish made of eggs
53 Preposition
54 Men
55 A fruit
56 At no time
57 To thread a rope through a pulley
61 Single
62 Not near
63 To impose a tax
64 Large perennial plant
66 Compass point
68 To feel ill
70 Anger

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue.



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TOWNS SPOT WREN
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OL STEW EELS SE
MEN HARM DENSER
BREW LIES FOWLS
O POT TOTS RA
NITWIT WRESTLED
IOU GRR AIL LIE
SON HOUDINI ONE
TOE TYRONEPOWER

Last week's answer

TENSE MOMENTS

Columbia-Navy racing, and Husing on the spot with a second-by-second account. "When headache has *me* on the spot," he says, "I race for Bromo-Seltzer."

Down the fairway goes the ingenious Husing. He follows the golfers from a motorized lawn mower! He says, "Bromo-Seltzer doesn't leave me dragged out—it leaves me more alert."

CBS
EMERSON'S
BROMO-SELTZER

WHEN **HEADACHE** COMES, I THINK OF MY **NERVES** —TAKE BROMO-SELTZER

says **TED HUSING**

Voted most popular sports announcer in a nation-wide poll, 8 years in a row, Ted Husing's job is colorful, tense! "Believe you me," he says—"I can't let a headache make me jumpy. Bromo-Seltzer relieves the headache fast, calms my nerves."

I RELIEVE **HEADACHE** AND CALM YOUR **NERVES**!

HEADACHE strains your NERVES

Headache disturbs your nervous system. That's why it's best treated with a remedy made to do at least 2 things . . . ease *pain*—steady *nerves.* Bromo-Seltzer does both. Tests by a group of doctors proved this. Take Bromo-Seltzer!* At drugstores, soda fountains. Keep it at home!

***For frequently recurring or persistent headache, see a doctor. For ordinary headache, take Bromo-Seltzer!**

MILLIONS TAKE— **BROMO-SELTZER**

To the Ladies

BY PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

LINGUIST, TRAVELER, LECTURER, AND FASHION AUTHORITY

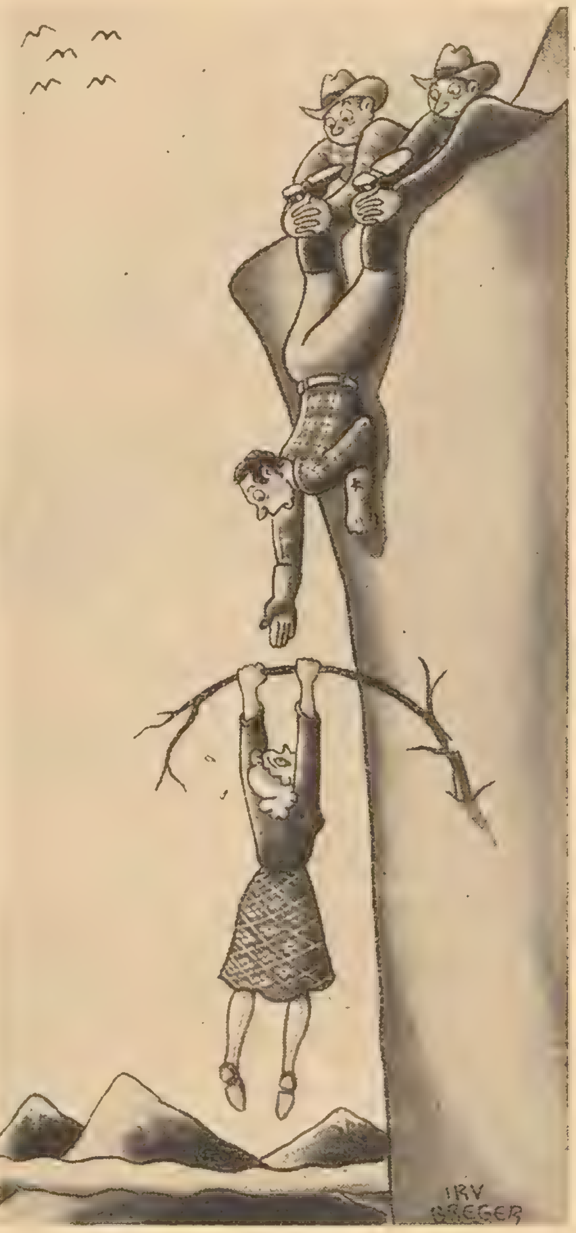
READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 10 SECONDS

HOME dressmaking is on the rise of a five-year boom, and the Easter parades of 1939 will see a record number of us rigged out in new spring clothes of our own creation. Every year now in cities and towns—not counting rural districts—more than a quarter of a million women take free lessons offered by a world-famous sewing-machine company. . . . Marie Rogers supervises these schools in New York. I've just been asking her about them. . . . "Most women who dressmake," she said, "buy excellent materials, spending from seventy-five cents to a dollar or more a yard. We use tact steering oversize ladies off stripes and plaids, for which they seem to yearn. One pupil made herself a ski outfit; but skiing sorely disappointed her; then she stumped us by wanting to make her ski pants over into a cocktail jacket." . . . When they buy new sewing machines, wives often bring husbands in to learn the mechanism. Husbands with boats frequently take sewing lessons so they can mend sails. Ships' stewards and small-craft officers come also to sewing school. . . . Sometimes machines forty or fifty years old are sent in for repair. The Singer Company employs an eighty-year-old mechanic who rejoices at sight of each antique machine from the days of his youth. Says it makes him feel young to fix them and keep them running.

☆ Thank Katherine van der Veer for reviving this homey old English supplication found in Chester Cathedral. I suggest it as an Easter wish for family and friends:

Give us a sense of humor, Lord.
Give us the grace to see a joke,
To get some happiness from life
And pass it on to other folk.

☆ Perfume yourself daintily this spring, in line with the juvenescence of your beribboned hat and flower-tinted pocketbook. Wear only four drops of scent—two on your hankie and one upon each shoulder. Following are the names and prices of seven smart new perfumes suitable for Easter gifts: . . . Shulton's quaint *Early American Spice* ($1.25). . . . Charbert's *Grand Prix* in a very Parisian Easter-bonnet box ($1.50). . . . Corday's *Honeysuckle* ($2 for a small bottle); or their *Tzigane* (at $2 a dram). . . . Lenthéric's *A Bientôt* (around $3). . . . Ciro's pensive-maidenly *Reflections* ($5); and their highly alluring *Danger* ($1.50 a dram). . . . Note: A dram is one eighth of an ounce. So you'd better be dainty with your springtime fragrance!



"Pardon my glove, madam."

☆ Now we can deny authentically the charge that well dressed women wear their costly raiment one season at most. Three prominent brides met at a party the other evening. All three of them had on the dresses in which they were married. One was Rosa Ponselle, the opera singer, now Mrs. Charles Jackson. Another was Lily Pons, also of opera fame, and now Mrs. André Kostelanetz. The third was Constance Hope, publicity expert, now Mrs. Milton Berliner. The three are close friends; had attended each others' weddings; but there was no sentimental plot about appearing together in their nuptial gowns. They still wear them because the dresses are attractive, becoming, and durable—as every good dress should be.

☆ To women interested in science careers, such as that of a lady bacteriologist, I recommend Anne B. Fisher's new book, Wide Road Ahead. (Published by E. P. Dutton & Co.).

☆ Letter from a girl named Caroline, who lives in West Somerville, Massachusetts. Here's what she says: . . . "One warm spring day while I sat sewing near an open window, a Salvation Army man walked into our front yard. He was collecting money from house to house. At that moment our radio blared out an announcement of the song, *I Can't Give You Anything but Love, Baby*. . . . The Salvation Army man eyed me with sudden fright, then hurried away without ringing our bell. He was good-looking, too—darn it all! I thought Dorothy Fields, who wrote the words of the song, and whom you mentioned recently on your page, might care to know this story. . . ." That was some years ago, and Caroline is married now, so there was no real harm done, I am glad to report.

☆ These *pancakes with scrambled eggs* are an Easter specialty in Holland, but they'll be just as popular at any time for luncheon or an informal supper party. . . . Mix the batter thin, adding 2 tablespoons chopped parsley for each cup batter. Make the cakes fairly small. Spread a generous spoonful of scrambled eggs on each cake and fold in half. Butter a shallow fireproof dish; arrange cakes around edge; heat a few minutes in oven. Pile center of dish with creamed mushrooms flavored with a little lemon juice and plenty of paprika. Garnish with strips of pimiento. Serve immediately.

Good-by TO CAFÉ SOCIETY!

READING TIME ● 8 MINUTES 35 SECONDS

BY CORNELIUS VANDERBILT, JR.

An insider, predicting the end of an era, takes you behind the scenes of a bizarre American phenomenon

NEW YORK society is winding up its gayest season since the 1929 Wall Street crash. Not in a long time has Manhattan seen so many parties and such lavish entertaining as during the past winter.

But—that flamboyant mushroom growth called café society is slipping. It is definitely on the way out. The public has endured as much as it can stand of the little group of exhibitionists who love to display their persons in Gotham's bright spots.

The objections of the Old Guard of New York society to having the name "society" bandied about by the café crowd are beginning to be heard above the clamor raised by the press agents. The blue-bloods and celebrities are pulling away, and when they leave home they now seek spots where eating and drinking are carried on without the benefit of a vast audience.

The limelight has shifted to the "homebodies," those who prefer to entertain in their own houses and apartments. And they have denied admittance to their parties to most of the society writers. It is natural that those who have nothing to gain by publicity avoid it.

Last week I went to a big party typical of many that have been given in New York this season. This one happened to be in one of the remaining big houses on Fifth Avenue. A house remarkable in that it is one of the very few of its size left in Manhattan, although there were many similar establishments in the New York of thirty years ago. Built nearly a hundred years ago of brownstone, it contains some of the finest *objets d'art* and French paintings in America. Its great hall goes up two stories and is reminiscent of the days when entertaining was done in the grand manner. The dining room, music room, and ballroom are like vistas of Versailles. A Hungarian orchestra in tight-fitting red jackets played Viennese waltzes, and elaborately coiffured ladies and smartly groomed gentlemen glided about the floor, looking for all the world as if they had just stepped out of one of the paintings in the picture gallery.

The owners are a quiet unostentatious couple who run their house according to the best London standards. In recent years, because of high taxes and less entertaining, they have reduced considerably the number of servants employed and now get along with a staff of about twenty. The real-estate taxes on this house exceed $150,000 annually—one of the reasons why houses of this type are now so scarce.

The most discussed festivity of the year was Brenda Frazier's coming-out party, commonly known as "the party of the century." Brenda Frazier, incidentally, is a charming child despite all the nonsense about her being the nation's number one debutante. At her party I was impressed by the awkwardness with which New York's "best young people" do the Lambeth Walk. They are far better at rumbas and tangos.

Good copy while public interest lasted, café society, like the movie stars and Washington celebrities, has been overpublicized. And with far less reason. For café society is neither fish nor fowl, but merely a mixed group whose faces and vaporous remarks and childish performances have been blazoned forth to a weary world by columnists and photographers anxious to make a living. Aiding and abetting were the press agents (hard driven by their bosses), the former speakeasy owners, bus boys, and drug clerks who are now the impresarios of New York's swankiest night clubs.

It was a racket with a strong flavor of musical comedy. Those in the so-called "café society" were neither social, brilliant, nor entertaining. They were simply people whose vanity was such that the flash of camera bulbs, tinsel wrappings, and obsequious servitors duped them into coughing up important money for a place in the late-spot hall of fame.

Café society was started by the cafés. For one simple reason—to make money. Tired of hiring expensive talent to quicken the nerves of jaded patrons and going broke in the process, some of the bright minds of the night-club world hit upon the idea of having the guests entertain themselves and pay for the privilege. Like Tom Sawyer's fence-whitewashing technique, it went over with a bang.

The press agents went to work with vim and vigor and soon built up files that would put to shame the sucker list of blue-sky stock promoters. Their card catalogues were divided into two classifications: come-ons or bird dogs, as they used to say in Florida; and cash or prospective cash customers.

Prominent among the come-ons were the "atmosphere girls"—decorative pleasant creatures experienced in handling the wary male. To these the house was always willing to extend ample credit and invitations to the house cocktail parties which soon became the custom. All they

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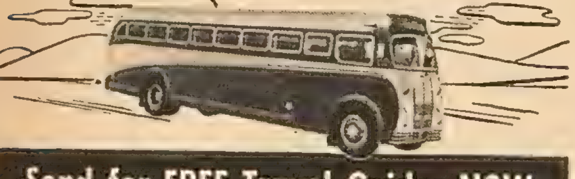
. . . reaching every vacationland, Canada, Mexico. Everything arranged in advance for a thrilling carefree vacation—hotels, sightseeing trips, boat trips, etc. No guessing about where to go, what to do, what to pay. One low cost from your home town covers practically every necessary expense.

Finer Bus Service. See Scenic America in Trailways Cream-and-Crimson Streamliners, most of them air-conditioned. They bring you the utmost in travel comfort, plus Trailways Courtesy to make your vacation more pleasant. Trailways is the *friendly* way to travel.



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were expected to do was to be their pretty selves, act with discretion, and never miss an opportunity to bring bank-rolled boy friends to the club. The management saw to it that they met the right men.

Profitable clients were and are carefully cross-indexed. The classifications include: regular customers, with wives and steady girls, who need only flattery and service to keep coming; out-of-town spenders, always good for a heavy splurge if skillfully handled; socially active men around town who invariably make the society columns; men, well fixed financially, who play only when the mood strikes them.

To put these latter gentlemen in the proper cash-dispensing mood is the function of the "atmosphere girls," and the house cocktail party is the spot where she starts to work. Regardless of how rich a man is, free drinks and pretty girls seem to be a combination hard to resist.

ANOTHER important group of stooges are impecunious debbies. Despite their slender pocketbooks, if their social position is firmly established the penniless lassies with long pedigrees can be very useful. Many men who shy away from the glamour girls fall hard for a youthful blueblood. To back her up and enable her to maintain some prestige, the swank spot will let her give a luncheon party from time to time, all free, even the tips. Only, the bulk of the guests must be Grade A socialites and include some not yet patrons.

Families that have only lately come into the chips are prize packages for the café barons. What won't the management do for the mater and daughter who need background, provided papa will foot the bills! They will get their pictures in the rotogravure section and a line in a half dozen columns. They will be placed at tables next to celebrities, and in time a way will be found for them to meet selections of the foreign nobility that are floating around, particularly any who are deeply in the red to the house. Or they will be flattered by an introduction to a socialite of authentic native registry and probably with a thirst that has already drained to the dregs a sizable patrimony and all else handy. These little favors will cost plenty.

Well-to-do widows and divorcees who come to town from the hinterlands are also juicy morsels. All that is necessary to induce them to loosen up is to produce boys who know their way around. Of these the de luxe pubs have a goodly supply on tap, personable chaps with engaging manners.

The executives of the glamour-peddling marts have no objections to their customers, cash or cuff, popping around to competitive establishments. It all comes out even in the long run and it is well recognized that variety whets both interest and thirst. Each club, though, tries to see to it that when a heavy roll is being unloaded they are on the receiving end. The ways to bring this about are devious. Resort is had to gifts, flowers, flattery, cajolery, free liquor by the round or case if necessary, and even cash loans.

The press and all who have any influence in getting the club mentioned in the big town papers are received with open arms. All those who are not spenders or are of no assistance in attracting good spenders are decidedly not welcome. But even heavy spenders are barred if they make themselves objectionable to other patrons.

The taking of photographs is handled with infinite care. The usual custom is not to take any pictures or allow any to be taken without the clients' permission. It is extremely bad business to ask that permission when the gentleman in question does not prefer to have the light of publicity break on his partner of the evening. The request itself puts him on the spot.

On the other hand, it does the café no good for pictures of persons whose presence gives no prestige to the establishment to appear. These are usually the ones most anxious to be snapped. Here again, the house photographer must use tact. If they are profitable customers it will pay to take a picture or two. The plates can later go into the wastebasket.

THE "tony" hotels in New York are making great efforts to attract the lush trade that is breaking away from the café society haunts. Hostelries of this ultra type are most choosy about their clientele. They have their own ideas of who are suitable guests. If you are not on their social register they will make it very tough for you to get in. They don't want anybody around who doesn't fit and might spoil their picture.

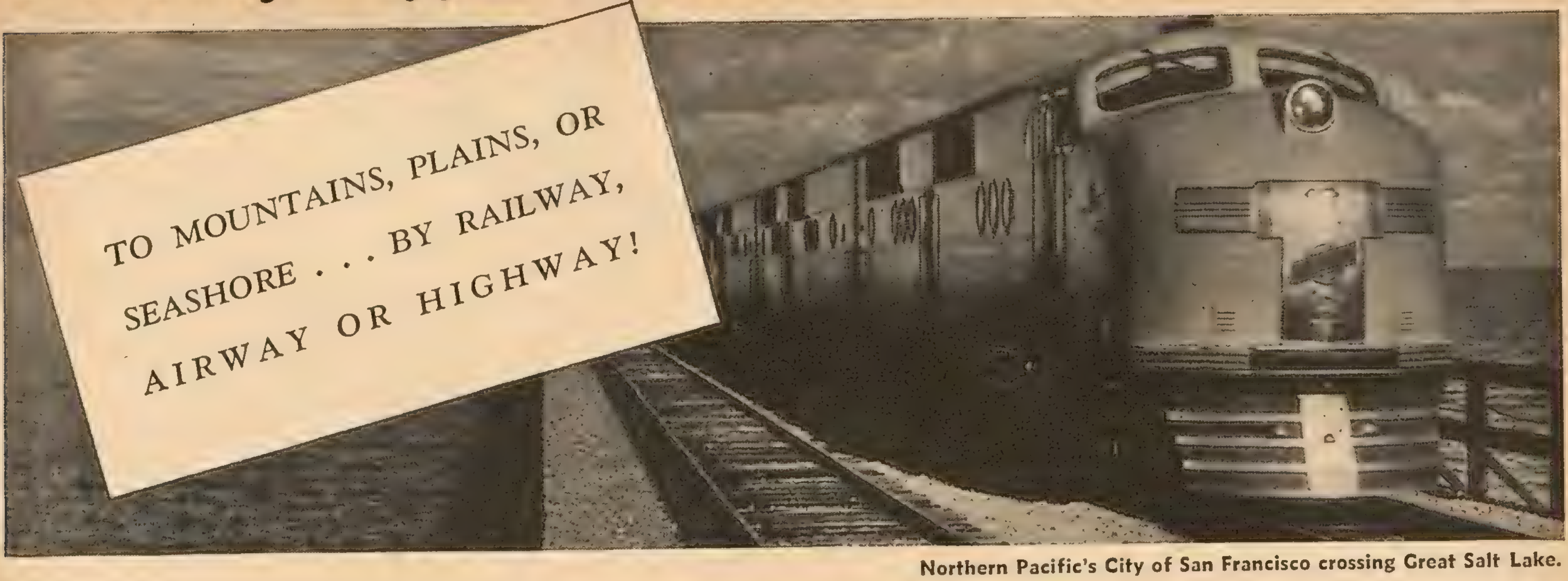
The other evening a friend of mine from the West questioned this. He telephoned a fashionable hotel and asked for a table for four at 9 P. M. (the fashionable dinner hour) "for Mr. Brooks." "Which Mr. Brooks?" the smooth Oxonian voice replied. "Mr. George Brooks," said my friend. "Just a minute, sir," said the nonplused maître d'hôtel, evidently consulting his "social list." Then he replied, "Sorry, sir. No vacancies tonight."

George Brooks cussed a bit as he put the receiver down, but decided to try it nevertheless. In Chicago, Miami, and Los Angeles he got a ringside table simply by slipping the headwaiter five bucks. Not so in New York. Arriving at the snooty dining room in a dinner jacket, he was carefully surveyed by headwaiters dressed in tails. When he finally got to the silken cord held up by two gaudy pages, the "management" had decided, cash or no cash, that George was not for them.

No; in New York they have discovered that there is a rich market for elegance and snobbery, provided it is laid on thick enough.

THE END

Liberty Offers FREE Vacation Travel



Northern Pacific's City of San Francisco crossing Great Salt Lake.

YOU supply the destination—Liberty supplies the means to get there. If you win one of the travel awards in this contest, you can have the greatest vacation ever for 1939. There is still time to get into the game with an excellent chance to capture one of the twenty substantial travel prizes. Start your entry direct from this page after a careful study of the brief rules established for your guidance. Only complete sets of solutions will be accepted.

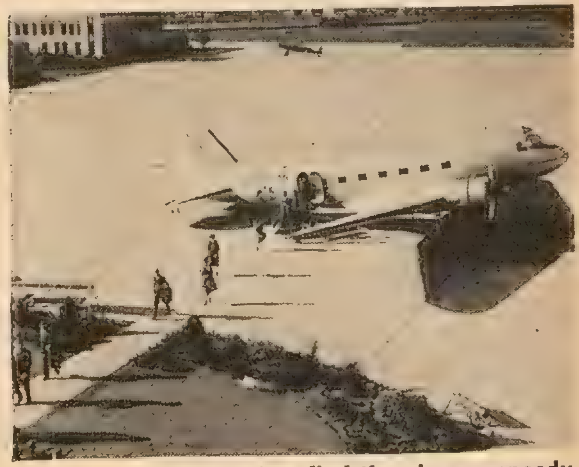
If you have not saved the first two coupons and need them to bring your entry even with the field, reprints are available. Simply make written request to the address in Rule 6 and enclose five cents in stamps to cover the cost of handling and mailing. When you have solved these, you can keep your entry up to date by working each of the remaining coupons as it appears. Foresighted competitors will be studying the solutions for the subject of the brief statement required at the end of the game as a part of each entry.

North of Sun Valley.
(Union Pacific photo.)

Modern supercoaches reach the great outdoors.
(Greyhound Bus photo.)

Arizona cactus and clouds.
(Rock Island Lines photo.)

Magnificent beaches beckon you.
(Va. Cons. Comm. photo.)



Vacationists find the airways speedy.
(American Airlines photo.)

THE RULES

1. Each week for ten weeks, ending with the issue dated June 3, 1939, Liberty will publish an official coupon containing a list of jumbled names. Each of these, when you have arranged the letters in correct order, will form the name of a well known North American vacation resort. Example: NOTADAY=DAYTONA. "The" will not be included in jumbles except when it appears between two words in a compound name. "Lake" will be included in jumbles when it is a definite part of a name, as Lake Louise.

2. To compete, use the official coupons and list the solution for each jumble in the space provided therefor.

3. When you have solved all ten lists of jumbles, write a brief statement of not more than 100 words explaining "Where I would best like to spend my vacation, and why." This statement must accompany and be a part of your entry.

4. Entries will be rated on correctness of solutions and clearness and convincingness of the accompanying statement, and the twenty highest entries on this basis will each be awarded $100 for vacation travel, Pullman, hotel, and other accommodations. In the event of ties duplicate awards will be paid.

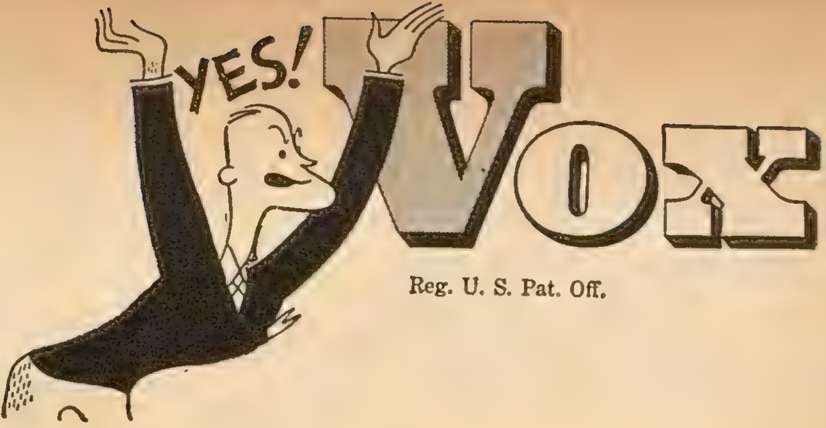
5. All coupons must be submitted as a unit at the end of the contest, together with the statement. No correspondence can be entered into concerning any entry. The judges will be the Contest Board of Liberty, and by entering you agree to accept their decisions as final. Do not submit elaborate entries. Simplicity is best. All winning entries will become the property of Macfadden Publications, Inc., for reproduction wherever desired.

6. Send all entries by first-class mail to Jumbled Vacation Resorts Editor, Liberty, P.O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

7. All entries must be received on or before June 7, 1939, the closing date of this contest.

No. 3 . . . USE THIS OFFICIAL COUPON

Jumble	Solution
1. SCABOYAC	....
2. ACROONOD	....
3. LELEVHAIS	....
4. SOKWOTDOC	....
5. SELYEROILA	....
6. NEROWENSAL	....
7. JESTNOWAM	....
8. ROAMATNEBINU	....
9. TICATICATYLN	....
10. DARESKEGEBALL	....



Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

ATTORNEY GENERAL MURPHY AND HUMAN RIGHTS

New York, N. Y.—I have just read the open letter to Mr. Macfadden from the newly appointed Attorney General (February 25 Liberty), and a finer restraint I have never observed as a smoke screen for the typical insidious pseudo-logic so very familiar during the past six years, and, unfortunately, so little recognized by the average American citizen.

Above everything else Mr. Murphy values a single human life, regardless of whether that particular human may be a lawbreaker, a thief, a thug, a potential murderer, or a murderer. For instance, a thief entering upon the property of another, armed, is considered by society as a potential murderer and customarily dealt with as such. But a thousand such, armed, upon the property of another, are, in Mr. Murphy's opinion, a "superior force," to be dealt with by arbitration only and with that fine humanitarian consideration commonly accorded those not operating in absolute defiance of the established laws of our land.

Like it or not, human life is perhaps the cheapest commodity on this earth today. Albeit there is considerable confusion about it. As one example only, thousands are maimed and killed every single year in the interests of modern automotive transportation, and no one worries very much about it. Millions of dollars are spent to advance medical science, and other millions spent to kill off those who stand in the way of the commercial and power ambitions of ruthless leaders. Life, it would seem, is dear and sweet only to the individual possessing it and, to a much less extent, to a few close relatives and a few friends.

Fundamentally, in so far as large groups of human society are concerned, the precious and most valuable things on this earth today are "human rights." During the American Revolution, George Washington fought and killed to help win and preserve the rights he believed the people of the American colonies deserved and should have. During the Civil War, Abraham Lincoln fought and killed to preserve our Union, in order that we might have and hold the human rights won for us at an earlier time in the history of our great Republic.

It is true that Frank Murphy finally settled the sit-down strike without the loss of a single life; but the loss in "human rights" and fundamental principles may never, never be regained. That loss was tremendous, and every right thinking and well informed person knows it, whether he will admit it or not. Tolerance and compromise are fine things in their proper place, but who wants to save the life of a potential murderer and lose the freedom of 130,000,000 people?—*P. Edwin Thomas.*

ANY ODDS ON GUNMEN!

Merrill, Wis.—Did Ivan Somerville actually get paid for They *Can* Bomb New York which he wrote for February 18 Liberty?

I'll put my money, any odds, on any two-seated small airplane, manned by one of your New York or Chicago gunmen with a tommy gun, against at least four of those Nazi dirigibles.—*Know Nuthin'.*

IDAHO'S JUNIOR POLICE

Idaho Falls, Ida.—Recently my attention was called to an article relative to the establishment of a Junior Police corps in Boston, Massachusetts, by Commissioner of Police Joseph F. Timilty (February 4 Liberty).

For your information, may I inform you that I founded and organized the first Junior Police system, I believe, in the United States. That was over eight years ago.

The Idaho State Junior Police boasts a membership in Idaho of over 3,000. Considering the time that the organization has been in operation as well as the population of the state, we think the membership is outstanding.

I agree with Commissioner Timilty when he writes: "Every one knows that the cure for crime must begin by putting in the minds of boys a true respect for law and order."—*Joe L. Marker, Chief of Idaho State Junior Police.*

100% INANITY

Fargo, N. D.—Have just spent your advertised reading time of 11 minutes and 30 seconds on an article by H. G. Wells (March 4 Liberty).

This writer has had an average education and is of average intelligence. If either H. G. Wells or you or anybody else knows what Wells was talking about, I would feel like donating a prize.

Why magazines like Liberty, and many, many others, will fall for two pages of 100 per cent inanity such as peddled to you for cash on the line, and in turn peddled by you to defenseless readers, is beyond my comprehension. You all seem to be either too lazy or too unintelligent to read an article and publish or reject it on the basis of its merits. If sent in by some author who has heretofore drawn big money or is well known, it goes in without any attention to its merit. Even though insufferably bad beyond words to express.

Was Wells talking about youth?

The remedy for 99.99 per cent of youth today is a swift hard kick in the rear end, or an injection of turpentine. That's all the remedy they need. They do not need analysis, investigation, or interpretation by professional uplifters, has-been writers, or other loafers making a living writing instead of working.

I think you owe me and all other readers of Liberty full-time C. I. O. union wages for the time wasted in reading this fatuous article by Wells. Send me a year's free subscription to Liberty and I might call it square.—*W. H. Horton.*

WITH LIFE AND LIBERTY

Shreveport, La. — With Life and Liberty, what more do you want? In Life you have the actual facts before you in pictures. In Liberty you have the thoughts and ideas of great minds, pro and con, on the leading questions and issues of the day.

Editorially, Liberty is fearless, and through that medium speaks unequivocally its views on national and international affairs.

For stories born of truth and fiction and written by eminent authors, it has no superior.

I am thinking that if any person had to be denied all other periodicals, and had Life and Liberty at their disposal, their knowledge of current events and worldly affairs would not be deficient. —*Charles B. Forshee.*

AMBROSE ON MONOPOLY

On the Road, U. S. A.—Hi, folks! Now let's take this here monopoly. I'm agin it to the last splinter. My boss's wife has been neglectin her housework ever since the fool thing begun. Neighbors is ringing up at all hours, askin her to be a 6th at monopoly.

What's the use of winnin money which cannot be ate off of, or ownin a r.r. that there isn't no rides on? Yes, sir, I am opposed to monopoly a 100%.

And take this Exchange Regulation they talk about. They better not try this. My boss's wife changes her mind every time she buys somethin, and if they would not exchange it she would make a floor mop of the Floor Walker. —*Ambrose.*

WIDOW'S MIGHT

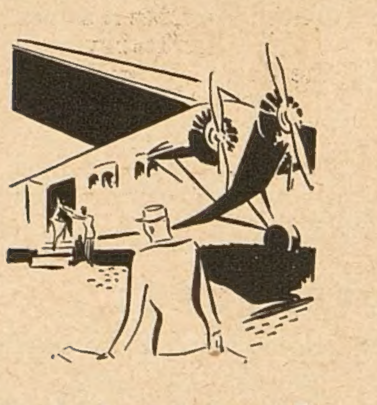
GRAND COULEE, WASH. — This is for men only. Gentlemen, the widows are going to get you if you don't watch out. They are getting organized and are about to gang up on all the loose bachelors and widowers. Did you read what that one wrote for February 25 Liberty?

I warn all you single men to be on your guard. I know whereof I speak. I have been married nine times. I am 107 years old. I have black hair and blue eyes. I am about 6½ feet tall and weigh 90 pounds in my stocking feet. I have plenty of dough and I live alone and like it. I don't want any woman around to bother me when I get hold of a good magazine like Liberty.—*Charles A. Fritz.*

TAKE THAT, MR. HIPPLE!

NEW YORK, N. Y.—Mr. Harley B. Hipple expresses himself via February 25 Vox Pop. He objects to the activities of Mr. Macfadden, whose sincerity and impartiality in promoting real Americanism is well known and admired.

Mr. Hipple also deplores the fact that Father Coughlin leaves his pulpit to feed his flock of sheep choice tidbits of Fascism, and Mr. Hipple is equally upset at Mr. Dies' activities in ferreting out Communistic termites which are undermining our social and political structure.



One wonders just what form, or method of dilution, Mr. Hipple's Americanism would take, or if he be the champion of still another form of "ism" with which we must contend. As for me—I'll still string along with Mr. Macfadden.—*F. H. Campbell.*

ORANGE TREES OF 1704

MONTGOMERY, ALA.—In February 18 Vox Pop a communication from G. T. Broski refers to orange trees in America.

May I suggest that as early as 1704 orange trees were brought from France by the colonists who settled the Gulf coast of what was then known as the Province of Louisiana. Scions of these seedling trees are still alive and bearing fruit on Dauphin Island in Mobile Bay, Alabama.—*Marie Bankhead Owen.*

"YOURS IS TOUGHER TOWN"

DETROIT, MICH.—The obvious challenge of Showdown Al of Kansas City (February 25 Vox Pop) regarding the comparative lawlessness of his town and mine leaves me without any verbal ammunition. I have just completed a full retraction of my charges about Detroit (February 18 Vox Pop), prepared by the Police Commissioner and hastily signed by me. The Commissioner, who in a personal visit assured me that my charges were unfounded, has been running around, according to the local papers, personally knocking over joints that might conceivably harbor a handbook or worse. This establishes his sincerity of purpose, although at a slight sacrifice of executive ability. While I doubt if he will ever learn to care for me, we are, I hope, friends. I have a Christmas card from him. I sent him a valentine. Come Eastertide, I'll make him a floral design: the letters C. V.—Civic Virtue—in buttercups rampant on a field of horseradish. The spirit of Easter and all that.

I am at peace (I hope). Anonymous telephone threats, presumably the spirit voices of Detroit's nonexistent rackets, have ceased. For the next few weeks I can dig in and make enough money to pay my increased taxes, if I'm lucky.

No, Al; much as my Southern blood demands a feud with you, I can't do it. Pick up the marbles. Yours is the tougher town.—*Robert S. Seese.*

MAGNIFICENT SERIAL!

NEW YORK, N. Y.—I have just finished reading the third installment of I Married a Nazi. It is magnificent!—*Achmed Abdullah.*

FINE BOOST FOR MAGIC

PHILADELPHIA, PA.—Noting your cover on February 25 Liberty, allow us to say, thanks a million for the fine boost and publicity directed to the magic profession.

Today's newspapers all over the United States are telling of the President's and Vice-President's preference for magicians when being entertained, so we feel that such notices can only help create an even greater acceptance on the part of the public.

So for Liberty's part in bringing the magic profession right to the fore, our deepest appreciation.—*W. Crowel, President Houdini Club of Philadelphia.*

[The Editor of Liberty is a member of the Society of American Magicians.]

WHERE HEAVEN IS

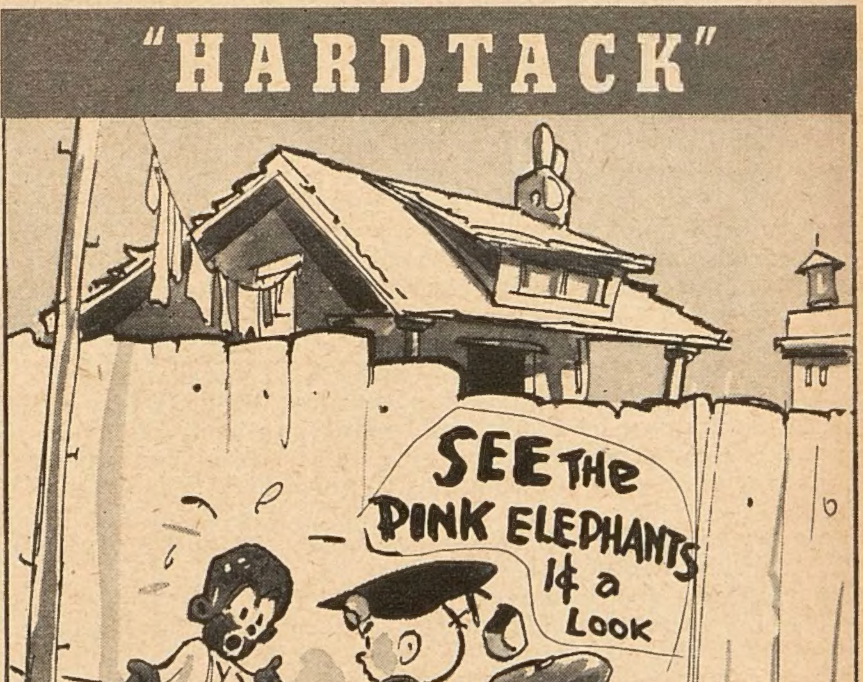
CHICAGO, ILL. — Miss McLeary of Weimar, Texas, finds it difficult to imagine any one going from Chicago to heaven (February 25 Vox Pop).

Why, Miss McLeary! Chicago IS heaven!—*Loophound.*

PRIZE DOUGH WARBLE

WACO, TEX.—Kindly refer to Vox Popper Bill Evans' poetic complaint from Brooklyn, New York (February 25 issue), and explain:

If figures show
That big prize dough
Goes out into the woods,
It brings to light
A Brooklynite
Cannot produce the goods.
—*Jack H. Merenda.*


"HARDTACK"
SEE THE PINK ELEPHANTS 1¢ a LOOK

"Ah couldn't see nuthin' either, Hardtack, but pappy said de back yard wuz full o' dem!"

If Sherlock Holmes Met J. Edgar Hoover

FULTON OURSLER

WHAT WOULD happen if the sleuth of Baker Street and his fatuous friend Dr. Watson were to find themselves in the great white building of the Department of Justice in Washington? Sherlock Holmes was the greatest of fiction detectives, and his creator, my old friend Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, one of the greatest storytellers of the ages. I like to think that Sir Arthur, who was a physician and something of a scientist (although the enemies of his spiritualistic campaigns would never admit it), would be inspired to write a whole new saga of crime detection, once he had seen the laboratories of J. Edgar Hoover. A great deal of ink has been used to tell the world about the exploits of Mr. Hoover and his corps of scientific crime fighters; yet I came to the conclusion, on a recent visit to the Federal Bureau of Investigation, that the best detective stories from this mysterious organization had never been told. One could not send Sir Arthur Conan Doyle down to Washington to write a new series of fiction tales based on the material in Mr. Hoover's files. Sir Arthur is dead, and, spiritualist though he was, he is not available for assignment. What I could do, and did, was to send one of the best factual reporters in America, Mr. Frederick L. Collins, to live and work for a while in the office of the F. B. I. Now Mr. Collins is back with some strange and exciting yarns—not the product of a master fiction-teller's imagination, but true detective tales ripped from the loose-leaf files of our national police, full of deeds of derring-do, of deep wickedness pursued and exposed, of wily criminals caught by superior cunning, audacity, and downright manly courage. Next week this new series begins. Each story will be complete in one issue.

We say to all the detective-story fans of America, followers of Sherlock Holmes, Philo Vance, our own Thatcher Colt, and all the others, try a new thrill, the excitement of the truth that is stranger than fiction.

THE WHOLE ISSUE next week is full of excitement and interest, including Can the New Pope Make Peace with the Nazis? An Open Letter to Bernard Shaw about Lady Astor, by Upton Sinclair; Sometimes We're Right, by Bill Stewart; the first installment of a thrilling new serial, World's Fair Girl, by Oscar Schisgall; excellent short stories; and full helpings of all the other serials. Clara Belle Thompson and Margaret Lukes Wise, who have written some charming articles for Liberty, were guests of honor recently on the Eddie Guest radio program originating in Chicago. . . . Jean Wick is dead. She was one of the great agents for authors, a Madame de Staël in New York literary circles, an electrical personality, a good friend, godmother to our daughter April, and wife of Captain Achmed Abdullah. Her memory will always be to us like the flower of the gods.

W. F. WILLIAMSON, secretary-manager of the Associated Coffee Industries of America, sends us a fascinating pamphlet, Coffee Facts and Fantasies. In it many of our pet theories are confirmed. Coffee does not keep us awake at night. It helps our digestion. It gives us vigorous stimulation without evil aftereffects. We have always argued these facts to be so. Now the coffee men say that scientists agree. Another cup, please!

OUR RECENT BROADCAST about Anthony Eden brought us letters accusing us of being a Jewish Communist and also a Nazi Jew-baiter. . . . We are neither but we shall continue to give both sides of all public affairs impartially. The mail has its consolations, too. From Roscoe Peacock comes this kindly note: "I think you should have a tablet in the Hall of Fame for being the only editor with intestinal fortitude enough to tackle this question of the way the National Education Association continually sails under false colors." . . . We shall have more to say later about the hands of Moscow and Berlin in our public-school systems.

A few weeks ago we delivered a lecture before 1,200 members and friends of the Teachers Institute in Wilkes-Barre, Pennsylvania. While there, we were given a charming dinner party by Samuel Slaff and had the happy experience of meeting Rabbi Louis M. Levitsky and his wife, Dr. Levy, an eminent pediatrician. Later we learned of the remarkable work being carried on in Wilkes-Barre by Rabbi Levitsky, a work in religious education and tolerance that seems to us remarkable. Mr. Fred Allhoff is now in Wilkes-Barre gathering the details and soon we hope to tell you the full story in Liberty.

LUNCHED RECENTLY with Mr. Herbert Hoover. We are constantly struck with the growth in wisdom and human understanding evident in all that the former President says and does. Our acquaintance with him began in the old days when we were editing The New York Music Trades and Mr. Hoover was Secretary of Commerce. He is a deeper and wiser man today than ever before, a real leader in a country where opposition must continue to be powerful and effective, if democracy is to survive.

Thanks to the many persons who wrote in about our post-card collection. The Liberty audience is the friendliest and most responsive group of people on earth, the most generous and most sensible. What we failed to make clear in the three lines we wrote about post cards was that we collect post cards only of cities and scenes that we have visited.

WENT TO SEE our old and dear friend Fredric March and Florence Eldridge in the smash hit of New York, The American Way. Afterward, in our apartment, we reminisced of days when we all could sit around and talk happily of the gentle affairs of life. Now we talk of Hitlerism, death bombs from the sky, Communists behind the schoolhouses. For a little while our little group agreed to drop all such bogeyman talk and just enjoy talking about ourselves. It was mighty pleasant!

☆

THANKS! Hope to see you all right here with us again next Wednesday.

FULTON OURSLER.

Liberty

for Liberals with Common Sense

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The names and the descriptions of all characters in the fiction stories appearing in Liberty are wholly fictitious. If there is any resemblance, in name or in description, to any person, living or dead, it is purely a coincidence.

COVER BY
REVERE F. WISTEHUFF

"I WAS A LEMON IN THE *Garden of Love . . .*"

"For several unhappy years I was a lemon in the garden of love.

"While other girls, no more attractive than I, were invited everywhere, I sat home alone.

"While they were getting engaged or married, I watched men come and go.

"Why did they grow indifferent to me so quickly? What was my trouble?

"A chance remark showed me the humiliating truth. My own worst enemy was my breath. The very thing I hated in others, I myself was guilty of.

"From the day I started using Listerine Antiseptic* . . . things took a decided turn for the better.

"I began to see people . . . go places. Men, interesting men, wealthy men admired me and took me everywhere.

"Now, one nicer than all the rest has asked me to marry him.

"Perhaps in my story there is a hint for other women who think they are on the shelf before their time; who take it for granted that their breath is beyond reproach when as a matter of fact it is not."

LISTERINE
Good Housekeeping Bureau

*Listerine Antiseptic cleans and freshens the mouth, halts fermentation of food particles, a major cause of mouth odors, and leaves the breath sweeter, purer, and more agreeable. Use it morning and night, and between times before business and social engagements. It pays rich dividends in popularity.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO., *St. Louis, Mo.*

The Right Combination does it...

THE SECRET of Chesterfield's milder better taste...*the reason why they give you more smoking pleasure* . . . is the right combination of the world's best cigarette tobaccos rolled in pure cigarette paper . . . the blend that can't be copied.

Chesterfield

THEY SATISFY

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